









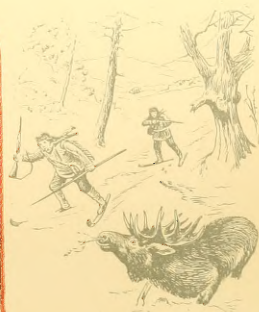




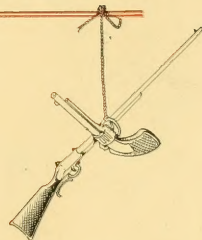
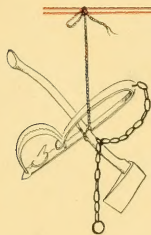




*J. P. Hyde "Hwa."*



# HUNTING AND TRAPPING STORIES



A BOOK  
FOR

BOYS

PUBLISHED BY  
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NEW YORK.

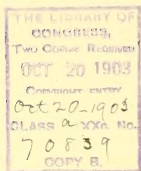


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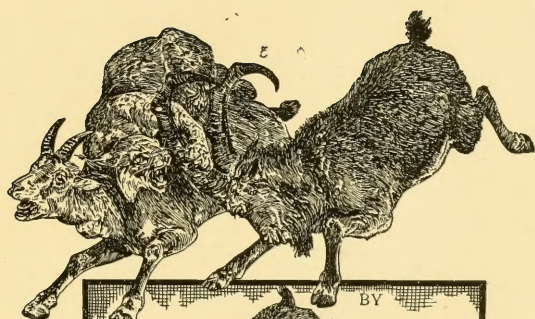
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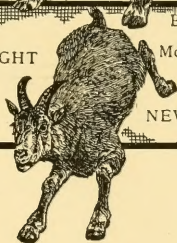


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NEW YORK.





THIS BOOK is written in "small boy fashion," that is, the stories have not been told in any particular order, for children like to go from one thing to another, from Tiger to Whale, from Moose to Squirrel.

Every boy aspires to own a gun, and a good many dream of big game hunting, but unfortunately few realize their ambitions. To those who are not lucky enough to be able to follow the trail, this book may prove to be of some comfort, for the pages endeavour to bring the forest-folk to the fireside.

The greater part of these stories were originally told to two small boys, affectionately known as "GEG" and "CUB," who before they were twelve years of age were both good shots and had seen considerable real hunting.





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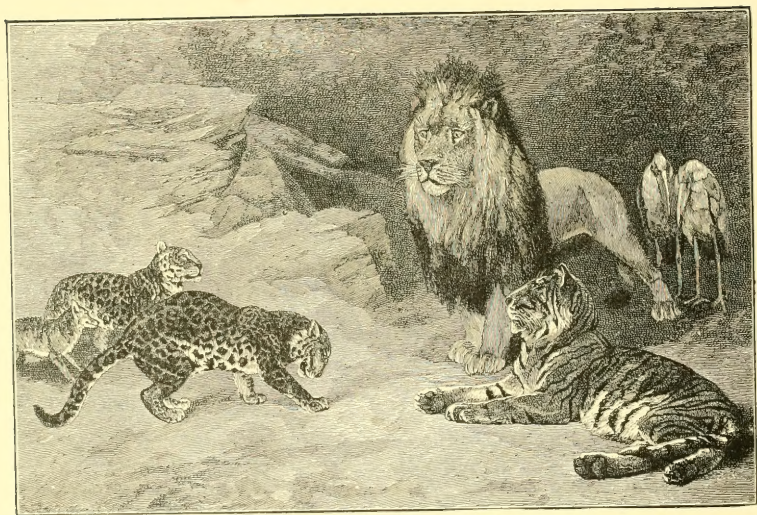
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HOMAGE TO THE KING



## THE MAN WHO STOLE A TIGER CUB.

A certain gentleman who was travelling in India was very anxious to take home with him a live tiger cub. Now baby tigers are not to be bought on every street corner as he discovered, but at last he found a native hunter who was willing to get him a live specimen.

For some time a big tiger had infested the jungle not far from the village and the native, in the course of his wanderings found a small cave which proved to be the tiger's den. He kept watch for several days and discovered that the tigress had little cubs. All tigers are suspicious and watchful especially when they have young ones and seldom leave them alone for any length of time.

The hunter stationed himself in a tree and from there observed the tigress's movements. He found that towards sundown each evening she went off in search of prey and left the cubs at the cave's mouth to sun themselves. They were still quite small, being hardly larger than good sized cats.

The hunter made all his preparations and one day arming himself only with a sack, and taking a native boy as a helper he set out in earnest upon his perilous task.

The gentleman and some friends whiled away the time at the club until the hunter should return. Suddenly there was a cry outside and a babel of voices, and the native boy rushed in among them screaming and raving. When they had calmed him down and assured him that he was safe he told his tale and it was simple enough. They had watched the tigress go away and then the hunter had crept to the bank near the cave's mouth and leaning over seized a cub by the neck. He was about to bundle it into the sack when the tigress, who must have suspected that something was wrong, appeared behind him! Before the boy could utter a cry of alarm the tigress made one silent spring and buried her claws in the thief's back. Then she stepped aside an instant and stood with uplifted paw ready for another move, but the man was done for. The boy turned and fled and did not even stop to breathe until he was safe among human beings again.

The only safe way to get a tiger cub in a case like that would be to shoot the mother, otherwise unless the party is large and well armed, they are likely to meet the fate of this native.

Sometimes when a tiger has been robbed of a cub it will follow the scent to the village and descend upon it at night carrying death and destruction in its path. Tiger cubs are pretty and playful when they are small but they soon get teeth and claws and use them roughly. In zoological gardens it is a common thing for keepers to let the cubs out of the cage.

## STORIES OF TIGER HUNTING

There is something about the name of "Tiger" which holds one spell-bound. Every traveler who has visited any country where these great creatures live comes back well stocked with stories illustrating the beauty, strength, cunning and ferocity of the tiger. Whole books have been written giving descriptions of the royal brute. We will relate a few anecdotes which will give some idea of its life and habits.

A gentleman living in Burmah, who held the position of British district judge, was from time to time much troubled by the depredations made in his section by tigers. This man's duties were numerous; he looked after the irrigation works, settled disputes, kept order among the natives, saw that the mails were properly attended to, and any other odd job that came his way. When a tiger would haunt any of his villages he had to devise means for destroying the pest. Of course, tigers were not a daily occurrence, for whole months would go by without news of one.

One morning a woman who had gone down to the river to draw water disappeared. The bucket she carried was found nearby, and in the sand tell-tale foot-prints of an enormous tiger. The news of the killing spread like wildfire, and the village was soon thrown into a panic, for no one knew who would be the next victim. The judge was appealed to and forthwith organized a hunting party. They followed the tracks of the tiger into the jungle, and found the clawed body of the poor native woman, but the slayer was not to be seen anywhere. They hunted all the morning without any luck and returned disheartened to the village at sundown.

The next day a boy and his sister were carried off, and so on for a week or more each day adding another victim to the merciless thief. The village folk dared move from place to place only in strongly armed parties. It is well known that a tiger will seldom attack a band of people unless it is very hungry and there are no men in the party. The situation was becoming desperate. The Judge sent for the Colonel of a neighboring regiment who was an experienced tiger hunter, to advise him. The two consulted as to the best method of destroying the man-eater, for the week's events showed that it was a more than ordinarily clever brute.

After dinner the two men sat out on the veranda smoking and drinking coffee, and while talking the Colonel thought he saw a shadow moving among the bushes. On looking closer for several seconds he became convinced that it was but a trick of the moonlight. A few minutes later, however, he saw the shadow again more distinctly. The servant behind him ceased fanning and both men turned their heads to see the reason. In an instant



they realized their danger, for the expression on the servant's face was fearful. His eyeballs were nearly starting out of their sockets, while his body was stiff with terror. They looked in the direction the man was staring and beheld a pair of devilish green eyes watching them. Neither of the men had arms ready and their situation was critical. The tiger knowing that it was discovered without waiting a second sprang at them with a roar. Both Englishmen escaped injury, but the wretched servant was seized by the tiger and dragged off the veranda to the flower-beds below. The man's screams had roused all the servants and they fled in terror, jabbering like apes. One of them in his haste slammed the compound gate after him. The tiger was not expecting this move, for it made him partially a prisoner. The walls were not very high, but the brute could not leap over them with a man in its mouth.

Now the native's wife who was close at hand heard his screams, and seized a heavy kitchen knife she rushed at the tiger and plunged it in to the animal's throat. The beast roared in fury and struck out with its left paw. It caught the woman in the back killing her instantly. The Colonel and the Judge who had recovered from the shock now rushed to the scene and simultaneously emptied their heavy army revolvers into the brute. The hail of lead bullets was too much even for a tiger, and with a last roar it toppled over dead.

Lanterns were procured and the tiger examined. The servant was found to be absolutely unhurt, for he had been seized by his clothing, but his poor wife had her back broken in several places while the tiger's claws had made fearful wounds on her head and side. Henceforward the village had peace, for the career of this man-eater was at an end and the incident was soon all but forgotten.

When a tiger pest appears near a village all energies are turned towards encompassing its destruction, for neither man nor beast is safe where it lives.

On one occasion a splendid tiger was seen lurking near a cattle compound, and the authorities forthwith pronounced its doom. The village huntsman was detailed to the work and in a few days he rid the place of the brute in a most ingenious manner. He found a path in the jungle which he knew the tiger used on its way to drink, and he laid a trap for it.

Near sundown, some yards from the trap, an Axis deer and its mate and young one appeared leisurely eating grass. Soon the male deer became uneasy sniffing the air suspiciously. The birds ceased singing, the monkeys climbed to the tops of the trees, and the hunter felt sure that the tiger must

## STORIES OF TIGER HUNTING

be close at hand. He was right for a moment or so later a splendid creature sprang out of concealment without making a sound. The deer escaped, but the doe was borne to the earth by the tiger's claws. The brute leisurely ate the carcass while the hunter lay in hiding watching it not fifty yards away. When the tiger had finished its meal naturally it felt thirsty. It rose, yawned, stretched itself lazily like a cat and moved off down the path towards the river exactly as the hunter had calculated.



Now the trap set for the tiger was a clever one. The hunter had collected a number of large leaves and had covered them with a peculiar kind of bird-lime, made of sugar, linseed oil, and a number of other things, all boiled together. This preparation is well known in India, and is extremely sticky. If a person gets it on his hands it is sometimes weeks before all traces can be removed. The hunter had covered the path with these leaves for quite a distance, and owing to their color they looked innocent enough. The tiger reached the edge of the leaves and trod upon some of them, and they instantly stuck to its feet. The beast looked troubled, and tried to



scrape the sticky things off on its sides, but this only made matters worse for the leaves soon plastered its sides. Then it rubbed its paws over its eyes as a cat would do. This was what the hunter wanted. In a few minutes the tiger, blinded and roaring with rage, rolled over and over on the ground in its struggles, until it looked like a big ball of leaves. The brute was soon exhausted and lay helpless, and the hunter came up and drove his knife through its heart.—Truly a dog's death.

Of course, this is not considered a very sportsmanlike way of killing a tiger, but the rule is that the first thing to be done with a man-eater is to kill it the quickest and easiest way possible.

Quite often tigers have been trapped in heavy wooden cages, well concealed with grass and branches from trees. At the far end of the trap a large mirror is placed and so arranged that the rays of the sun reflect on it. The flash of light attracts the tiger and it comes up to examine more closely, and then it sees its own reflection. On the floor of the trap is placed a board which acts on a spring, and the instant the tiger goes inside and steps upon it the trap door falls and the animal is a prisoner. Natives then come and lift the cage on to a wagon and carry it off in triumph.

In hunting a tiger does not always have its own way. Curiously enough it is often baulked of its prize by a band of insignificant monkeys. When these little creatures discover a tiger, if they feel in the mood for it, they begin to mob the beast. They follow the tiger throwing branches of trees at it or fruit, or any thing else they find, shrieking and chattering all the while. Every creature in the jungle knows that a tiger is at hand and makes off to a place of safety. The tiger, as a rule, slinks away, for it is no use it cannot climb trees and punish its tormentors.

The true sportsmanlike way of hunting the tiger is from the back of an elephant. Although in many instances men have gone out accompanied only by one native and shot tigers on foot. It is exceedingly risky and a man must be very sure of his nerve before he does so, for to miss a shot means instant death.

At a regular elephant hunt a number of beaters, armed with sticks and drums go on foot looking for the tiger and making a great noise to frighten it. The hunters shoot the game from "howdahs" or saddles on the elephants' backs.

On one occasion a party consisting of a number of hunters and three elephants were beating a track of long jungle grass. The tiger, for they knew one was not far off, was found lying beside a low rock. The animal



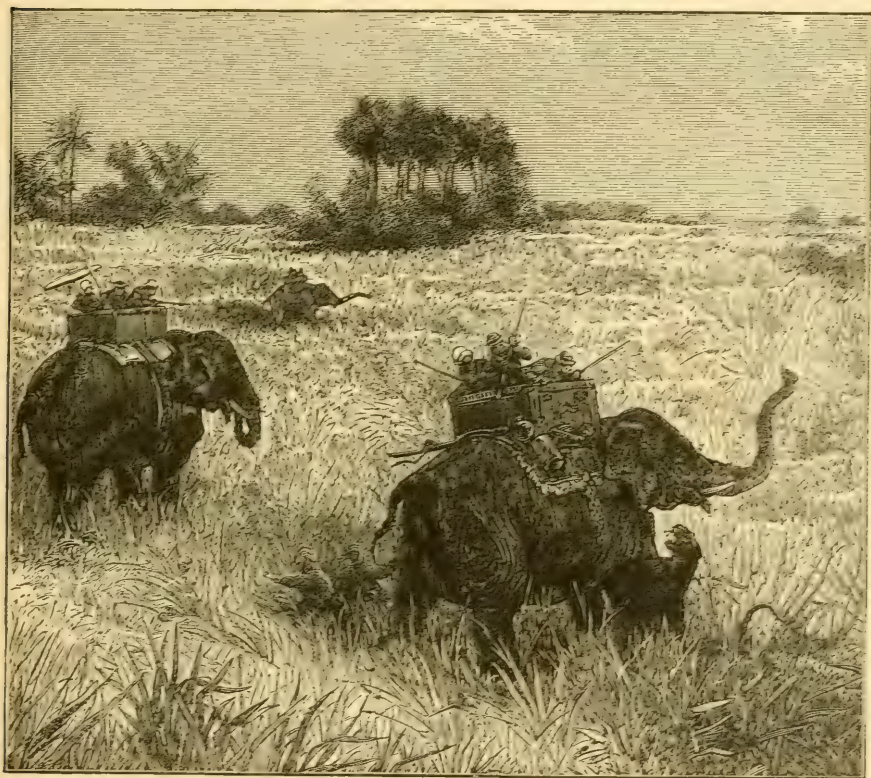
AN ELEPHANT FLUSHING A TIGER.



## STORIES OF TIGER HUNTING

did not move until the first elephant almost trod upon it. It sprang at the men in the howdah, but missed its footing and fell upon its back right in front of the elephant. A single shot from a rifle killed it. The body was found to be nearly eleven feet long, which is large for a tiger.

On another occasion a tiger upon being roused from its lair made a



superb spring and landed upon the elephant's head. The elephant trumpeted in terror and did its best to shake its enemy off. For a few minutes the tiger seemed to be getting the best of it, until the elephant encircled its body with its trunk and literally tore it off. The hunter upon the elephant's back fired a shot point blank, and the tiger broke loose and attempted to run away. It could only go about about a hundred yards however for its right shoulder had been shattered. It sank exhausted to the ground. The elephant, mean-



while, smarting from its injuries was roused to fury, which only those who know the elephant can appreciate. Disregarding its marhout's voice it charged on the dying tiger and literally danced upon its body until not a spark of life was left. This elephant was never any use for hunting after that, as it was always ready to run in a panic when it smelled its dreaded enemy.

When an elephant is seized with panic nothing can stop it, and any one who happens to be upon its back at the time never forgets the ride. It is said that an elephant that has once been clawed by a tiger is never safe to use again, at least for hunting, for it seems to lose all its nerve. When a tiger attacks an elephant it is usually in front, and trunk bears the brunt of the battle. This is unfortunate, for the trunk of an elephant is constructed of a mass of tiny nerves and is by far the most sensitive part of the animal. Some hunters take the precaution of covering



their hunting elephants' trunks with a loose sort of armor, made from the thick skin of crocodiles. This armor is exceedingly tough and slippery, and allows no grip for the tigers' claws.

As a rule, when the tiger hears the hunt coming it pricks up its ears and listens to make sure in which direction its enemies lie, and then slinks off another way. In case it is surrounded it will lie in wait until the line of battle comes quite close, and then with a roar it will dash through the ranks of beaters, and the process of cornering will have to be begun again.

## GORILLA HUNTING

Paul Du Challiau the great traveller and naturalist, who died in the year of 1903, was the first white man to discover the existence of the Gorilla. While he was exploring in the Gaboon Country, on the West Coast of Africa, the natives told him of a mighty ape, and of its great strength and height. He could see for himself that they held it in the greatest dread. At first he could hardly credit their stories but he was soon convinced when the natives took him into the forests and showed him the creature alive.

Later Du Challiau returned to Europe and gave the great men of science an account of this strange animal. He was laughed at, treated with scorn and called a liar. If you examine history carefully you will find that this has been the fate of nearly every man who has made a new discovery, or visited some unexplored land. After a while, when the facts were proved, the scientific world did not apologize and admit that it had been mistaken, but simply ignored its first blunder. However Du Challiau was not to be put off so easily, and he forthwith returned to the Gaboon Country, and succeeded in killing a few gorillas and returned to Europe with the skins, and a huge skeleton. Now the majority of the museums throughout the land have stuffed specimens of this great ape which you may see any day.

Gorilla hunting, looked at from any side, is a dangerous business, and doubly so if an attempt is made to catch a specimen alive. A story is told of a hunter who managed to kill a gorilla and this is what he says.

He took a number of natives as escorts and guides, and travelled many miles into the forest. Now one of the first things that struck this traveller was that in this country animal life was exceedingly scarce, and this was curious because the Gaboon Country is situated in one of the hottest parts of Africa where every place teems with life. It is supposed that the gorilla will not let anything live near it, for even birds that live in the tree tops are silent and hard to find.

It was not long before the gorilla was discovered. The great ape was heard roaring as it crashed through the undergrowth and soon it appeared walking on its feet like a chimpanzee. The nearest man to it was a brave native hunter, who stood at one side in case of a frontal attack. The white hunter had been told to reserve his fire until the brute came quite close, for a bullet at a long distance would not have any deadly effect.

The gorilla was sly and came slowly forward as though it did not see an enemy at its side, but it suddenly swung round and charged the native, who tripped over a root, and the next instant the ape was upon him. The gorilla seized its victim by the neck and shook him only once, and then let



## GORILLA HUNTING

the dead body fall. This seemed to rouse its rage for it advanced on the rest of the party roaring and beating its chest. When only a few yards from its enemies it rose to its full height, its devilish gray eyes darting glances of hatred. The hunter fired and the bullet passed into the shoulder, and at the same instant the ape charged. Two more carefully aimed shots



were put in without seeming to have any effect at all except that of rousing the brute to still greater fury.

The hunter was now thoroughly frightened, for he realized that unless a vital spot was hurt they would probably all be killed. The gorilla soon recognised the white man as its chief enemy and charged him. The brute came so close that it gripped the rifle barrel and twisted it in its hands as though it were made of lead pipe. The hunter backed away and seizing



another rifle from a trusty native who was close at hand, sent a ball crashing through the ape's skull. It gave one roar and tumbled head foremost on its face. The body twitched for several minutes: and not one of the natives would go near it until they could be sure that it was really dead. They got a long pole and turned the body over and over to make sure. The height of that gorilla was just a little short of seven feet!

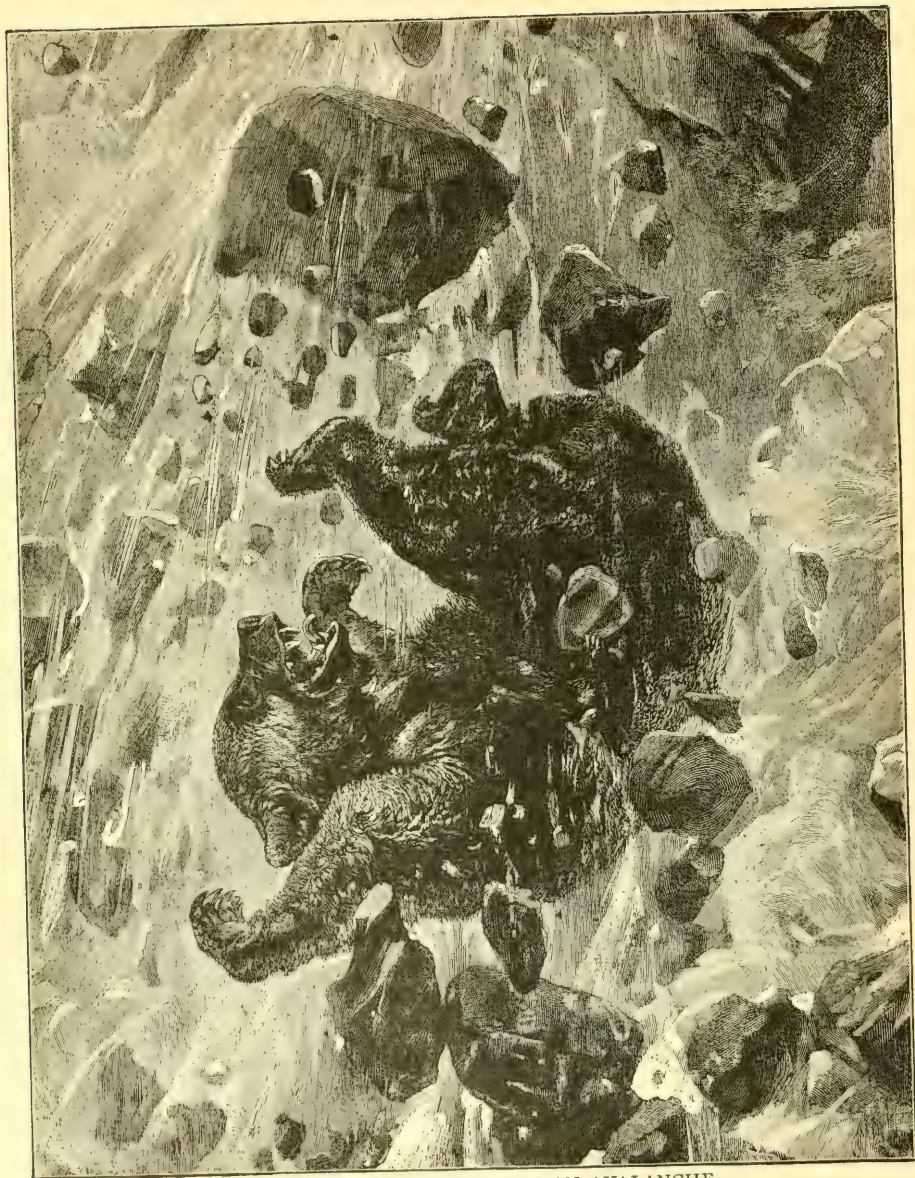
One of the greatest dangers in gorilla hunting is that sometimes the ape is so silent that it does not give any warning before it attacks.

A hunting party was stalking along Indian file in the forest, and paused for a few moments for breath. It was then noticed that one native, who had been in the extreme rear of the line, was missing. Before the others could search for him they heard a rustling in the leaves, and the poor man's body fell to the ground. The gorilla, in this case, was a female and had a baby with her. She had watched the party approach and had let them all pass beneath her but the last one. This man she had seized so swiftly and quietly that he had not even time to cry out, and none of his companions were aware that he had vanished.

After a stubborn fight this gorilla was killed, and the baby was carried off in triumph. On the way to England the tiny gorilla grew fond of a bull terrier and the two became great chums, playing together for hours in the cage. The poor beast did not live long in the damp English climate, and died of consumption, although every possible care was taken to preserve its life. To this day, though everything is thought of in the way of having the houses steamed heated and the foundations built on dry ground, but few zoological collections can boast of possessing a live gorilla.

All hunters and explorers who have met the gorilla in its native land agree on one point, and that is that the stuffed specimen gives no idea of the apparent height, or looks of the brute when alive in its own forests. It would be hard to picture a more fiendish looking creature. Its eyes are shifty and cruel, while its cheek bones and eye brows are large and lowering. Its teeth stick out, giving it a most ferocious look. When alive it appears to be much larger than it really is. Its great breadth of chest and length of limb seems to shrink up when it is dead. The color of its fur is black but if you look closely you will see a slight slate-grayish tint running through it.

The West African natives declare that the gorilla is easily a match for the lion and that whenever the two come together the lion always gets out of the way as quickly as possible. Furthermore they declare that even the elephant will not face the gorilla willingly.



A GRIZZLY SWEEPED AWAY BY AN AVALANCHE.

## A HUNT FOR A GRIZZLY

A mining prospector, who was also a great hunter, while locating claims camped in a wild canon of the Sierra Nevada mountains, near the Needles in California. Late one afternoon while seeking a place to pitch his tent he came upon a band of Indians, who told him that a few hours before they had passed a gigantic grizzly bear. They pointed out as nearly as possible the spot where the brute had been seen, and then told the hunter that he had better go and kill it. Wishing him good luck they passed on.

Before daybreak the next morning the hunter started off in quest of his prey. He soon came to the tracks of the bear and followed them up into a dark canon. Presently he came across a cluster of bees buzzing angrily around a tree stump from which their nest had been torn. This was a sure sign that the bear could not be far off. The hunter pushed on rapidly, but he was not prepared for what happened next. On turning a corner he suddenly found himself face to face, with a huge grizzly bear.

The beast was sitting up on its haunches licking its paws, which were still covered with honey from the bees' nest. For an instant the bear gazed in astonishment at the hunter; and then, growling angrily, started toward him as though quite ready to eat him up. The hunter shouldered his rifle and fired, but missed a vital spot, and only succeeded in making the brute furious. It was not a good place for a fight, so the hunter ran back as fast as he could, pausing only to fire once more; and this time the bullet entered the animal's chest, but did not disable it and so end the attack.

The hunter was now desperate, and as a last chance ran in among the pines. The bear, in spite of its bulk and its wounded chest dashed between the trees after its enemy as nimbly as a cat. Once only did the hunter gain any advantage, and that was when the bear stumbled over a fallen tree trunk.

The hunter had managed to cross a narrow ravine when suddenly he heard a crash and a roar overhead, and before he realized what was happening, an avalanche was well started. He scrambled near a big rock for safety and looked back just in time to see the bear swept off its feet and go rolling down the hillside amid a shower of rocks and snow. The bear made frantic efforts to gain a foothold, but without success.

After the dust had subsided and the rocks had ceased falling the hunter crept down in the path of the avalanche. Near the bottom, almost buried in the snow, he found the bear lying dead, its claws sunk deep in a pine branch to which it must have clung as it went down. The hunter took the skin home, damaged and torn as it was, as a memento of his most exciting experience in the Sierra Nevada mountains.





A POLAR BEAR ATTACKING AN ESQUIMAU.

## POLAR BEARS AND ESQUIMAUX.

A scientist who had gone up to the lower sea coast of Greenland to hunt for rare sea birds and plants, spent a large part of his time living in the huts of some friendly Esquimaux. When he was able to understand their language a little he found that most of their talk was about fishing and hunting. He heard wonderful stories from the lips of the little men who had sailed out into the rough sea in tiny canoes called "kayaks" to spear seals, and also of others who had been carried off on great pieces of ice that had broken from the floes and had never been seen again.

The more he heard, the more he longed to see some of the wonders, and experience the dangers. The little men laughed when he told them his wishes and promised that he should have plenty of excitement before he went away. The first thing the hunter had to learn was to manage a kayak, which seems a crazy enough craft at first but in reality is very seaworthy. Then his host, took him out upon expeditions to hunt seal and walrus, and he realized at once that the little people had not told of half the risks they ran. Every instant he had to be on the watch to prevent the frail kayak from being crushed between the floating masses of ice.

That morning there did not seem to be any seal in sight and the reason was soon apparent when they beheld a huge Polar bear marching leisurely across a small ice floe. Immediately both men paddled in its direction, and the bear, hearing them, turned and snarled angrily. The Esquimaux passed quite close to the bear and fearlessly plunged his spear into its shoulder. The brute roared with pain and tried to tear the spear out with its teeth, but it only succeeded in breaking the end off short. It then made a sudden rush to the end of the ice and leaped into the water. When it came to the surface it struck out for the rocky shore which was about a mile away. The two kayaks went off in hot pursuit. Without warning the bear suddenly dived and in a few moments appeared alongside of the Esquimaux's kayak. The brave little man attempted to drive another spear into the bear but the bear was too quick for him and brought its paw down heavily upon his shoulder. The hunter, who was about thirty yards away, lifted his rifle and fired. The recoil toppled over the kayak, and from the way he was fastened in, he had a narrow escape from being drowned. As it was he was none the worse except for an icy cold bath and the loss of his rifle which, of course, had sunk. As quickly as possible he made his way to the Esquimaux and found him lying back in his kayak bleeding and senseless, his left arm dangling uselessly by his side. The bear floated alongside, the bullet having passed clear through the back of its skull.

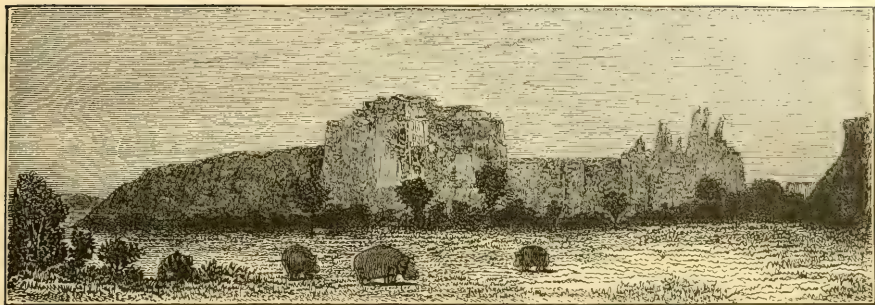




THE DEATH OF A THIEF.



## HIPPOPOTAMUS HUNTING



The hippopotamus or hippo as it is generally called, is another mighty animal that is rapidly being exterminated by man. At one time it was a common sight to see many hippos feeding together on the banks of the Nile as far north as Cairo but now they are never found beyond Khartoum, which if you will look at the atlas you will find is many miles to the south of the Mediterranean Sea.

The strongholds of the hippos are the great Lakes in Central Africa, and the Zambesi River which forms the northern boundry line of the Transvaal. Dr Livingstone tells in his book how he once saw hundreds of hippos on the Victoria Nyanza. Many hippos are still found on the west coast along the banks of the Senegal and Niger Rivers.

The hippo is a huge creature weighing many tons. It is stupid and vicious and more or less lazy. Its body is oily, fat and very dense, Its brain, eyes and ears are small but its mouth is enormous. It feeds chiefly on the grasses and weeds growing in the water. The hippo's legs are short but it can run quite fast. Its toe nails are shaped like a chisel which enables it to climb up the slippery river banks.

A certain hunter tells a story of surprising a hippo asleep in the shade of some bushes. The creature was so alarmed that it rushed away as quickly as it could and plunged off a bank twenty feet high into the river making a tremendous splash. In any country where hippos are not constantly hunted they will come out into the meadows to feed and wander far afield. They are not often attacked by other creatures for they are big and powerful and owing to their thick skins very difficult to wound. Besides they stay where the ground is marshy and that makes an unsafe battle field.

The native hunters are wonderfully expert in killing the hippos. The usual method is for two men to go together armed with lances which have a

## HIPPOTAMUS HUNTING



line and bladder float attached. They swim up close to their victim and plunge the lances in. The hippo dives at once and remains under water some minutes. The hunters then get a second pair of lances and if they have luck plunge them in too. The lances have very sharp blades and are weighted at the end so that every movement of the hippo makes the wound deeper. The bladders attached to the lines float on the surface and show where the hippo is lying. At last, weakened by its struggles and loss of blood the creature dies. Ropes are attached to the lance lines and the body is hauled ashore by many willing hands.

Sometimes when a hippo is attacked at short range it will climb out of the water and charge its enemies on land. It is a very unwise movement for the poor creature is then much easier to kill for it is clumsy and cannot turn quickly. The natives plaster its eyes with clay or sand and then they have it at their mercy.

Hippos are wonderfully good swimmers and moreover they are able to walk along the river beds in search of food. When they sleep they float in the water with nothing but their nostrils sticking out. If anything alarms them they dive at once and when they come to the surface they show nothing







## HIPPOPOTAMUS HUNTING

but their snout, eyes and ears and as the head of the hippo is very flat it can get these sense organs out of water without showing more than two or three inches of flesh.

Shooting hippos is a very difficult and unsatisfactory sport, for a rifle bullet will hardly do any harm if fired into the body. The only place that they can be shot is in the brain which being exceedingly small and well protected between the ears renders the task doubly difficult. Again when a hippo dies its body sinks to the bottom at once.

A hunter who was travelling alone on a tributary of the Zambesi River tried to capture a small hippo but the mother was close at hand and soon



got the youngster into the water. The current was very swift and the little hippo, winded by its rapid flight, could not swim against it. About a quarter of a mile away were some rapids towards which the little hippo was borne with its mother trying to overtake it. The hunter ran down the bank and climbed out on to some rocks hoping to head the pair off. The baby hippo after vainly struggling was swept over the falls. The hunter was armed only with a heavy revolver consequently he did not get either of the pair.

The hippo is very vicious and will sometimes charge canoes and upset

## HIPPOPOTAMUS HUNTING

them, killing the rowers. It is never safe to navigate any river where hippos live. Crocodiles and hippo's live in peace together as one is a flesh eater and the other feeds on vegetables, but sometimes the hippos for some reason or other drive the crocodiles away. The upper and lower front teeth of the hippos are very long and contain magnificent ivory which is distinguished from the elephant's by the fact that it never turns yellow. The flesh is good to eat but it is tough and oily, nevertheless many native tribes consider it a great delicacy. The skin of the hippo is black and greasy and is about two inches thick. The whole hide weighs about six hundred pounds and often more. The african natives make whips out of a single piece of skin, and they are said to last forever.

Sometimes a prowling leopard is foolish enough to risk its life in trying to steal a baby hippo. When the thief is successful the distress and fury of the old mother are fearful to behold. She rushes from place to place in a path of distruction looking for her lost one. A hunter once saw a leopard creeping upon a baby hippo and he watched to see what would happen. Waiting for a good chance the leopard sprang upon its prey. The baby hippo screamed and struggled and the leopard lost its foot hold. Before it could recover itself however the old mother hippo was upon it and crushed the thief between her powerful jaws.

Bull hippos are very quarrelsome among themselves and frequently great battles take place, especially at night. A hunter tells a story of meeting some hippos in a very narrow stream. He fired at a bull and wounded it. There was not enough water for it to dive so it reared its head in the air and bellowed. Blood was soon pouring from its nostrils and at the sight another bull attacked its wounded comrade.

The brute seized the wounded hippo by the throat just as a bull dog does when fighting, and the two swayed back and forth in a frantic struggle. The bullet had passed close to the brain of the wounded hippo and it soon weakened and finally died. The hunter had climbed out on to the bank for safety and not a moment too soon for his frail canoe was swamped by the waves caused by the struggles of the two giants.

Sometimes when hippos find them themselves cornered they get in a panic and all rush in one direction. Nothing stands in the way of such an onslaught, and before now huge crocodiles have been overwhelmed and trampled to death in an instant. Trees and bushes are crushed as if they were so many weeds and the ground round about looks as though a cyclone had swept over it.

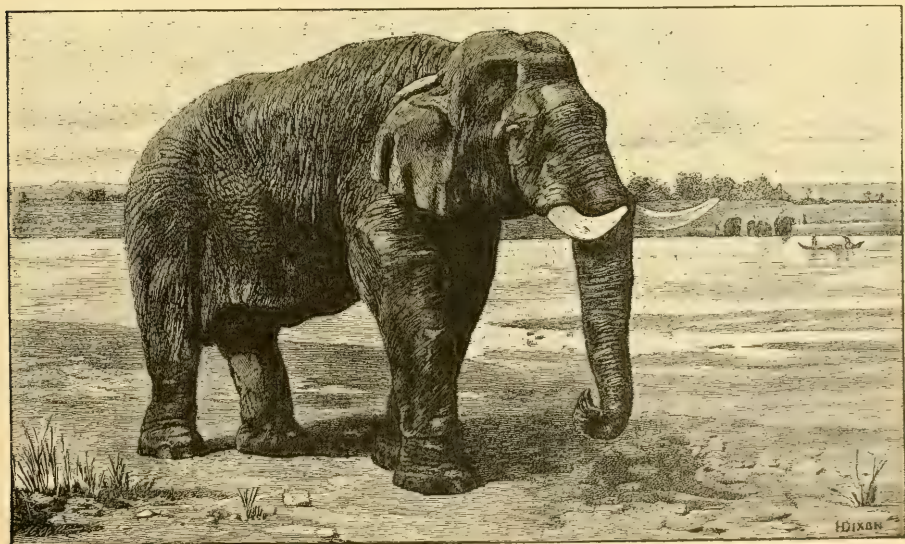


## HUNTING AND CATCHING WILD ELEPHANTS

Years ago in India elephants were shot right and left, simply to get their ivory, and it looked as though the great creatures would soon become extinct. Then the Indian Government stepped in and put a stop to the slaughter. Elephants are now shot only under special circumstances, for practically all the herds are the property of the government.

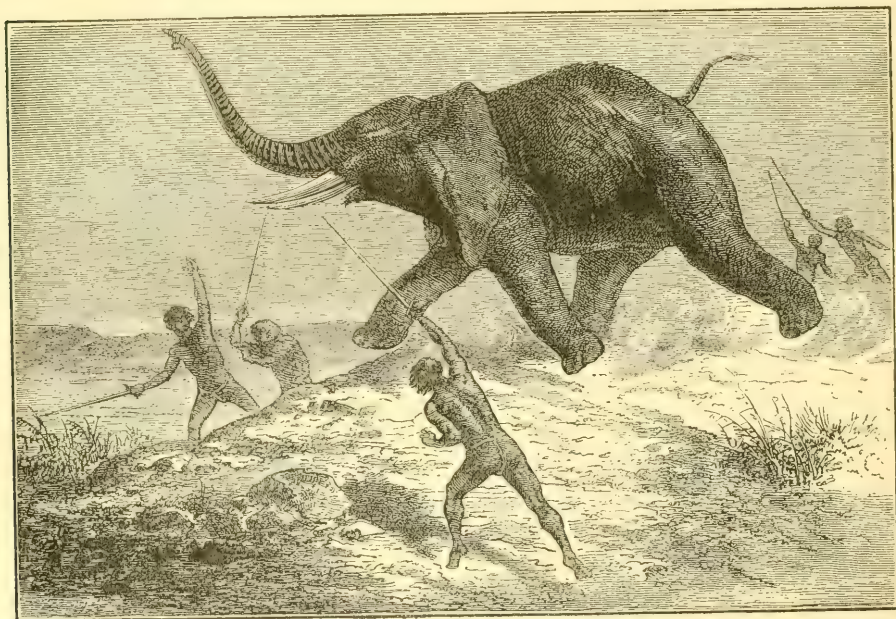
The African elephant is even worse off than its Indian brother, in the matter of protection, for Africa has not, as yet, any government worthy the name of civilized. Consequently the slaughter goes merrily on. Experienced travellers tell us that in a few years the African elephant will be entirely extinct. It is to be hoped that measures will be taken to protect some of the herds before it is too late. It is a well known fact that districts on the East Coast of Africa that had large herds of elephants a few years ago have none to-day, and the blame is almost entirely to be laid at the doors of the white man. A single hunter, armed with an express rifle, can soon kill an elephant, or even several in a day; whereas, it takes half a native tribe to run down and kill a single specimen. This satisfies them for some days, as the meat thus obtained lasts quite a long while.

There are three ways in which the elephant is captured. First, by native hunters; second, by white men who shoot it: and third, where entire herds are trapped alive, and then taught and trained to become beasts of burden.



Let us examine the first. Certain wild tribes, far up the Nile, bordering on Equatorial Africa, hunt elephants on horseback and also on foot.

A traveller gives these two accounts of what he saw. The Hamran Arabs, a brave and warlike tribe, use horses in their hunt. Mounting the fleetest beasts they have, they start for the long grass where the elephants are usually to be found. They first send out scouts to locate the herd, and see that they do not scatter. The hunters always try to attack the animals suddenly, and from several points at once. They dash boldly forward and tackle the nearest at hand. These men arm themselves with long, heavy,

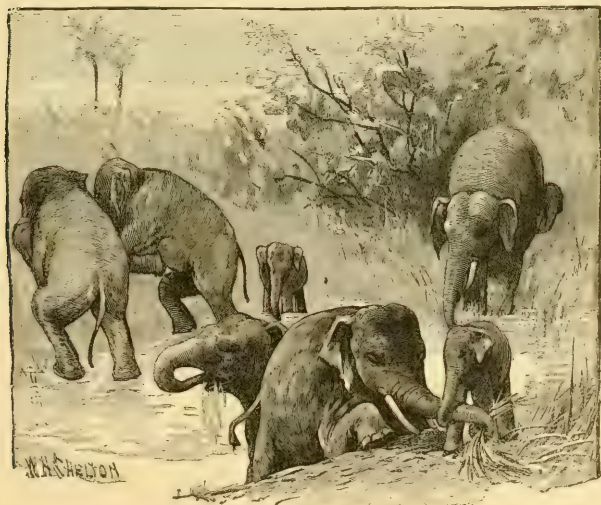


double-edged swords, which they wield with great dexterity. They gallop among the elephants, shouting and yelling. The big beasts become panic-stricken and try to get away. The object of the natives is to slash the elephants in the lower part of the legs and try to hamstring them. Once the tendons are cut the elephant is helpless, and can be killed at leisure. Only brave men can follow this sport, for the wild elephant is very savage and cunning, and can run like a steam-engine.

The same traveller relates that while visiting other tribes he had an

opportunity to see a hunt conducted on foot, where the natives tried to sneak upon their game. It is almost comical to see a huge elephant rush away in panic from a couple of yelling, naked savages. It seems easier to hunt the elephants on horseback than on foot, but in the latter fashion the hunter is really much safer, for he can turn and dodge and take advantage of cover more quickly than when on horseback. More than one hunter has lost his life through his horse obeying the rein just a second too late.

Some of the African tribes kill the elephant in an ingenious manner. They find a pathway leading to some drinking pool where they know the elephant come down at night. They dig a pit deep enough to prevent the elephant from scrambling out once it has tumbled in. At the bottom of the pit they place an upright, sharpened, wooden stake, smeared with poison. The mouth of the pit is then covered over with branches, and earth is thrown on top; the whole made to look as much like solid ground as possible. This scheme appears to be very simple, but in reality it is not. The elephant is wonderfully clever at detecting false ground, and if it suspects there is anything wrong it immediately stops and carefully feels around on all sides. If it finds a pit it drags the entire covering off, so that all of its fellows are warned. Moreover, the elephants will forsake that path forever. This has been proven over and over again. The elephant's sense of finding rotten or unsafe ground is all the more wonderful when it is remembered that they do



most of their traveling in the night. It is a well known fact that the elephants cannot be induced to cross a bridge that is too weak to support their weight, and no amount of flogging will make them move a foot.

Another point which makes elephant pits objectionable is that it takes many natives, several days to construct one, and if the elephant finds out



what is going on, the scheme will be is so much work thrown away.

On one occasion the chief of a native tribe constructed a large elephant pit. The next day he came down with a number of his warriors to see if there was any game in it. He found only one small part of the top covering disturbed, and kneeling down he peeped in. There was a loud roar and the next instant the chief screamed and disappeared head first through the opening. The warriors rushed forward and tore the covering away. They found that the pit contained a beautiful leopard. They soon killed it with their spears, but not quickly enough to save the chief, who had already been clawed to death. It is not an uncommon thing to find several wild animals caught in a trap in this way. Here however, in spite of the leopard being such a good climber, it could not get out. It could gain no foothold in the soft, crumbling earth. The walls of the pit showed evidences of its frantic efforts to get out, while the hole was too deep for a spring.

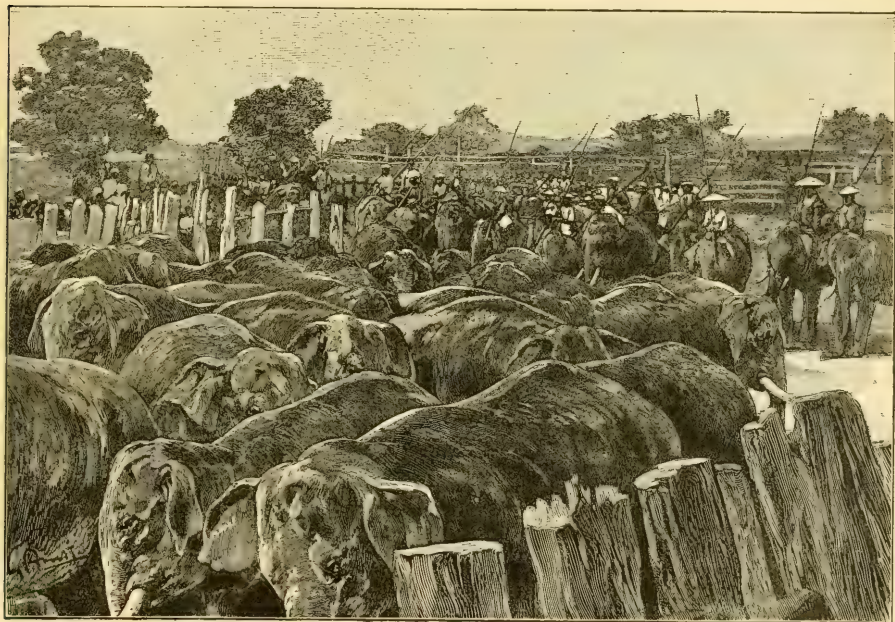
Another hunting scheme used in Africa is this. The natives take a baulk of wood about ten inches in diameter and about five feet long, tapering at one end. At the thick end they place a sharpened barbed spear head, covered with deadly poison. This is suspended from a tree branch over a path that elephants are known to use. The end of the suspension cord is cleverly concealed, and brought down so that it crosses the path about a foot from the ground, and so arranged that when an elephant passes underneath it, the cord is broken, loosening the heavy piece of wood which promptly falls, burying the poisoned barb in the animal's shoulder or back. But even here the elephant is alert and often shows its shrewdness by spying the trap before it is too late.

It is the demand for ivory that is causing the destruction of the elephant, and already ivory is much higher in price than it was years ago. Whenever man runs short of anything he is sure to invent a substitute. Now, in the case of ivory a clever vegetable imitation has been placed on the market. It so closely resembles the animal product that ordinary people cannot tell the difference. Of course, it is much cheaper than animal ivory, and this fact may yet save the elephant. The ivory from walrus tusks is worth more than that of the elephant, because it is whiter and keeps its color better. Walrus tusks are small and much harder to get, and therefore more costly.

The shooting of elephants has to be done just right, or disaster ensues, as the following story will show. A hunter in Uganda in Equatorial Africa tried to bring down, with a single shot, an enormous bull elephant. He fired at long range, and the bullet failed to kill. Immediately the elephant

## HUNTING AND CATCHING WILD ELEPHANTS

squealing with fury, charged the party of men. The hunter jumped to one side but his coat caught in some thick brambles. The elephant crashed past him but not quite close enough to do him harm. But the brambles were torn asunder by the elephant's great weight and the hunter was flung a couple of sommersaults, until he came against a tree with such force that it all but knocked his senses out. When he came back to consciousness he found that the elephant had been killed by his headman, but not before it had trampled two of the natives to death and scattered the remainder. The mangled bodies bore terrible evidences of the elephant's fury.



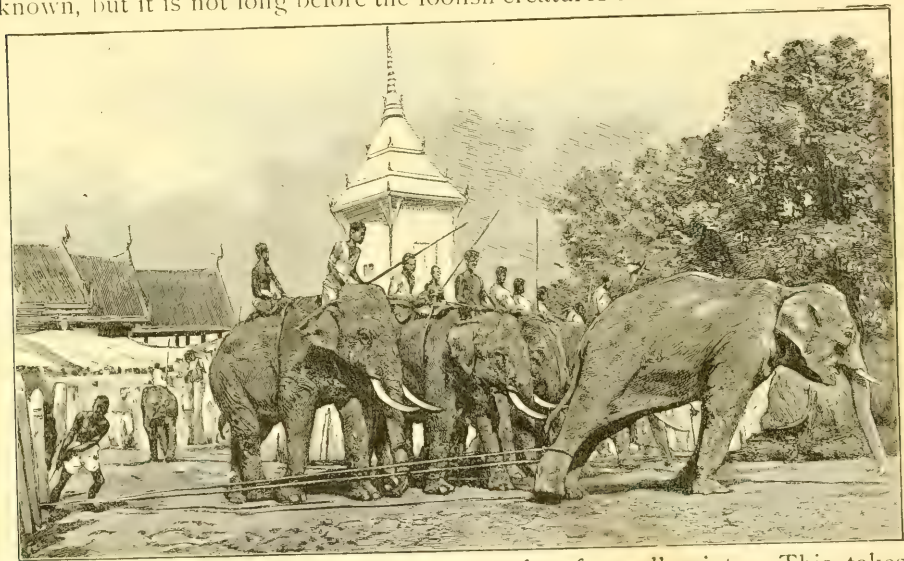
Near the ear or brain pan are about the only places that a bullet will stop a rush. A certain writer tells a story of having seen an elephant killed so suddenly, while running, that it rolled over completely just like a rabbit. Its body came down with a crash that shook the earth and fell against a good sized tree which was snapped off a few feet above the ground as through it had been a sapling.

The way in which elephants are taken alive is truly wonderful. First of all a huge corral, is made and surrounded by a stockade, built of the largest

## HUNTING AND CATCHING WILD ELEPHANT

logs to be found. This stockade is immensely strong, for it is made to stand the rush of terror-stricken elephants. The stockade is covered throughout its entire length with branches so that the elephants do not notice that it is a trap. The corral is V shaped. At the point of V there is a gate which leads to a large enclosure. This enclosure has a number of smaller ones separated from the main corral by heavy drop gates. So much for the corral.

Now elephants are trapped in a curious manner. An old tame bull elephant, trained for the work, is turned loose in the jungle, and it promptly goes off to find a herd of its wild brothers. What yarn it tells them is not known, but it is not long before the foolish creatures follow the old bull. As



the herd marches along it gathers in stragglers from all points. This takes a good deal of time, and the old bull is often away several days before it appears on its way back to the corral. The trappers do not worry for they know that the old scoundrel understands its business. Sometimes the bull elephant will go off in a most roundabout way, as though it had to hunt its victims out of holes and corners.

Men scouts are on the watch and soon report that the elephant herd has been sighted. Once the head of the herd enters the wide part of the V the trappers know that they have the game all but safe. Men are concealed the entire length of the stockade, on the lookout for accidents or any attempt to turn back. If by any chance the herd wavers, it is scared on from

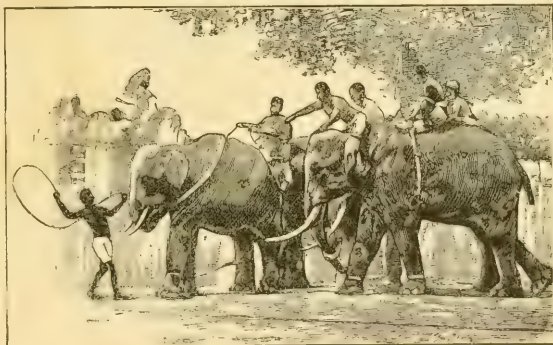


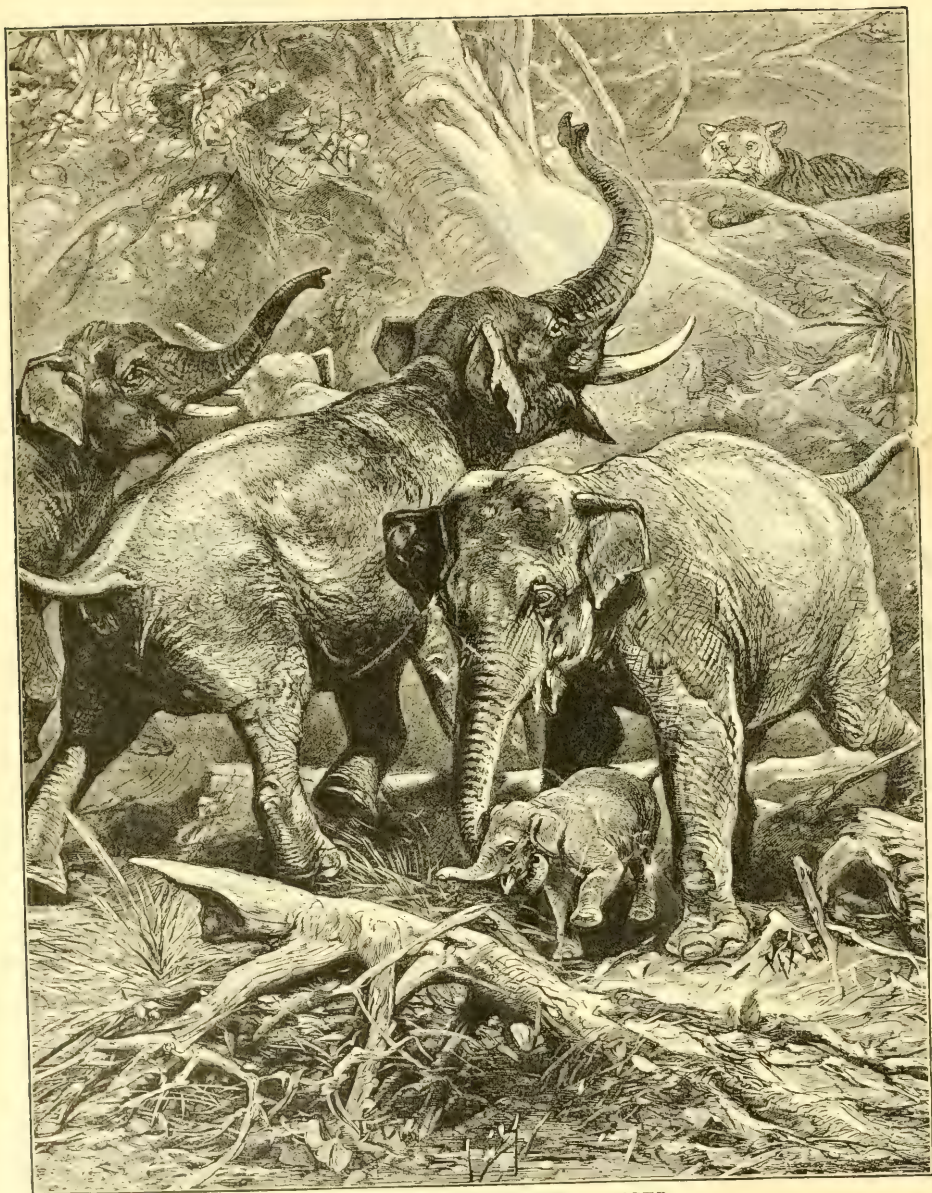
behind by drums and horns and fireworks. Finally the old bull leads the herd through the narrow part of the V into the enclosure. When all are safely inside, the gate is quietly let down, shutting them in.

The old elephant goes to the top of the enclosure and passes out through one of the drop gates, leaving behind the herd it has betrayed. For a while the elephants do not notice anything amiss, but their suspicions are soon aroused, when they see men bobbing about on the stockade from which the tree branches are removed. Suddenly they realize that they are trapped, and a wild scene ensues. The elephants make frantic efforts to get out, while the men with yells, tom-toms and fire-works, drive them back. The very earth trembles with the struggle, and woe betide the stockade if there is a weak spot in it, but usually it has been built by experienced men and no accidents occur. Not infrequently an unlucky native loses his balance and falls into the yard where he is sure to be trampled to death unless he is as nimble as a cat and scrambles out.

After a while the elephants begin to calm down. Soon all the green leaves are eaten up, and they become very hungry. This is part of the scheme, for they are deliberately starved to break their spirits, and render them more easy to handle. One by one ropes are passed around the great beasts and they are coaxed or dragged into the small enclosure and chained up. For days the poor animals struggle until it seems that they could not possibly live through the strain. No sooner are they humbled, and cease fighting when they are fed, well treated, and petted. The elephant has a remarkably large brain for an animal, and is very intelligent. It does not take it long to realize that there is nothing to be gained by fighting, and it learns to behave itself and begins scheming like a boy.

Each new elephant is placed between two tame ones and taught to work, and sometimes the lesson is not given with much gentleness, for the old elephants while making the captive do what they want, will butt the beast with their tusks with fearful violence. There is a Hindoo say-





AN ALARM—ELEPHANTS AND A TIGER



## HUNTING AND CATCHING WILD ELEPHANTS

ing that is often repeated and that is that "It takes a year and the life of a man to break an elephant to burden."

The greatest dread of the trappers is that the incoming herd may run across a tiger and be stampeded. In spite of its large bulk and strength the elephant is afraid of the great cat. The temptation to kill a baby elephant often proves too great for the royal tiger, and fearful battles ensue; for the elephant will protect its young from enemies with great bravery. If the outskirts of the herd are attacked the beasts are liable to scatter and become so panic-stricken that the old bull may not be able to get them together again for some days.

Who tamed the first elephant is not known. On the wall carvings of the temples in India, built thousands of years ago, are to be found pictures of elephants with men upon their backs. Furthermore, elephants were used in Babylon and Syria, and history tells us that there were great herds in the armies of Alexander the Great and Hannibal. Again, elephants frequently fought other animals in the Roman arenas. The elephant is also a valued servant of the British army in India. Two of these great creatures will carry a mountain battery, wheels, carriage, gun and ammunition, over rough ground where no roads exist, nor horses can travel, but it is said that when the firing begins the elephant trembles and will not move forward an inch, and it has to kept well in the rear.

Elephants do all manner of heavy work in India, and at times it seems foolish to have a man in charge, for the great creatures manage themselves so well. On many occasions they have shown that they have greater wisdom than their "marhouts" or drivers.

An Indian resident told the writers that he had seen an old elephant that worked in a lumber yard, stacking great loads of teak wood. The elephant would get down on its knees and putting its tusks under a log would move, back and forth, until it got it exactly balanced. It would rise to its feet and slowly and gently carry the log to the pile. After it had placed the log in position it would go around to the end and cock its eye along to see if it were straight. If the log was out of plump the elephant would push it here and there with its head until it was satisfied.

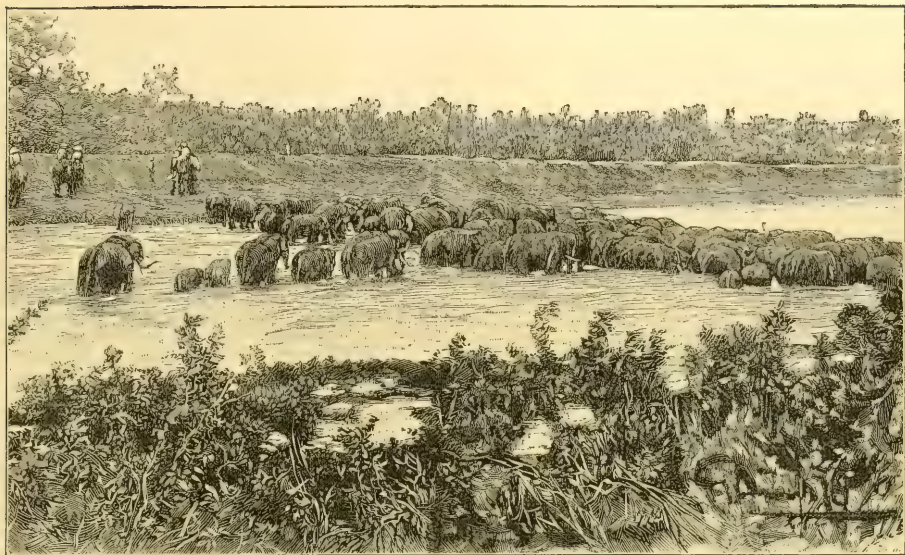
The elephant has a very tender skin, for so large an animal, and unless it is properly harnessed it will get "back-sore" in no time. Flies and mosquitoes cause it much worry too, and this leads the elephant to put wet mud on its back as a protection. Above all things the elephant loves water, and it is a wonderful sight to see a large number in together. The beast is a splendid





ELEPHANTS BATHING

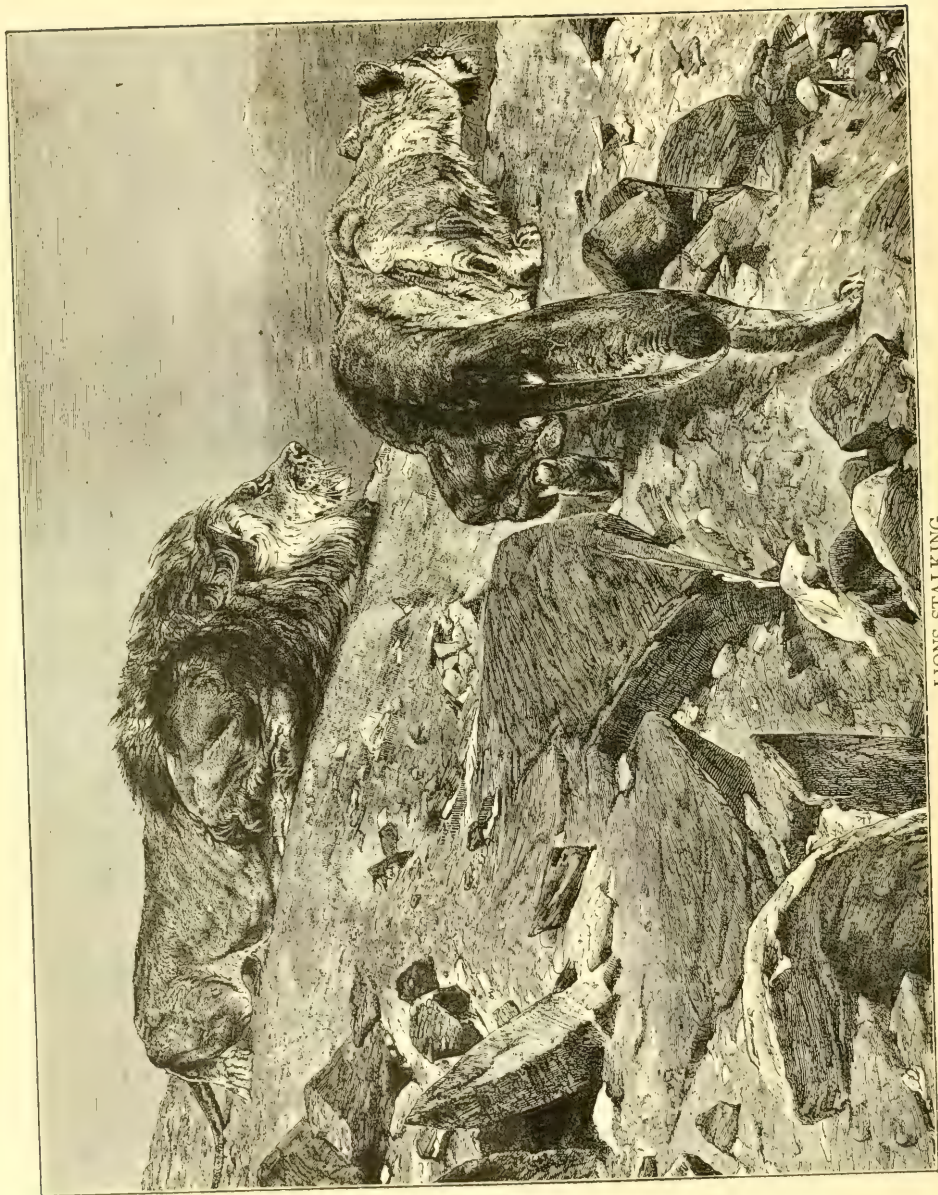
## HUNTING AND CATCHING WILD ELEPHANTS



swimmer and can go with its head out of water, or it can swim completely submerged with nothing but the tip of its trunk sticking out to breath through. It is said that full grown elephants never suffer while swimming from the attacks of the crocodiles, for the big fellows can put up a good fight if compelled to. The Indian Crocodile however is noted too for its great strength and ferocity and it sometimes is foolish enough to quarrel with the the "tuskers" and generally with discredit to itself.

On one occasion a small herd of elephants were splashing about near the banks of a large river in Burmah and among them was one baby elephant not much bigger than a cow. The old mother kept a close watch to see that no harm came to her charge. But while the bathing was going on, a huge crocodile slipped up unnoticed, through the muddy water, and seized the little elephant by a hind leg. Its terrified squeals sent its big companions into the greatest confusion and excitement. Without waiting an instant however, the mother and the old bull leader charged. Meanwhile the baby was being dragged away in spite of its struggles. The mother seized the crocodile around the middle with her trunk and literally lifted it out of water and at the same time tore it away from its prey. Then the bull took a hand in the struggle and together the pair killed the huge reptile. The baby had one foot lacerated, while the father and mother were both badly torn and marked for life. A crocodile does not easily give up its life.





LIONS STALKING.



## ALL ABOUT LIONS

The lion is not plentiful anywhere off the African continent. At one time it was found all over Asia, but it has been exterminated. A few still exist in Persia and China, but from India it has vanished entirely.

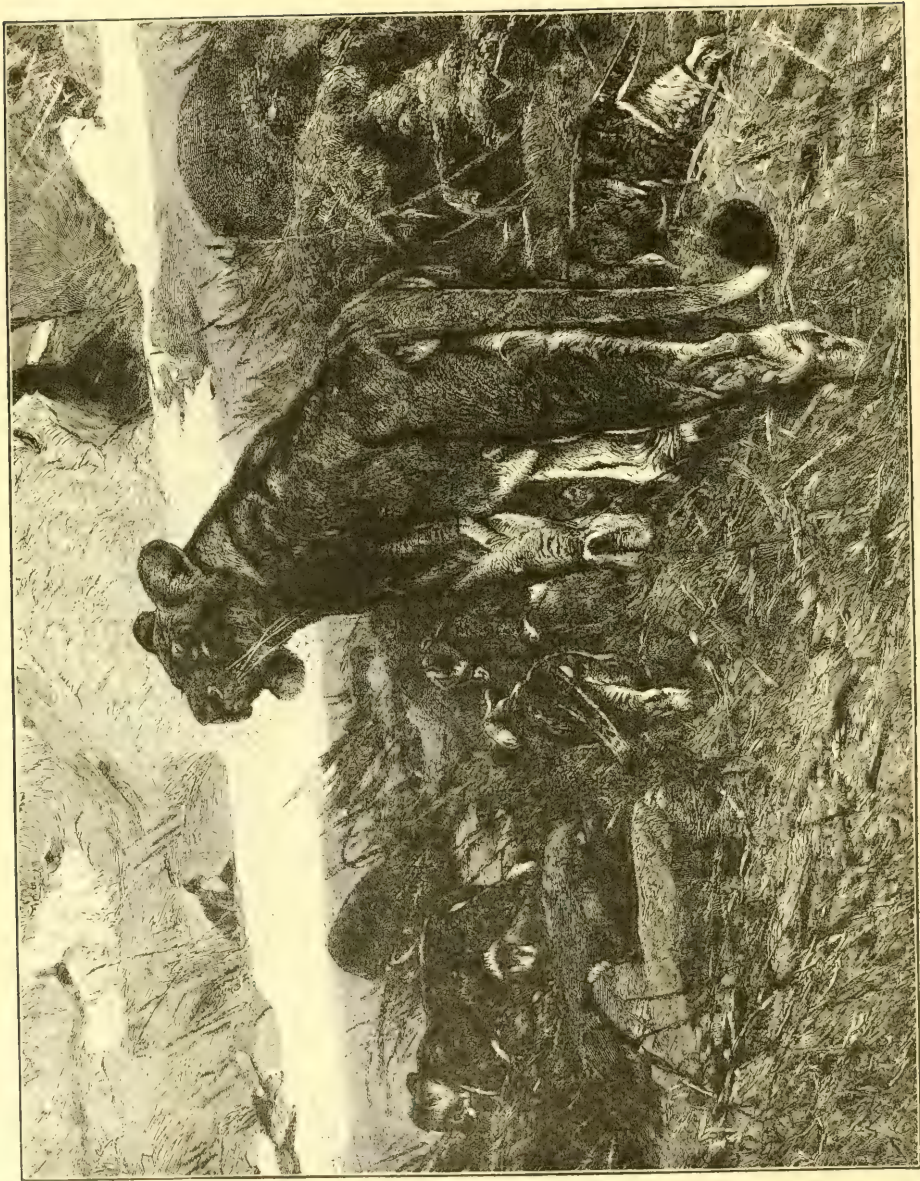
The lion has none of the tiger's slinking habits, and is therefore much easier to approach. In fact, at times it appears to expose itself recklessly. When a lion is disturbed it will come out fearlessly into the open to investigate. On the other hand, the tiger on hearing any suspicious noise will lie closely concealed. If it happens to be a powerful enemy, such as an elephant or an armed man, it slinks away like a shadow.

Until a few years ago there were plenty of lions all over Africa, but they are rapidly vanishing. Since the white man started in to settle up the country the haunts of the lion have been invaded and the "King of Beasts" has been driven away or killed off. In fact, in certain regions of recently settled Uganda and Mashonaland, in tropical Africa the lion has entirely disappeared within eighteen months of the white man's coming.

Sir Samuel Baker, a great hunter and explorer, who was an authority on matters relating to the dark continent stated his belief that within a century not a lion would be left alive outside the zoological gardens, for the killing is going on far too rapidly to allow a single specimen to be left. The building of railways makes it easy for man to reach the hunting grounds where before it was very difficult.

Children often ask "which is the stronger, the lion or tiger?" It is not a fair question, for the two animals can hardly be compared. It is true that while they are both members of the cat family, and are mighty hunters their habits are entirely different. For instance, when a tiger springs upon its prey, it buries its claws deep into its victim's back and tries to bite it in some vital spot, such as the neck. Again, the tiger inhabits the tall grass jungles. Now, the lion when it springs upon its prey deals it a powerful, smashing downward blow which generally kills at once. Moreover, the lion is not found in the forests, but lives in the open country among the sand-hills and scrub bushes. The lion is about the same length as the tiger, that is, from eight to ten feet long, but on the average it weighs more. In ferocity and strength they are about equal although the tiger is the more wantonly cruel of the two. You do not often hear of a "man-eating lion."

The lion in captivity is a poor, thin, slab-sided creature compared to the royal beast in its native home. The male lion has a splendid mane about its neck which during battle serves to protect its throat and jaws from its enemy's teeth. In a wild state the lion is a perfect picture of beauty and strength.



LIONESS AND CUBS HUNTING.

Its huge muscles stand out like cords, while its fur has a satiny gloss which is never seen on the caged animal.

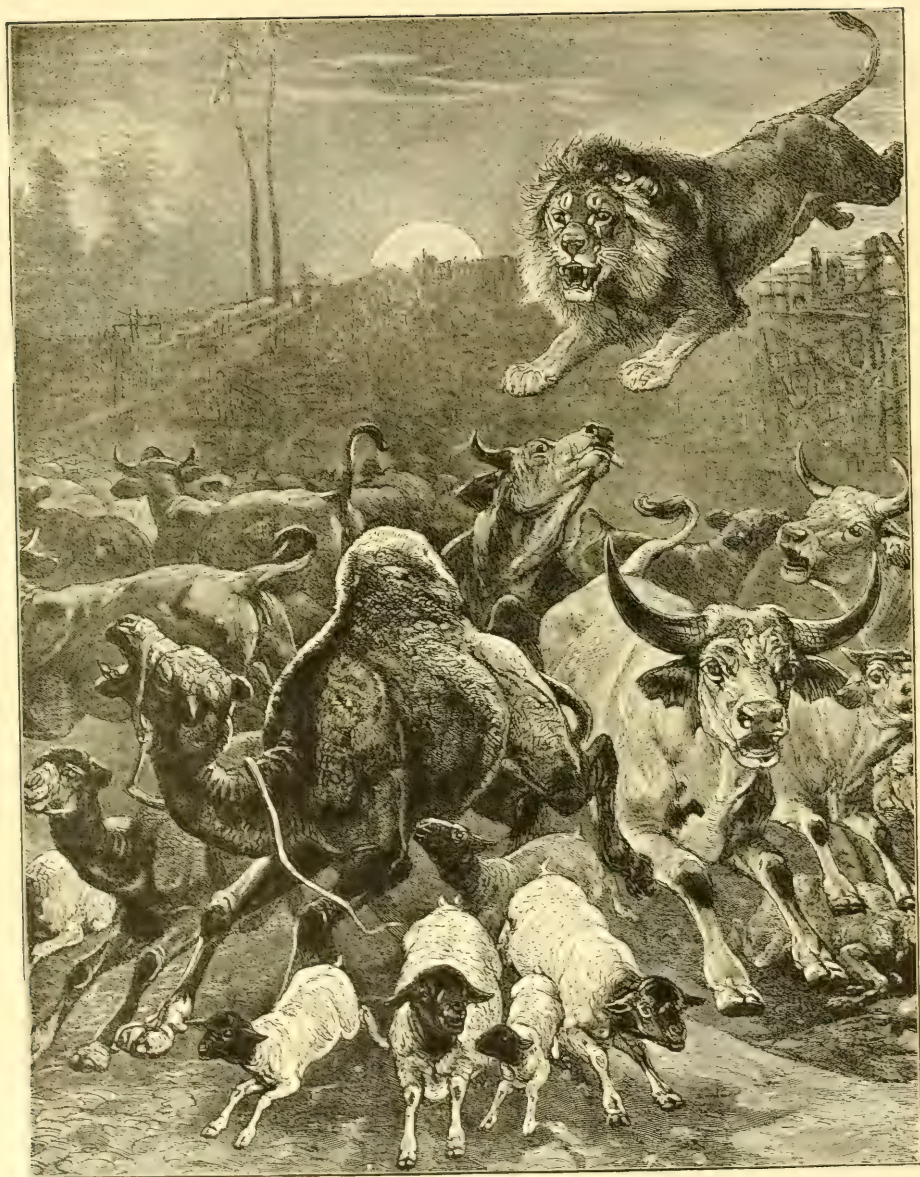
An engineer who had but recently arrived in Uganda, in Central Africa, knew nothing of the lion or its habits except what he had picked up from his friends and his native servants. He made it a daily custom to walk towards a mound after the evening meal was over in the camp, to watch the sun go down. Darkness soon spreads over the sky in the tropics.

On the night in question it was not many minutes before the camp fires shone out clearly. Suddenly the sound of distant rumbling reached his ears. In an instant he knew that for the first time in his life he was listening to the roar of a lion. The whole air seemed to vibrate, and all around him when silence reigned the air seemed heavy until the roar broke out again.

The engineer heard a step behind him, and on turning his head he found his trusty body servant fully armed. The native, who was an experienced hunter, knew that his master had gone out without his rifle and that he might be in danger at any minute. "Let us lie down," said the native. "and we shall see the king. May be you will get a shot at him." The pair concealed themselves near a rock and waited. The roar broke out again, coming closer and closer all the time. Suddenly one roar louder than all the others, ended in a sort of a whine. The native knew that the lion had 'winded' the dreaded 'man smell.'

After a silence of many minutes broken only by the sound of some dry twigs as if being trodden on by a soft but heavy footed creature, the engineer poised his rifle across a rock ready for instant use. The silence was terrible, and the man felt as though he was surrounded by creeping lions. The play of the moonbeams among the shadows seemed to cause them to take shapes, all having a tail and four legs. After a moment or two the native gripped his master's wrist. The man's eyes followed those of his servant just in time to see a lion step out into the moonlight. The brute knew that it was close to its enemies for it was sniffing suspiciously. The engineer steadied his nerves and moved his rifle into position. The barrel glanced in the moonlight, and the lion seeing it crouched without a sound. Its muscles became rigid and ready for any movement. The engineer got a good sight right between the creature's eyes and when the native whispered "Now" the rifle rang out. Before the smoke had cleared they were both rolled over by the lion as it sprang past them. They scrambled to their feet as quickly as they could. When the dust and smoke had cleared away they beheld the lion coughing miserably. The bullet had gone low and had passed through





NIGHT ATTACK BY A LION.

the throat and lungs. In a little while it rolled over dead.

The shot brought all the men from the camp, and great was the rejoicing at the engineer's success. It took the latter some time, however, to remember where he was; for no man can be knocked down by a lion and go unscathed. When daylight came he found the shoulder of his coat torn and a claw mark on the stock of his rifle, as neat as if it had been chiseled out. This served ever after to remind him of his first lion hunt.

The lioness gives birth to quite a large family, often six and seven cubs at one time. When they are big enough the mother takes them out with her and they are taught to hunt. The little fellows act exactly as the parents do, and after a few weeks instruction they learn to kill the smaller and slower kind of deer. If an enemy should approach while the lioness is so engaged she will fight desperately to protect the family, never hesitating to sacrifice her own life when necessary. Directly the cubs are big enough to take entire care of themselves the parents send them off and have no more to do with them. They must become independent and hunt alone. It takes a lion several years to attain its full growth and strength.

Animals have many senses much better developed than man. For instance, cattle in some mysterious way seem to be aware of a lion's presence long before man has had the slightest inkling. Some experienced hunters claim that it is the sense of smell, but perhaps the truer reason is that the cattle bring a far more subtle and wonderful sense into play.

One night after a stock karal, near Bulawayo, had been closed for the night the animals huddled together in the centre as if in mortal terror. The ranchmen loaded their rifles, not knowing what might turn up, and kept watch. Nothing happened for a couple of hours and they were just about to give it up and go to bed when the cattle became more and more uneasy, until with a loud roar a lion sprang over the fence. The cattle stampeded at once, but the lion seized a calf in its jaws and got away safely with it before the ranchmen could do anything to prevent it.

Cattle karals are never free very long from such attacks, for the temptation of so many fat helpless beasts together is too great for any lion.

It is almost impossible to trap a lion, for it will never enter any cage to secure a bait no matter how hungry it is; nor will it cross pitfalls, and no steel trap was ever made that will hold an enraged lion. In fact, among animals the lion's sight and smell are excellent, and that is saying a good deal.

Sir Samuel Baker tells a story of his killing a large deer and leaving it where it had fallen until daylight. Early the next morning, taking his chief





A LION AND ITS QUARRY.



## ALL ABOUT LIONS

hunter with him, he went to the place where the body had been left, and found that it had vanished. The ground all about was covered with the foot-prints of a lion. They followed the tracks until they came to a cave with a narrow opening. They crawled in on hands and knees, pushing their rifles in front of them. As they could smell flesh they correctly surmised that they were literally in a den of lions. Suddenly they found themselves face to face with a magnificent lion. The animal glanced at them in surprise, and with a deafening roar vanished. The hunters found that there was a second outlet to the cave. The half eaten body of the deer was found inside the cave, and they cut the head off and carried it back as a trophy won from a lion in its lair. The tiger would never have been frightened off in that fashion, but would have stood its ground and attacked its enemies at once.

Perhaps the greatest battles lions ever engage in are with the great Cape buffalos.

On one occasion a hunter who was lying in wait for game heard far off sounds of lions in mighty combat. The hunter ran in the direction from which the noise came and beheld two lions and a lioness trying to pull down a tough old buffalo. They fought over a couple of acres, and the stones and clods of earth flew in all directions. At first the lions would appear to be getting the best of it, when the buffalo would shake off one of its enemies only to have it attack from another quarter. After a while the buffalo badly injured the lioness and trampled her under foot. At this the two lions became furious, and succeeded in bringing their prey to its knees. The old buffalo fought desperately, but its enemies were too powerful. With one frantic effort to get away it sank on its knees and then on its side, while the lions tore at it until the last spark of life had vanished. The lions soon fell to quarreling over the body, and the hunter taking good aim stretched the largest one out stone dead. The second lion bounded away into the tall bushes. The hunter found the lioness with a broken back, so torn and battered that he shot her to put her out of misery. The lion which he had first killed was also badly mangled. The ground around was trampled out of all recognition, and large pieces of fur and hide were found in places. The poor old buffalo had weakened from the loss of blood, for its shoulders were torn into ribbons.

The same hunter a few months later saw a pair of lions attack a much larger buffalo. The lioness sprang upon the buffalo's head and an instant later was crushed to the ground. The buffalo then turned its attention to the lion, a splendid full grown fellow and they battled for an hour or more



THREE TO ONE! LIONS AGAINST A CAPE BUFFALO.



At last the great horns of the buffalo tore a hole in the lion's flank and took all the fight out of it, and it turned tail and ran away. The buffalo was aroused to fury and rushed after it, but could not catch up. It then turned to wreck vengeance upon the body of the lioness, tossing it up on its horns. When it was sure that there was no life left in the lioness it went off bellowing victoriously. To be sure a buffalo does not always come off best in a fight, but it never fails to make the battle remembered by its enemy. Both sides usually batter themselves to pieces.

Lions are able to move over the ground very carefully and swiftly when their great size and weight is considered. A lion will creep up to within five yards of a zebra, while a man would not get within a half a mile, for the zebra is one of the most cautious of creatures. A lion will steal into a camp and strike a man down before he finds out that he is in danger. As we have said before a caged lion gives no idea of the strength, grace and beauty of the king of beasts when at home in the desert.

If you will let a fox terrier run through the lions' house in the Zoological Gardens you will see the sleepy brutes suddenly become all attention, their muscles will look as though there were coiled springs in them, their green eyes will glisten, and their whiskers bristle. Then one gets a faint impression of what a real live lion is like. Try the experiment some day if you get the chance.



FRIENDLY ATTENTIONS—LIONS.



## STORIES OF GIRAFFES

The giraffe is a peaceable animal. One has only to look into its beautiful dark eyes to see that. Its weapons of defense consist of its long legs and neck. The legs carry their master off at a great rate when danger is near, while the long neck raises the head, like a tower from which it can always watch out for enemies. The long neck of the giraffe is necessary so it can reach its food, for it feeds mainly on mimosa leaves, which grow some fifteen feet or more from the ground.

The tongue of the giraffe is a wonderful organ. It is long and very flexible. The creature seems to allow its tongue to come out between tightly compressed lips, then rubs it around any leaves or twigs, which are carried into its mouth. The giraffe eats food from the ground with great difficulty. In fact, it never tries to unless there is no food to be had anywhere else. When attempting to pick up anything near its feet the giraffe straddles its legs far apart and cranes its neck down making a complete triangle of itself.

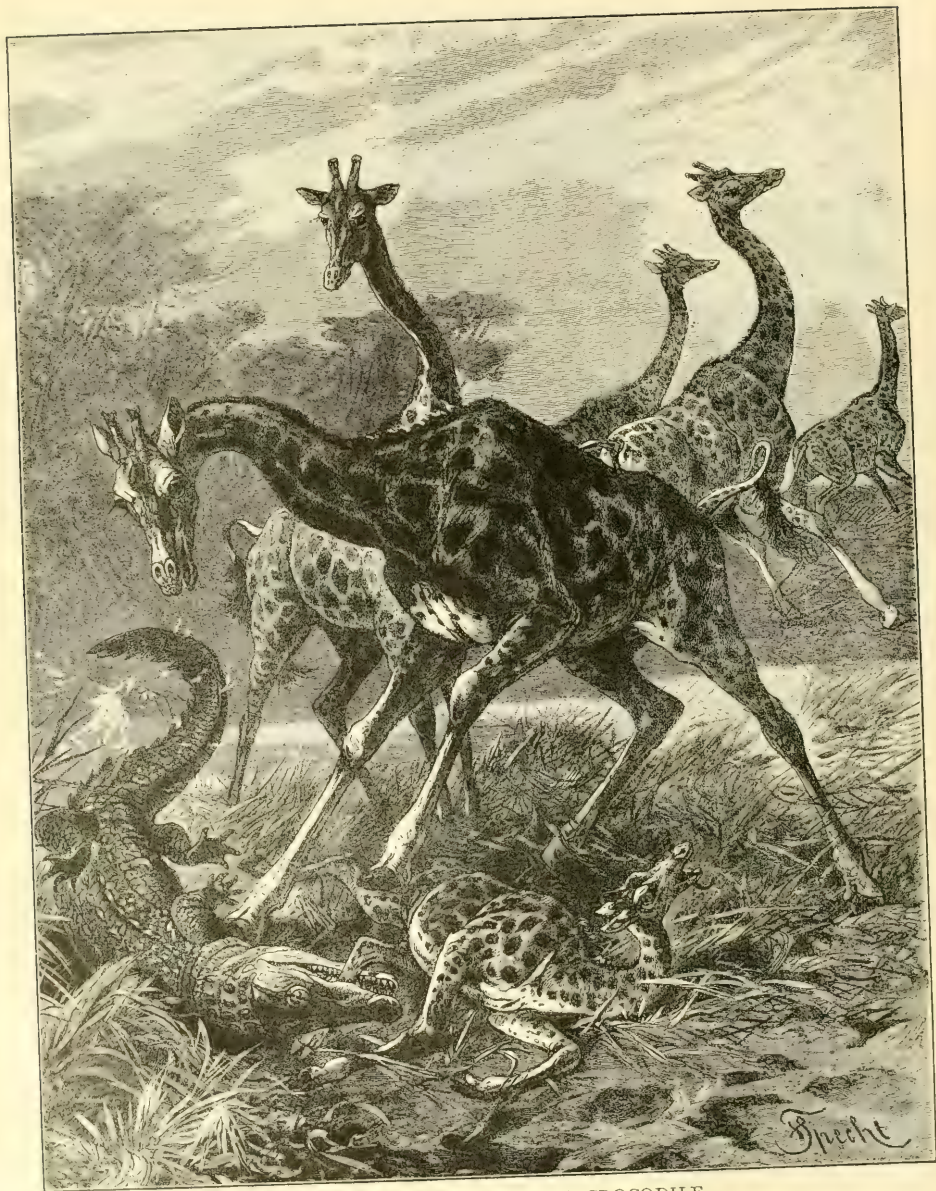
The giraffe is not the sort of animal in which one expects to find much pluck. But sometimes, especially when it sees its young in danger the giraffe will attack its enemies fiercely.

On one occasion a herd of giraffes had come down to a swamp to drink, and while there a crocodile that was hidden in the mud suddenly seized a little baby giraffe by the foreleg and started to drag it toward the water. The old giraffes attacked the crocodile vigorously, kicking it and trying to prevent its backing away from the land. In spite of the soft ground the giraffes were remarkably quick in getting out of the way of the flail-like blows of the crocodile's tail. Few people know that the crocodile has immense strength in its tail, and if it were to swing it squarely against the legs of any animal, such as an ox, they would without doubt be broken. But to return to the giraffes. The crocodile had succeeded in reaching the edge of the swampy water, dragging its victim with it. The poor parents were becoming frantic, when suddenly the male kicked the crocodile close to the eye, while the female gave it a kick in its ribs, and to avoid being rolled over the crocodile let go its hold on the little giraffe's leg, who instantly scrambled out of harm's way.

The crocodile recovered itself, and angrily snapping its jaws, waddled off in the water in great disgust at having lost its prey.

The hunter who witnessed the fight sent a shot crashing through the crocodile's skull causing it to roll over on its side. The herd of giraffes ran off with lightning speed, but the little calf had been so badly mangled that it could only limp along. The old parents remained close to it, but it was





THE GIRAFFES KICKING OFF A CROCODILE



easy to see that they were wild with terror, not knowing what instant they might be shot too. However, the hunter did not fire at them.

Around the crocodile's body had already gathered a dozen vultures, patiently waiting until its struggles should cease before beginning their feast.

For so large an animal the giraffe, is very quick in its movements, and can jump forward, or halt without a moment's hesitation. Furthermore it shows considerable cunning in face of danger.

A certain hunter relates an instance where he saw a giraffe swinging along at a sharp trot. As it passed between some trees a leopard sprang from a limb where it had been hiding. The leopard did not spring true, for it landed too high on the giraffe's neck. The giraffe seemed to stumble and fall to its knees, and the leopard was flung clear over its victim's head. The hunter in thinking the matter over afterwards decided that the giraffe had stumbled deliberately, hoping thereby to shake its enemy off.

The leopard is too small an animal to be always successful in attacking such large game as a giraffe, and while its claws are very sharp and powerful they may not hit a vital spot.

Without doubt the worst enemy of the giraffe is the lion. The defense of the giraffe is not of much avail against the weight, strength and claws of such a beast. Moreover, the lion is after all a coward and likes to tackle the easiest prey. The giraffe is a large creature and furnishes the lion with several meals, and it is not very difficult to bring it down. Unless a lion springs squarely on to a giraffe's back it is very liable to be kicked off. Tigers and lions always roar when they spring, hoping thereby to paralyze their victims with fright. A leopard, on the other hand, springs silently, which makes it more to be feared.

A hunter tells of seeing a full grown lion stalk a bull giraffe. The lion was careful to keep down wind from the giraffe, and as it crept closer and closer it seemed to be just a shadow on the ground. The giraffe walked forward some hundred yards or more until a bush was between itself and the lion. This was the latter's opportunity, for it crept up within springing distance without being seen. The lion crouched, its muscles standing out, drawn tight with the tension, waiting its chance. Suddenly it sprang with a roar and gripped its victim close to the neck. The giraffe started off at a gallop but it was of no avail, for the lion had a firm hold and its powerful claws sank in deeper and deeper until from exhaustion caused by loss of blood the giraffe stumbled on its knees and fell over dead. The lion sprang lightly aside and stood looking at its handiwork.



A LYNX'S ATTACK UPON AN IBEX FAMILY.

## A FIGHT BETWEEN AN IBEX AND A LYNX

Some of the Lynx family seem to prefer living in the mountains to the forests, and seldom come down to the valleys unless badly pressed by hunger. Lynx are often found far above the snow-line, which averages ten thousand feet in height.

On one occasion a hunter had been trying for several hours to get near a lynx whose form he had made out with his glass as it was stealthily moving over the rocks in search of food. The lynx had not seen the hunter, or it would have made off to a place of safety but it appeared to be uneasy, as though it felt some danger was near, for perhaps a whiff of the dreaded smell of man had reached it.

Suddenly the hunter noticed that the lynx stiffened like a coiled spring, as if it had sighted some prey. All thought of its man enemy was forgotten, and the hunter crept up closer and closer without causing the animal the least alarm. From the high elevation which the hunter had reached he finally saw what was exciting the lynx. Not a hundred yards away stood a fine Ibex watching over its mate and little one who were feeding close by. The lynx moved forward until it reached a slight elevation, from which, without making a sound, it sprang, fastening its claws in the neck of the mother ibex, who promptly rushed away, trying to shake off her foe.

Now an old ibex is by no means a coward, and he has an ugly pair of horns to fight with. This the lynx soon found out, for the ibex sped after its mate, who was running almost in a circle, and with one butt of its horns knocked the lynx off head over heels. Not content with this, it followed up its advantage with a second blow, which sent its enemy rolling over and over down the slope. The lynx got on its feet at last, but too late, for the ibex had returned to its mate and little one.

In the interest of the scene the hunter had forgotten to use his rifle, and so lost a chance at some fine game.

It is not often that an ibex has such good luck, but on this occasion the lynx evidently had not gotten a good hold. Once a lynx gets its claws fairly in, it hangs on like grim death, and although its enemy may hang it against the rocks or even take it under water, it will not give up until its victim's strength gives out and it drops dead.

A lynx prefers to attack a single ibex, for then its work is naturally easier. Most of the mountain goat tribes, however, go in small herds, or families, and if a lynx sees a flock of them with a number of horned males, it leaves them alone, as an attack would simply scare the flock and the lynx might get badly mauled. The lynx knows enough to await its chance.



## THE CHEETAH AT WORK

The Cheetah or Hunting Leopard is a long legged member of the cat family, hailing from India. It seems to be a bit leopard, bit serval and bit panther. It stands higher on its feet than the leopard but it is not nearly as strong nor as cunning in its ways.

The cheetah has been trained by men for hunting purposes, using somewhat the same method as with our greyhound in coursing rabbits. The cheetah is carried to the hunting field blindfolded, and often in a cart for the sake of handling it easier. It is chiefly used to run down deer. When



game is sighted a hunter creeps forward holding the cheetah in check with a slip-knot bandage. As soon as the pair come within striking distance of the herd of deer, the hunter slips the bandage from the head and eyes of the cheetah. For an instant it is bewildered but it soon catches sight of its prey. It approaches the deer in two ways; either it stalks up to them in cat fashion, or else it makes a dash for the nearest buck. The speed of the cheetah is very great and it can even catch a deer with a short rush, provided the latter does not get too much of a handicap at the start.

Directly the cheetah seizes its prey the hunter runs up and entices it away from the body with a ladleful of blood, or else a rag soaked in blood. With a badly trained, or young cheetah, it is sometimes hard work to get it to give up its prey. The size and strength of the cheetah forbid its being kicked off like a dog; it must be humored.





THE WHITE KINGS OF THE NORTH.



## POLAR BEARS.

Without doubt the "King of the North" is the great white Polar Bear. This animal is famous for its great bulk, its strength and its magnificent fur. It is a terrible fighter and allows no enemy to encroach upon its domains.

The only other animal that can be said to pretend to rule in the north is the mighty walrus.

The story is told of a trial of strength between two bears and an old bull walrus. Now the walrus is easily twice the size and weight of a polar bear and is armed with two enormous tusks. A number of cows and calves were out sunning themselves upon the ice when two polar bears approached and decided that one of the little walrus calves would make a nice dinner. The cows became uneasy and the old bull shuffled from side to side and bellowed warnings to the two intruders. At length the cows got the calves into the water and swam away but the old bull was not to be beaten off so easily and stood its ground.

The bears seemed disgusted at seeing their prey get away and made up their minds to be revenged on the old bull. They slowly advanced from opposite directions as though by agreed plan. When one bear was within striking distance it rushed upon the walrus, but the latter was ready to meet the attack. Rearing up to its full height, it came down upon its enemy with all its great weight. It tried to drive its tusks through the bear's back but it slipped and missed its blow. The second bear now joined the struggle and sprang upon the back of the walrus, but the latter's skin was so thick that its teeth and claws did it but little harm.

The three floundered about in ponderous battle and the ice was soon running with blood. The cows were much excited and drew nearer to see the fight, and they swam around the trio in threatening fashion. Neither side seemed to be getting much the best of it.

An unexpected turn came however. The combatants in the course of their struggles had worked towards the edge of the ice when suddenly it broke beneath their weight. The two polar bears sprang away in an instant and scrambled on to solid ice, while the walrus slid off into the water. This was a lucky turn for the bears for had they gone into the water there is no doubt but that the old walrus and his family would have killed them in short order.

The old bull now rose to the surface bellowing furiously, and seemed to be anxious to continue the fight for it tried to climb out onto the ice again and get at its enemies, but the polar bears had had enough of it and beat a hasty retreat growling angrily.



POLAR BEARS COMING THROUGH A SNOW FIELD





CAUGHT IN THE ACT!





## POLAR BEARS VERSUS SEALERS

Part of the crew of a sealing vessel landed from their ship and attacked a rookery of fur-bearing seals, and killed a large number of them. Then the men fell to skinning the catch. They had been at this work for sometime when suddenly the leader gave a cry of alarm and the others, on looking up from their work, beheld three polar bears ploughing through a small snow field and coming directly towards them.

The men were only armed with clubs so there was nothing for them to do but to make a hasty retreat to their boat. The polar bears must have scented the slaughter, for when they came up to the bodies of the seals they went no further but began to feed, growling from time to time as if to warn the men to keep away.

The leader of the boat's crew would not consent to give up his whole catch so easily, so he had the skiff rowed quickly to the ship and returned armed with a rifle. The leader had the boat rowed close up to a rocky projection upon which the largest bear stood; then steadying himself he fired at close range. The shot passed through the fleshy part of the throat without doing the bear much harm except stinging it. The leader saw that the bear would charge and he yelled to his rowers to "back water." The men were slow in obeying, and furthermore a stray eddy swung the boat close to the rock, and disaster was inevitable. The bear jumped from its higher vantage ground into the boat and its great weight swamped it in an instant. The leader was instantly killed by a terrific blow on the head and three of the rowers, having heavy sea boots on, went down to the bottom like stones. Meanwhile the smash up had been sighted from the ship and a second boat put out at once and picked up four of the men who had managed to keep afloat. The bear swam to shore again and prepared to beat off any of its enemies that attempted to land, for its wound had roused it to fury. Curiously enough only one of the three bears took part in the fighting, for had they all come to the attack they could have held off the entire ship's crew.

The second boat contained the captain of the ship and he was more cautious. He fired at the bear and the shot passed through its heart and lungs. The great creature flung up its head and gave forth one peculiar sound, between a cough and a sob, and rolled over on its back dead. The other two bears, seeing their mate slain, then hastened away and allowed the men to land and gather up their seal "pelts."

It is not an uncommon thing for boat parties to be attacked in this way. The polar bear has an excellent sense of smell, and you must remember that the scent of flesh travels a long way in those icy regions.



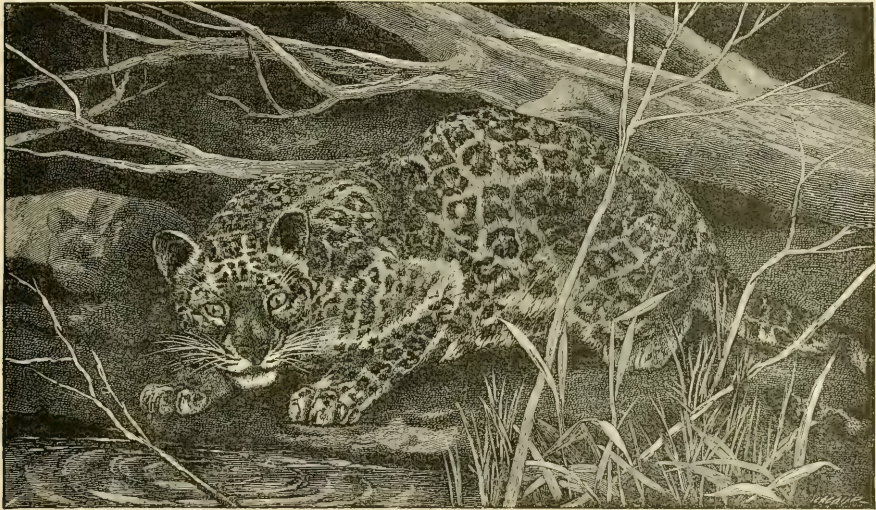
POLAR BEARS FIGHTING.



## A LEOPARD STORY

A gentleman living near Agra in India was very proud of a Great Dane dog that he owned. This dog was a great pet with the soldiers in the camp, and it is doubtful if there was a finer specimen in all India. Now you must know that dogs of this breed are very large and strong and when attacked usually beat their enemies off easily.

One evening the gentleman while out walking on the edge of a small lake near a jungle heard his dog growling fiercely. He went in the direction of the sound to see what was the matter and found that his dog had flushed an enormous leopard. Neither had made any attack, but the instant the



leopard saw a man approaching it made up its mind and sprang so quickly that the dog was taken by surprise. The leopard seized the dog by the throat and by dint of claws and teeth bore it to the ground. Before the man could interfere the leopard had regained its feet without loosening its hold on the dog's throat and literally dragged it off into the jungle. The dog struggled manfully to get away but in spite of its size it was no match for the great cat and it was never seen alive again.

The leopard probably weighed less than the dog and if so this incident does credit to its enormous strength. Of course the leopard had an advantage in being quicker in movement and also armed with sharp teeth and powerful claws. In one sense the chances of the pair were about even for neither can be said to have taken the other altogether by surprise.



JAGUAR PULLING DOWN A TAPIR.



## ABOUT TAPIRS AND CAPYBARAS

There are two animals, one large and the other small, living on the South American Continent that always seem to be having a hard time of it with the other creatures.

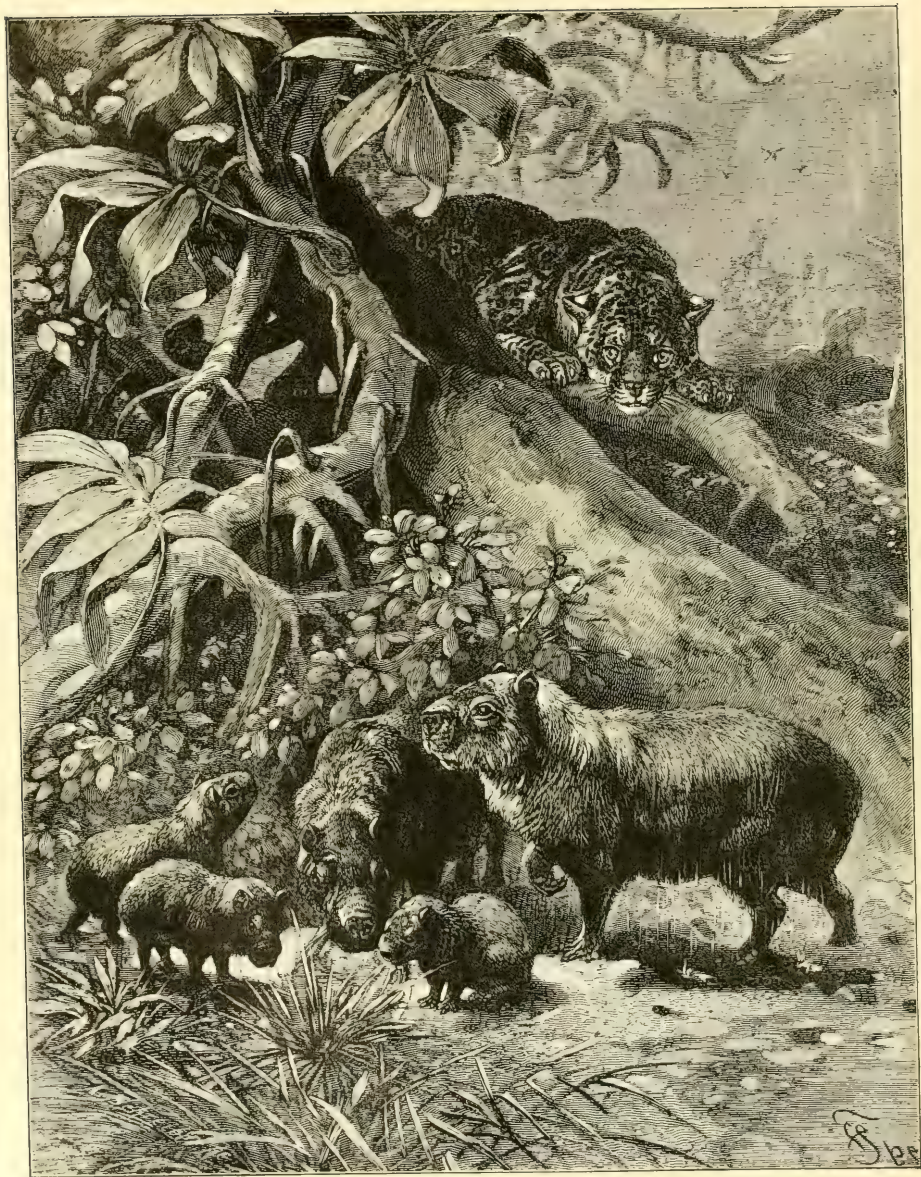
The Tapir is a large inoffensive sort of a creature, with a snout between an elephant and a pig's. While shooting in a forest on the upper Amazon a hunter came across the fresh footprints of a tapir. He followed them for some time until he came to an open space among the trees. There he saw the tapir standing as still as though it were made of rock. The creature's back was towards him, and the hunter could see that the poor creature's attention was riveted upon a huge serpent, only a few yards away from it. The hunter was tempted to fire as he very much wanted a tapir, but he waited awhile to see what would happen.

This hunter had been in many parts of the world, and from time to time, he had been lucky enough to witness the most terrific battles between various wild creatures, and he knew that in ferocity and cunning displayed they surpassed anything man has ever dreamed of.

The tapir could not take its eyes away from its dreaded enemy, while the great snake, on its part, was slowly coming down the tree trunk, each coil gliding so smoothly that the creature's body hardly seemed to be moving at all. The hunter thought each moment the snake would attack, but still it held off with the full consciousness of having its prey within its power.

Suddenly the hunter observed the grass swaying, only a few yards on one side of the snake, and the tapir observed it at the same instant. The movement served to break the spell, for the tapir turned quickly as if to run away. A second later the grasses parted and a splendid jaguar sprang with a roar upon the tapir. It all happened so quickly that the hunter was taken by surprise. Then a curious thing occurred. The jaguar had made a very long spring and had not got as good grip upon its prey as it seemed. The ground was marshy and the tapir slipped, either by accident or with deliberate attempt; at any rate the jaguar was flung head over heels into the mud, and the tapir quickly scrambling to its feet, escaped. The jaguar gave vent to a roar of anger and prepared to follow its victim. The hunter saw his chance and quickly landed a bullet in the brute's neck. The jaguar turned on him in an instant, and before the hunter could step out of the way, for he too was standing over his ankles in mud, the brute knocked him flat on his back. He kept a grip on his rifle however and quickly getting on to his knees, sent a second bullet into the great cat, and this time the shot was fatal. The hunter's chest was torn by the jaguar's claws but he was not badly injured. It was





JAGUAR STALKING CAPYBARAS.

some hours before he reached his camp, so weak was he from loss of blood. The guides immediately went to bring in the jaguar's body, but they found it ruined, for the white ants were already at work. The claws and pads were about the only parts worth saving.

The Capybara is another creature that seems to be hunted day and night by its enemies. It looks like a water hog but still it is a rodent, and the largest of the family.

One day a small herd of capybaras were slowly moving along the water's edge feeding quietly when suddenly they were attacked by a snake. In Brazil is found the largest snake in the world—the Anaconda. This reptile is usually about twenty or more feet long, but specimens have been found reaching a length of forty feet. It was an anaconda that was attacking our capybaras. Two of the creatures were caught, one in the snake's coils, and the other was killed by a blow on the head. The rest of the herd took to the water at once and swam across to the other bank. While they were in midstream they were attacked by alligators. First one vanished, then another until only two reached the opposite bank out of the original nine.

The jaguar hunts the capybara at all times and it is lucky that the little creature has large families, or it would soon become extinct. Sometimes the capybaras choose to live near a small lake where there are no alligators and then they are safe for they are splendid swimmers, and can stay under water from eight to twelve minutes. They know a trick like the crocodile and the hippopotamus, and that is they can come to the surface and only put out their nostrils to breathe, and then dive again. In this way they are able to stay under water as long as they choose.

All snakes, and especially the Anaconda, are good swimmers. The anaconda however does not often attack the capybara while it is swimming. The little creature is more expert in the water than it is on land, and only its aquatic equal could hope to seize it. If a jaguar comes near a herd of capybaras, they immediately run to the nearest water for the jaguar does not like to get its fur wet any better than the ordinary house cat. On more than one occasion, when a jaguar has been very close in pursuit of a capybara, it has been fool enough to follow its prey into the water with the result that the capybara has made a deep dive, leaving its enemy on the surface, and then before the great cat could get to dry land it has had to reckon with a hungry alligator. The jaguar's teeth and claws make but little difference to the horned-armed reptile, and usually it is dragged beneath the surface in short order, and drowned.





WHERE THE MOOSE COME TO DRINK.



## THE MOOSE HUNT.

A moose hunt had been agreed upon. There were only four in the party; a hunter, a boy, and two backwoods Indians. Before sunrise in the morning the four had all their goods packed in a couple of canoes, and were off down stream to the moose-grounds. It was early in the spring and in places the snow still lay deep. The wind was biting cold robbing the sun of its warmth. At sundown camp was pitched near the moose-ground, and after a hot supper the men were ready to turn in.

Any one who enters the great forest for the first time,—places where man seldom goes—is struck with the deathly stillness. A sense of loneliness creeps over the mind, for there is no hum of insects, no song of birds, not even the sighing of the breeze breaks the peaceful calm in the deep endless forest. There is not a hut or cabin, or human being within a long day's travel.

Breakfast was served piping hot, goods were packed securely, and by sunrise the hunt had begun. The Indians dived straight into the woods, crossing lightly and swiftly between the trees. The snow began to deepen, snow-shoes were put on and the traveling was then easier. Suddenly the party came across some huge foot-prints. The Indians stopped at once and smiled grimly—here was the game.

The moose must have been an immense fellow judging by his footprints, which traveled hither and thither, showing that the creature had been walking about. The chase now became swift and stern. The Indians kept up a killing pace and never once did they halt, or even slacken until the boy caught his toe in a hidden rock and nearly turned a somersault. All hands had to wait for a few minutes while the boy took the snow out of his eyes and got his second wind. In starting off again the party came upon two sets of tracks, showing that there were a pair of moose ahead of them, and that they were moving swiftly. By-and-by a running stream was crossed and here the tracks ended. There were no foot-prints on the opposite bank and the boy was sure that this was the end of his moose hunt. The Indians separated at once, one going up and the other down the stream. In a few minutes the up-stream Indian found the trail and signalled to the other to follow.

The boy was beginning to find out that hunting in the Northern woods was hard enough work. The tiny icicles on the branches hurt his eyes until he looked as though he had been crying and his heart thumped against his ribs as if it would break.

After about a mile of straight running the tracks divided. Here a halt





MOOSE RUN DOWN BY INDIANS.

## THE MOOSE HUNT.

was called and a hasty council of war held. It was decided that two Indians would take one trail, and the man and boy the other trail. It was not long before they came in sight of a fine bull moose. The creature scented them and trotted away at a great speed, but the nimble Indians followed the trail like a pair of wolves. Suddenly they came to a clearing in the forest and saw that their victim was in trouble. The moose had taken to the open and had gotten into deep snow. With a yell the



Indians bore down upon the animal which was floundering in deeper and deeper. A few struggles, however, brought it where the snow was not so heavily packed and it looked as though the old bull would escape, but the Indians could make faster time over the snow than the moose. They managed to close up the distance until the leading Indian was not more than thirty yards away. He stopped short, raised his rifle, took a careful aim and fired. The bullet went true and the moose tumbled on its side badly hurt. The second Indian came up and put in another bullet. The moose was now furious and struggled to turn on its enemies, but its strength was gone. A third shot killed it.

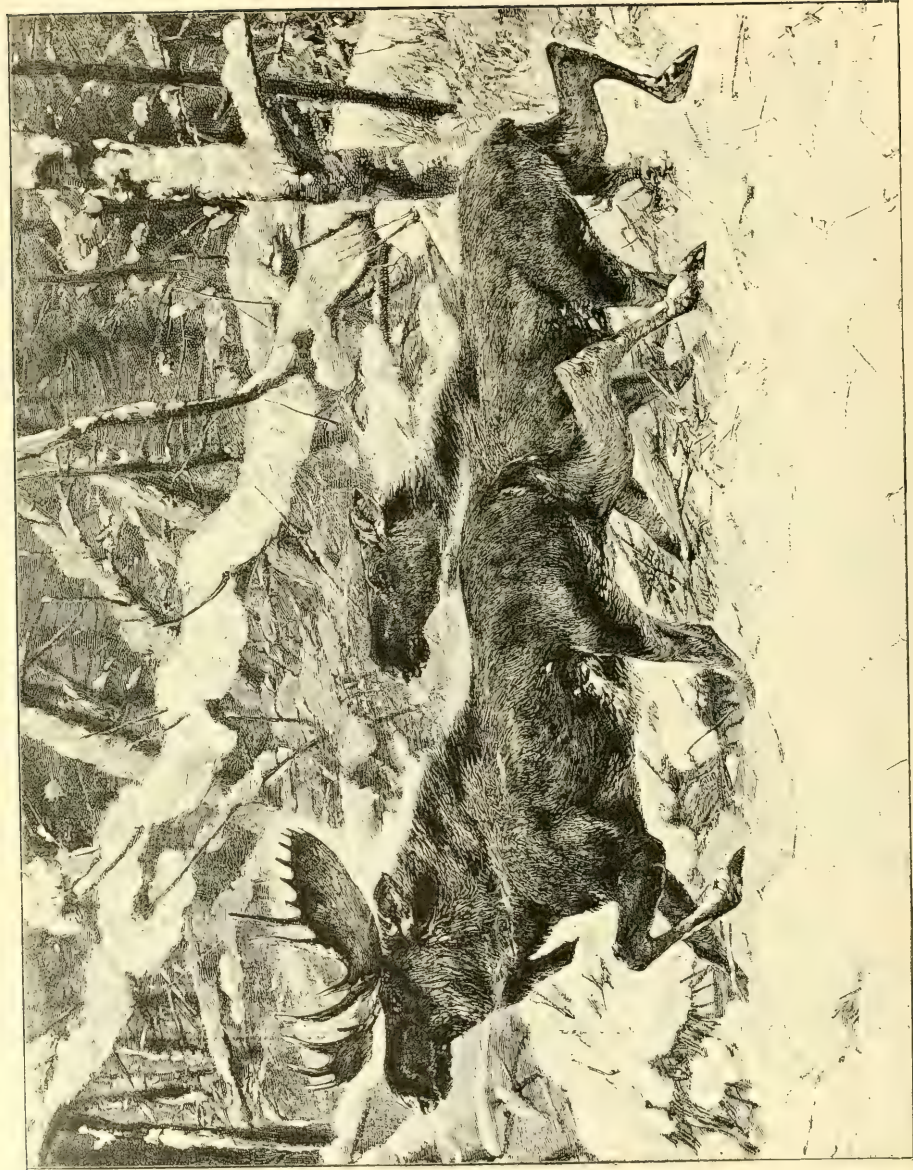
While all this was going on the man and the boy were running down the dead moose's mate, and finding it a hard task. They cornered their game among the trees. The moose faced them, showing fight. The man fired first and missed his shot, the moose charging at once, but the trees prevented it from reaching its enemies. The boy knew that if the brute was not quickly dispatched it would kill one of them. As the moose turned the boy steadied himself against a tree and took careful aim. He kept his head and did not fire until the moose was within fifteen yards of him, then he let go and immediately slipped behind a tree for protection. The shot was fatal, the moose reared up and then fell dead. The boy shouted in his excitement and thereby guided the Indians to the spot. They had been wondering how their guests had fared, and were surprised to find the moose dead. They thought that the best that the man and boy could do would be to tract the beast down until they could come and help kill it. There was rejoicing in camp that night, for two moose killed within an hour is good hunting.



The Indians took their guests through another part of the forest two days later, but they did not come across any more moose.

The boy has the head of his first moose finely mounted and hung in his room at home.



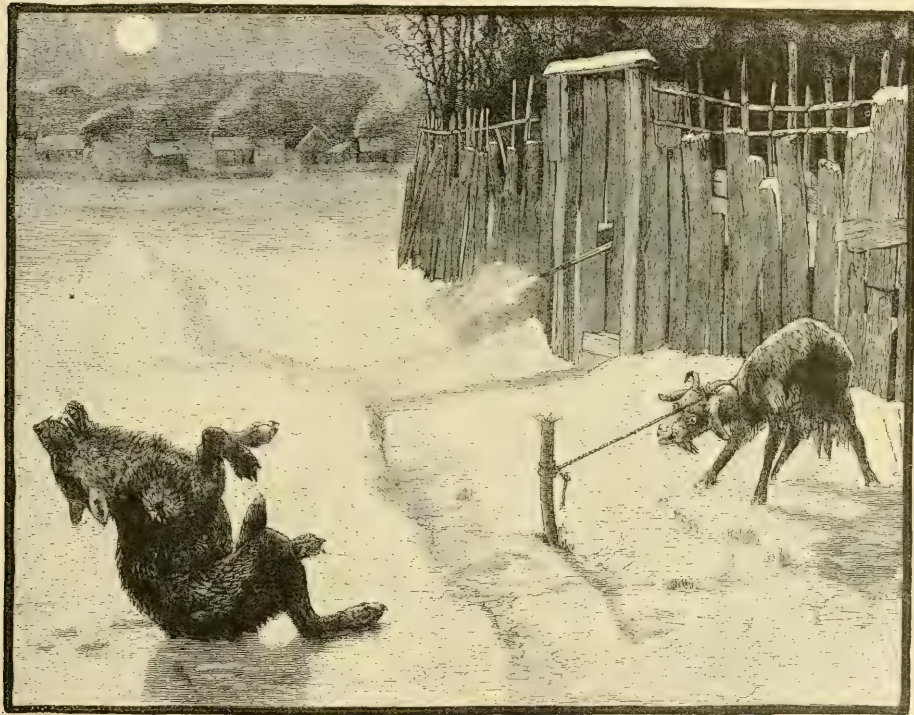


A PAIR OF MOOSE RUNNING.

## A SCHEME TO KILL A WOLF

A farmer who owned a small ranch on the outskirts of one of our western towns had been greatly worried by a clever wolf which had nearly killed off his small live stock. All sorts of means such as dogs, traps and poisons had been tried to get rid of the pest but so far they had not been successful.

When the heavy winter snow came, and the ground was frozen hard, and food became very scarce, the wolf grew bolder and even approached the house, taking chickens, and on one occasion a dog, almost from under the



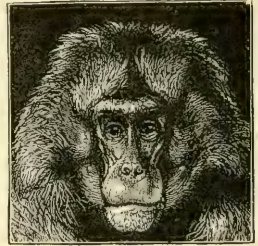
farmer's nose. Here was where the farmer saw his chance to get even, he would take advantage of the wolf's recklessness and destroy it. One moonlight night he tied a kid to a stake just outside his gate and then he himself lay in ambush with his rifle. The wolf soon heard the kid bleating and came up very cautiously to investigate. It was evidently suspicious however and kept carefully out of gun shot. Just as the farmer was about to give up in disgust the wolf threw discretion to the wind and made a dash for its prey with the result that it was shot down at once.



## HUNTING BABOONS

The stronghold of the Baboons is in Nubia and Abyssinia on the East side of the African Continent. The baboons do not climb trees, but live among the rocks. In one respect the baboons differ from other animals. They have carried out the ideas of organization for protection to a high degree, and in our land only the bees and ants can compare with them. The early history of the baboon family must have been one of great danger and struggle, for such conditions soon teach any animal tribe that their safety and strength lies in unity.

The colonies of baboons seem to have regular leaders, and then a few still higher leaders and one supreme head, generally a powerfully built old male. The baboons live in large bands among the rocks on the hillsides, and they are greatly dreaded by the natives. They will not molest a traveller unless he comes too close, or is armed, but at times they will raid the villages or the gardens in large numbers, and the killed and wounded on both sides show how fierce has been the fighting.



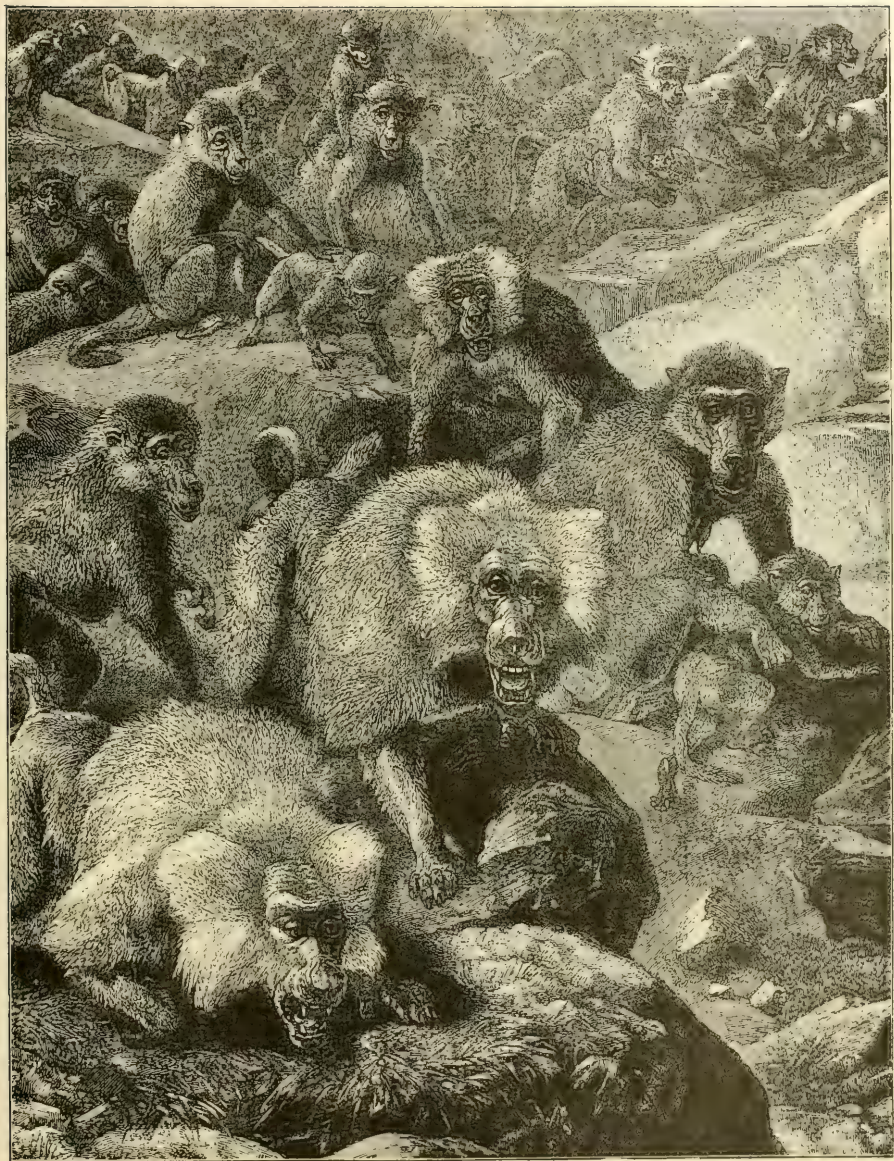
Some naturalists travelling in Abyssinia were most anxious to get specimens of these dog-like apes. They took experienced native hunters with them, and travelled all night towards the hills, and before sun-rise they had reached the hunting ground.

When the morning mists broke the hunters saw the apes scrambling about the rocks. It seemed as though the whole colony was simply a large scattered band, and the naturalists were inclined to disbelieve all the stories the natives had told them. But the native's information, as usual, was right, and in a few minutes proof was at hand.

Suddenly one of the baboons caught sight of the party of hunters, and it gave a peculiar bark. Instantly the whole colony was in an uproar. The baboons rushed to and fro, apparently in great confusion, but it was soon clear that they were gathering the females and young ones together. These retreated hastily to safety among the higher rocks, and a number of males went along to act as a rear guard. Then the remainder, all full grown apes, under the leadership of a huge fellow, advanced to the attack. Never in their lives had the naturalists heard such a barking and yelling. They had planted themselves near some large rocks in the best position, as they thought, but the apes advanced steadily upon them,







ANGRY BABOONS.

## HUNTING BABOONS

cleverly taking advantage of any shelter, all except the old leader who stood out boldly in front, and seemed to be directing the others what to do.

The men opened fire and the apes scattered, but only for a minute or



so, for they gathered in force again, and hurled a shower of rocks at their enemies. The hunters were compelled to retreat, step by step. They had shot down quite a number, but the others came on just as fiercely as ever. The chief of the native hunters was lying full length on the ground, and one of the naturalists was injured. Matters were getting desperate when a lucky shot killed the

big leader of the apes and this threw the others into a panic. They hurled one more shower of rocks, to cover their retreat, and then fled dragging away their dead with them. The hunters then had a chance to pull themselves together and count noses. They found that the native hunter had a crushed skull and was stone dead, while one of the white men had an arm broken at the elbow, the result of a well aimed jagged rock. All the party were suffering from scalp wounds and torn clothes. After all their trouble they had not secured a single baboon.

The next day the leader of the party watched the baboons for long time with a field glass, and he saw that about five them were in desperate battle, no doubt for the leadership of the band. A week later they were seen moving across the hillside in orderly procession with a new leader at their head.

Some time later these hunters came across three baboons carrying corn and vegetables in their mouths. They had evidently been on a private foraging expedition of their own. There was a sharp five minutes fight and the rifles claimed all three. But for this piece of luck it is doubtful if the hunters would have obtained any specimens of the baboons at all, dead or alive.

On another occasion a hunter found a tiny baboon asleep under a rock. He was very anxious to catch the little beast alive, so he took off his coat and threw it over the youngster and then grabbed it up in the folds. He knew that even baby baboons have terrible teeth.



The shrieks of the frightened baby aroused the mother who had been feeding close by. She in her turn barked loudly and in a few minutes a number of males appeared. They seemed to know exactly what was taking place for, with angry barks, they came tearing after the





BABOONS BEATING OFF HUNTERS.



hunter. The chase was long and stern, and the hunter, at last, was compelled to drop the baby ape, but even this did not suffice, for a large band of males still pursued him.

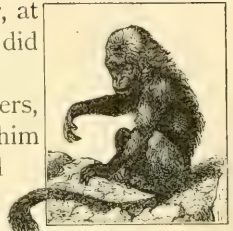
The hunter, in his desperation, drew his two revolvers, and prepared to defend himself. The apes closed in on him and leaped upon him and though he fired quickly and accurately it availed him nothing, for he was literally torn to pieces. The apes hung around the blood stained spot for a few minutes, and then turned and went quickly back to their hills.

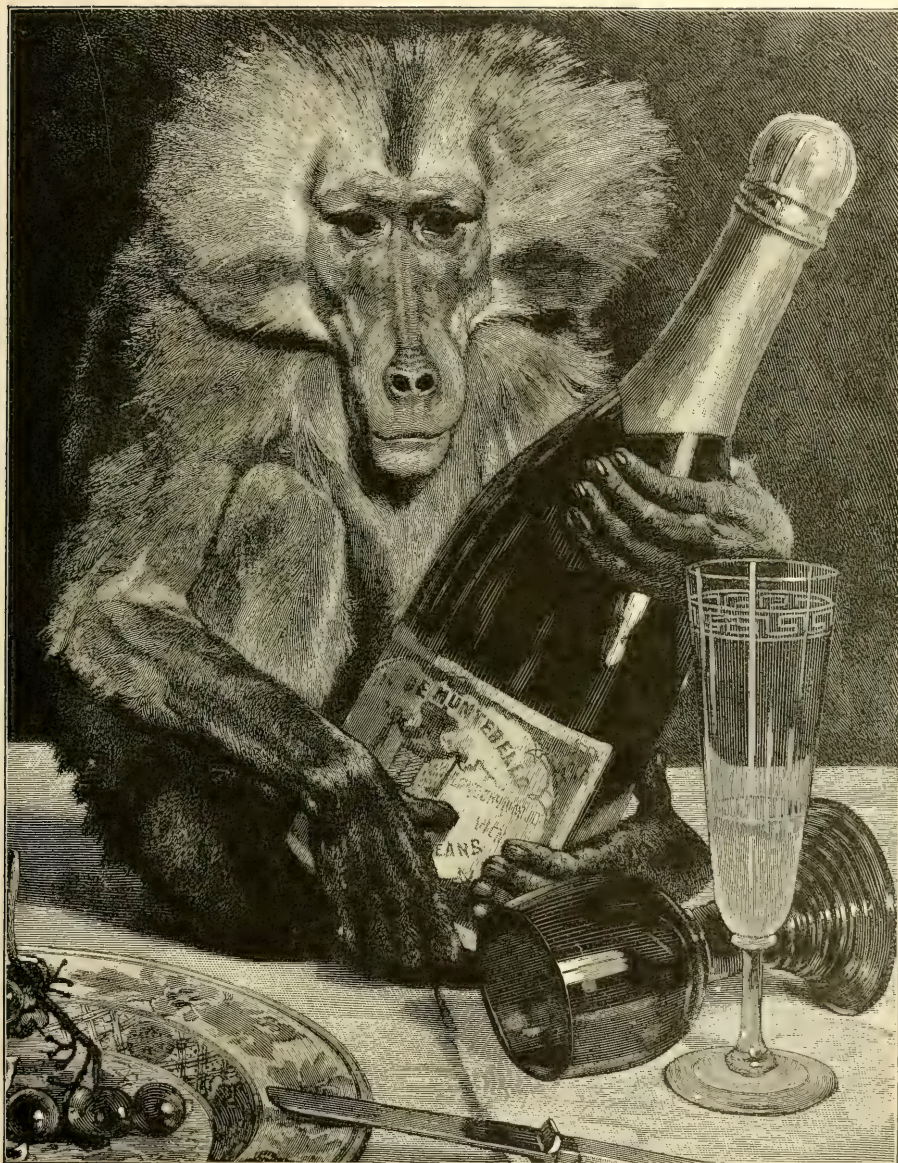
There are several kinds of baboons, and all walk on their four hands, and have powerful teeth, and bark something like dogs. The fiercest, largest and most terrible of the family is the Mandrill. This ape's face has brilliant blue and red streaks on the cheeks making it look very hideous.

Baboons are awfully quarrelsome and have great battles among themselves, but still they cease all their wranglings when a common enemy comes in sight. They live alone, and allow no other animals to come near them.

African travellers state that while one baboon is not such a terrible creature, a band of them are more than a match for any other single creature in their country. This traveller had never heard of a case of baboons actually killing a lion, but nevertheless it is a fact that the mighty "King of Beasts" does not go out of its way to pick a quarrel with these powerful apes.

All baboons feed on fruit and nuts and roots, and never touch flesh. In their anger they may tear their enemies to pieces, but they will not eat the flesh. On the other hand the baboons are very gentle with their mates, and will fight to the death to protect them. They often play with their baby apes, like grown up people.





A TAME BABOON.



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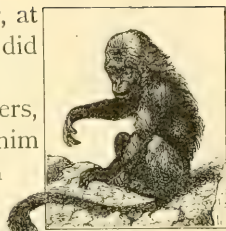
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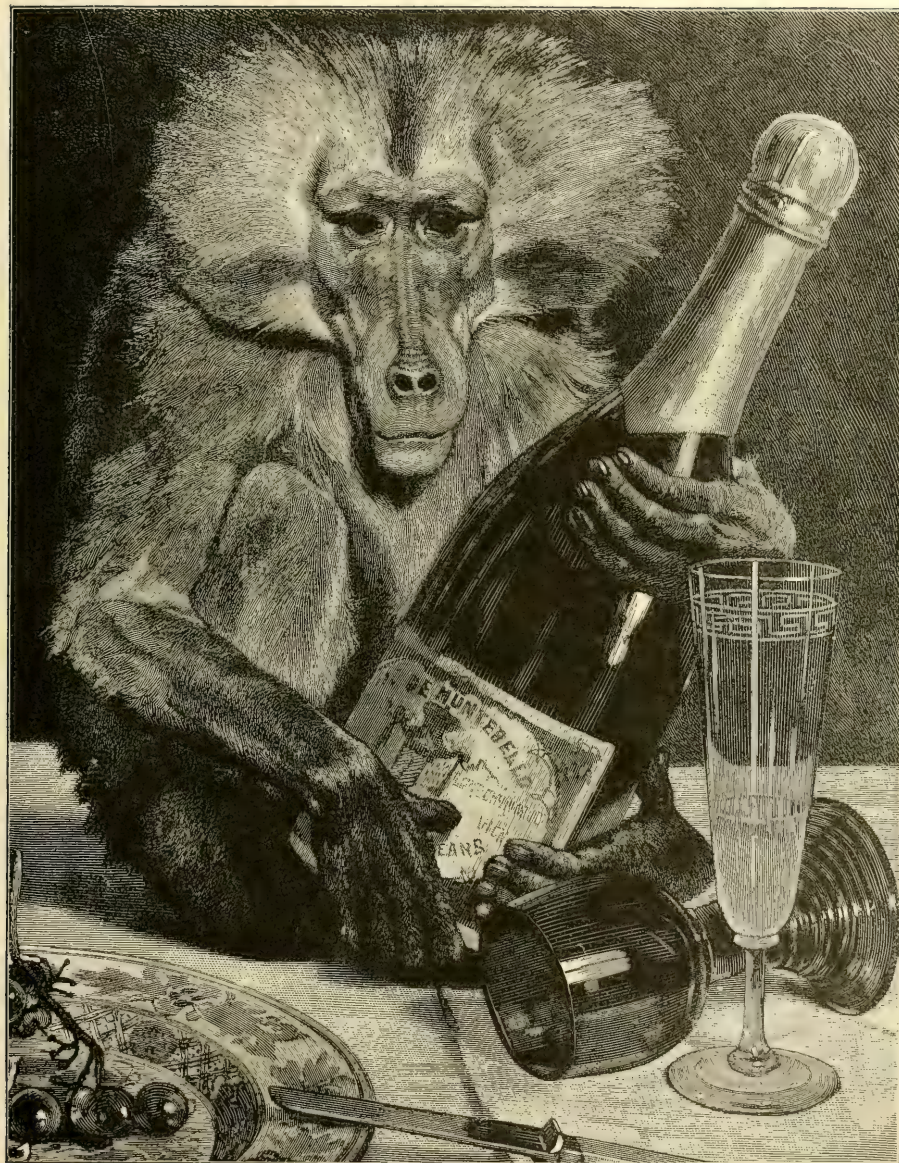
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A TAME BABOON.





AUDADS

## HUNTING THE AOUDAD.

A hunter who was travelling in Algeria had heard much talk of the Aoudad. His Arab guides told him that this splendid game creature could only be shot with great difficulty. Now the aoudad is the largest and most powerful of the goat family, and loves the highest and rockiest places it can find, hence it takes great endurance to follow it. The hunter made up his mind however, that he would like to try the hunting at any rate, so an expedition was arranged, and after three or four days he found himself camped on one of the highest slopes of the Atlas Mountains.

Taking a single experienced Arab with him, the hunter set out before sun-rise the next morning. They climbed together up a thousand or more feet above the camp till they came to a "hog's back" ridge, from which they could see around on every side of them.

Slowly the sun rose and drank up the morning mists until the valleys below were clear. After looking intently for some time the Arab spied the game. The white man looked and looked, and yet, experienced hunter as he was, and used to our Western mountains, he could see nothing; but in a few minutes he noticed some tiny brown patches moving among the rocks.

The aoudads were three in number. Hastily seizing their guns, the two men went down the ridge on the off side, and scurried along to a place of better vantage. They hid behind a large rock and lay out panting for breath. From this place the aoudads were not more than half a mile away. The party was composed of a fine horned male, its mate and a little one. Slowly the trio came nearer, stopping from time to time to nibble the coarse grass which grew between the boulders. At last they got within gun-shot, but the hunters held their fire until they should come quite close. The two men were lying on their stomachs with rifles levelled and waiting in agonized suspense. "Now!" said the hunter, and bang went the guns with one report. The female doubled up at once, but the big male was shot through the lungs. It gave a great cough and made a superb spring in the air; then stumbled forward a few paces and fell dead. The little one was uninjured. The Arab was about to shoot it too, but the hunter stopped him. The hunter hoisted the kid onto his shoulder and carried it back to the camp. This baby aoudad was afterwards brought to the United States where it grew lustily and became so tame and playful that it would follow its master around like a dog. Everyone who saw the little creature fell in love with it, for it was very gentle in spite of its great strength. Only one thing it hated and that was the dogs. However it butted them so hard that, after a while they were only too glad to keep leave it alone, and keep out of its way.





A GROUP OF CHAMOIS.

## HUNTING CHAMOIS

Chamois hunting at the present day does not amount to much for the ordinary hunter, for the simple reason that the little animal is becoming very scarce. The headquarters of the chamois are in the Swiss and Austrian Alps and when one considers how small those countries are and how thickly settled with gun-loving people, it is not surprising that the splendid little game-creature should have all but vanished out of many sections.

A number of the mountains are, what you might call, game preserves, and there, of course, the chamois is protected lives and breeds, and is not shot to any very great extent.

Hans Breit, a famous hunter, who probably knows more of the chamois than any man in Europe, gives this account of the methods of hunting. In the first place there is an idea in the mind of people that the chamois is easy to get at, and can be "driven" like grouse or English pheasants, but this is all wrong. The chamois is remarkably keen sighted and its sense of smell is equal good. These two qualities alone would make the hunting of any animal difficult, but when to these are added the chamois' love of high and unreachable places and the consequent danger in following it, it is easy to see that only men of strong nerve and cool head can undertake the shooting.

On one occasion Hans spied a band of chamois coming down a mountain side to drink. He felt sure that nothing would alarm them so he set off with all haste, seeking the cover of rock and shadows and keeping down wind from the game. Slowly the herd come on, lead by a fine male with good horns. But it was not long before the leader became suspicious. It halted stamped its feet and sniffed the air suspiciously. But nothing stirred so the band came down to the water and all drank except the leader who stayed on watch. This was Hans' chance and slowly rising to his knees he laid his gun flat on top of a low rock, and waited. The chamois leader was standing head on to him. He whistled softly and the creature turned at once to look, thus exposing its side. Bang went the gun and when the smoke had cleared away the band was seen running across the rocks in big leaps and bounds. But the leader had fallen behind; it was wounded. An instant later it lost its footing and rolled out of sight. Hans ran to the edge of the rocks and saw the line made in the snow where the body had fallen. An hour later he reached his prize which he found stone dead.

All hunters and travellers bear witness to the wonderful manner in which the chamois makes its way over the roughest ground. It seems to literally skim through the air. Hans said that on one occasion he slightly wounded a chamois and failed to get a second shot before it was off. He





THE END OF A CHAMOIS HUNT.



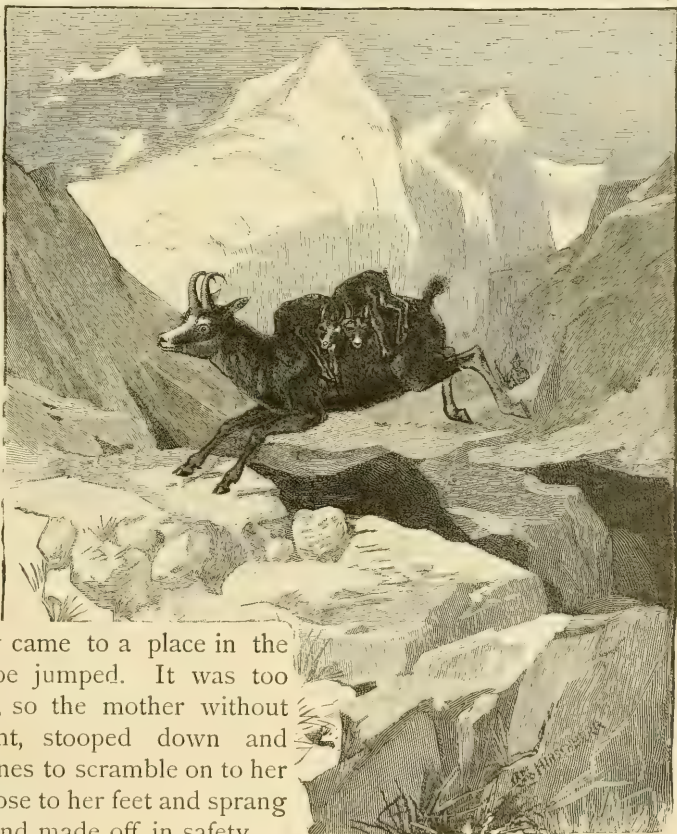
## HUNTING CHAMOIS

ran after the little creature along a ledge. At the end of the ledge was what seemed to him a sheer precipice, and he was greatly surprised to see the chamois make its way across its face and escape. He examined the place closely, and admitted that it would have puzzled a mountaineer, armed with an alpine rope and ice-axe to scale the face. This was in the days when Hans was young, and inexperienced but the chamois have had lots of chances since then to surprise him even more.

The chamois seems to be able to stand almost any amount of cold and exposure, for it takes a winter of very terrible severity to drive it into the valleys for shelter; still this does occur once in a while.

When you visit Switzerland and see no chamois it is no proof that they are not there. To find the chamois you must go into the less frequented mountains before sunrise, and if you have good luck you may catch a glimpse of a band.

Chamois love their young ones very dearly and will never forsake them. On one occasion a hunter surprised a mother chamois with two kids. Away she flew at once with the two youngsters after her, but they came to a place in the rocks that had to be jumped. It was too wide for the kids, so the mother without waiting an instant, stooped down and allowed the little ones to scramble on to her back. Then she rose to her feet and sprang across the chasm and made off in safety.





CHAMOIS DESCENDING A MOUNTAIN.

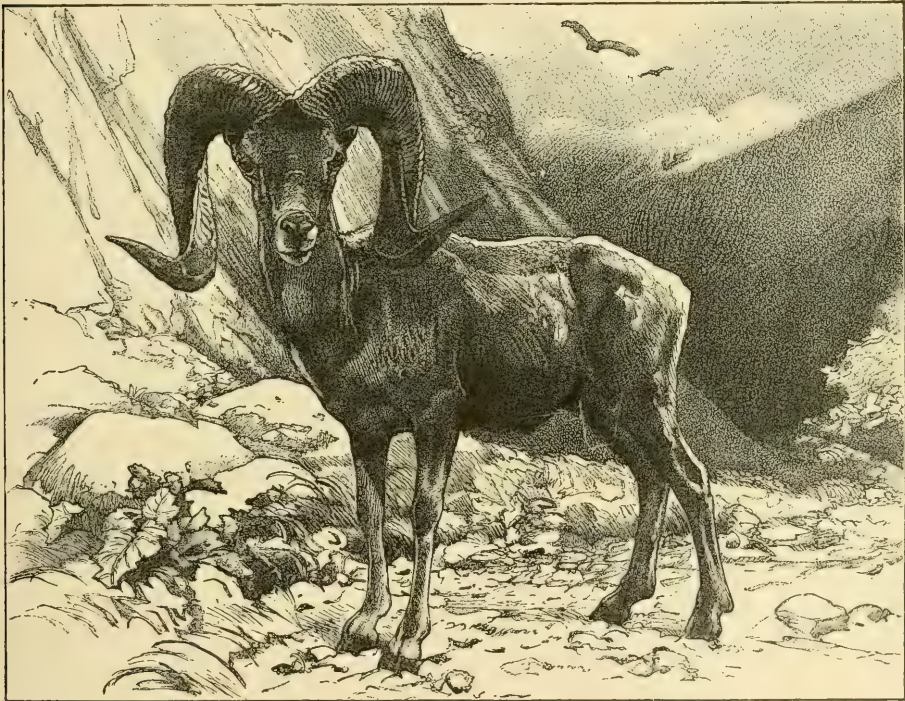


## HUNTING CHAMOIS

There have been many cases known where a kid has been wounded or shot dead and the mother chamois has refused to leave it.

Swiss hotel keepers make a great fuss about the chamois till one would think that great bands roamed around the neighborhood. As a matter of fact one hotel we know of, had a poor, miserable looking little chamois locked up in the stable, which was shown to wondering tourists on the payment of a fee.

The chamois' praises have been sung all over Europe for many years and artists have drawn the animal in every possible way, and thereby given it quite a reputation. In the countries that have bought their freedom so dearly, it has always been an emblem,—and a good one too—of "Liberty."



There is a splendid member of the goat family found in our country, which might well be called the "American chamois." On the islands off the Pacific Coast good goat shooting can be obtained, but it is best where tourists are few in number and where the shooting is not advertised in the papers.

On one occasion two hunters, young in years, but old in experience,





CHAMOIS DRINKING.

started off on a hunt on one of these islands. The night was clear and calm such as Pacific nights generally are, and a full moon gave the light. After toiling for many miles to the high ground where the goats are usually found the hunters lay down and slept for two hours. The sea mist meanwhile had crept silently in and covered everything in a mantle of snowy white.

With the first signs of a glorious opal dawn the mist began to roll up like a blanket and go out to sea. Then the hillsides were anxiously scanned by the hunters and before long a splendid wild goat was seen feeding alone on a rocky ledge a mile away. In a very few minutes the two hunters were on the trail. It was hot work scrambling over the rocks, for the sun soon gains full strength in those latitudes. Still the goat did not seem to be aware of its danger. You must know that wild goats are very hard to approach. They find out in some mysterious way when they are in danger.

Suddenly however the hunters found themselves confronted by a serious difficulty. They came to the edge of ravine whose steep sides seemed to be almost unclimbable. The detour could not be made without the goat spying them, but still they had considerably reduced the shooting distance. The goat was still feeding quietly, not having the least idea that enemies were so close. A hasty consultation was held and the two boys agreed not to take any chances but to fire together. They separated about twenty feet and lay down beside some rocks. Both took carefully sights and on the word "three" the rifles rang out like a volley. In front and behind of the goat, two spatters of dust flew up, for both shots had missed. In an instant the goat was off, leaping across the rocks in wonderful fashion. In a few minutes it had vanished, leaving behind only the sound of the loose stones, which had been started by its flying feet, clattering down into the ravine. Overhead an eagle was screaming angrily at having its silent haunts disturbed. There is nothing very surprising in the fact that the shots missed, for the air in those islands is marvellously clear and the distance of an object is away is very deceiving.

On the way home one boy shot a pretty little fox. They quietly brought it into camp and skinned it. That night there was corn beef hash for supper which was soon gobbled up by the large party and voted first class. But it was not long before someone remembered that there had been no flesh meat in camp, and that they were miles from any place where it could be bought. The chinese cook was sent for, and with many grins and much jabbering he confessed that the corn beef hash was nothing in the world but the little fox. Then everyone said that they had noticed something wrong with the dinner, but nevertheless all had had platesful each until the hash had given out.



However let us return to the goats. The next day, nothing daunted, the boys were off again. This time they found a goat far above their heads feeding upon a place so steep that it looked as though no man could have found a firm foothold. The eldest boy fired, and to their great joy, when the smoke had cleared, they saw the body rolling head over heels down the slope. With a war-whoop they ran to get it and then found to their dismay that it was a tame ram! There were large flocks of sheep on the island, and this fellow must have strayed away from the others. However the fresh meat proved most acceptable in camp and the hunters were not chaffed very much.

Now these boys were getting their blood up, and they swore they would get a goat if they sat up nights for a month to do it. Consequently they were soon off again and tramped the whole day without seeing anything. But about three in the afternoon they suddenly came upon a big fellow not fifty yards away. The goat was much astonished, and it was evident that it had never seen a human being before, as it was some seconds before it took to flight. Its short pause however cost it its life; before it had gone thirty yards it was rolled over dead.

It never rains but it pours; after having had bad luck so many days the young hunter's prospects changed with a rush. While they were travelling homeward a second goat was sighted, which, after a long and weary stalk, fell to a well aimed bullet. There was nothing left to do now but to return to the camp and get friends to come up and help bring the bodies in. Practically the entire camp came along, and bore the two goats homeward with much rejoicing. That night, while sitting around the fire, a regular celebration was held. The second goat was a fine specimen with good horns but still not such a perfect beauty as the first. At supper time all were hungry and the chinese cook "did himself proud" with the finest parts of the flesh and so made amends for his corn-beef-hash-outrage.

The shooting took place just in time, for the weather changed the next day and the boat had to run "east" to get shelter. The two goats' heads are now mounted, and hang triumphantly in the trophy room at home.

You have to know something of the ways of goats before you can hope to do successful shooting. In the first place the rocks and hillsides are brown; almost the same shade of color as the goat's fur. Consequently many an inexperienced hunter has passed a goat altogether simply because the creature has kept perfectly still, and its protective coloring has hidden it. The goats however are fond of getting upon the edges of high places and they may be seen quite often standing out clearly on the sky line.

## FOX HUNTING

You have to go to England to see fox hunting carried on properly. In the first place the hounds are carefully and specially bred and are famous for their great staying powers. Generally each county has one or more packs which are owned, or are in the control of, one master. He has a couple of huntsmen beneath him whose job it is to see that the dogs are cared for and well trained.

Notice is given to those invited that a hunt will take place on such a day, at such a place and early in the morning. The men all collect, mounted on splendid horses, and the hounds are let loose from their kennels.

Foxes always live in holes either in, or on, the edge of woods. One man goes in with a number of fox terriers and they soon turn the rascal out. The fox makes for the edge of the wood and the instant it breaks cover a watcher raises a loud cry. Immediately the hounds give tongue, and in a few minutes the whole pack is on the trail, while the men on horseback scramble over hedges and ditches as best they can. If the fox is an old timer it will have a regular round of resting or hiding places which it makes for. Then it has to be dug out and started off again.



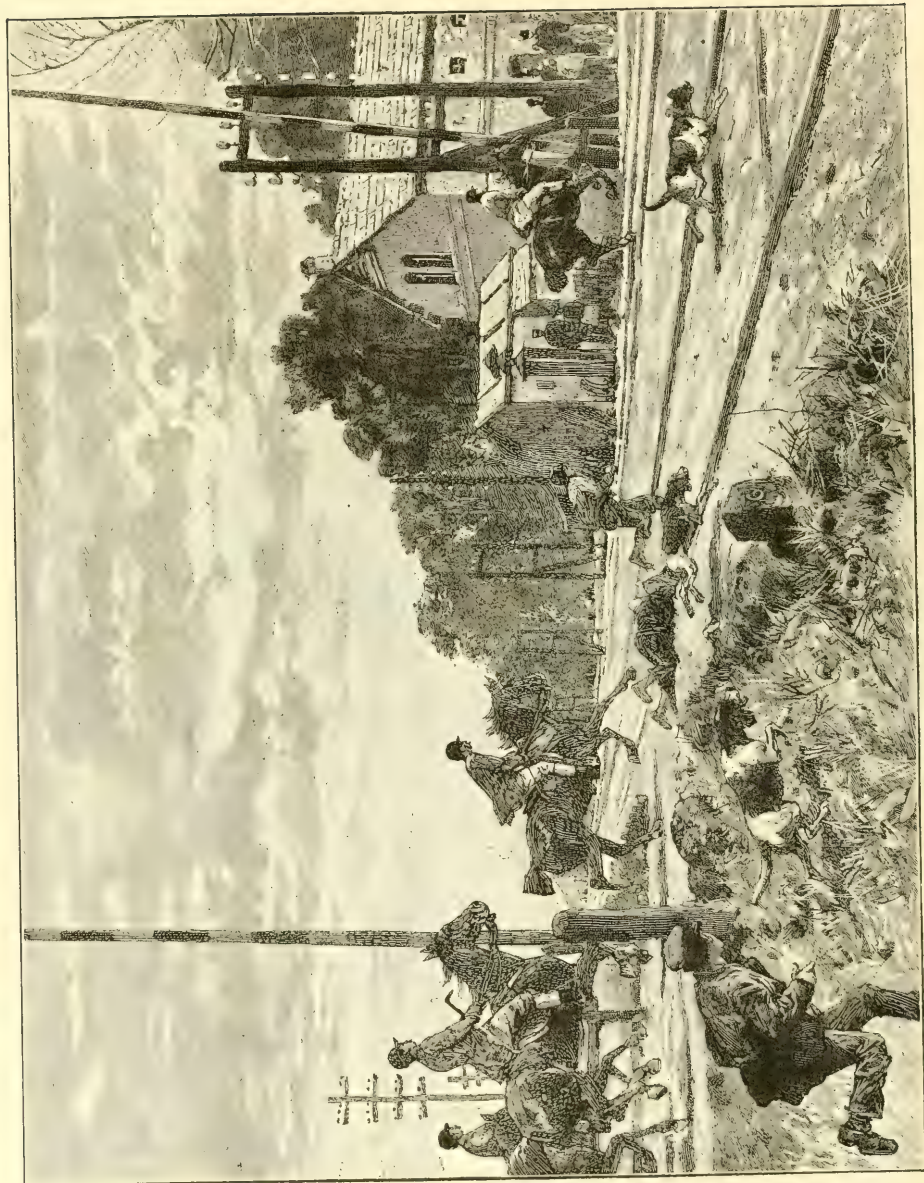
The hounds are never turned loose on top of the fox for they would tear it to pieces before the hunt could get started. The real excitement of the day is when the fox is run down in the open and the hounds catch up with it. All honor goes to the rider who first reaches the spot, or as they say "is in at the death."

Foxes are up to all sorts of tricks to get away from their enemies and sometimes live in great security for many years. The writer has frequently seen a fox so old that its tail was almost white. Every pack of hounds in the county had hunted that old rascal over and over again and yet it lived to tell the tale.

On one occasion a fox, being very hard pressed, sprang on to a flat car which formed part of a passing freight train. The crew of the train had slowed up to see the fun, and the fox took advantage of the slower speed. The hounds tried to reach it, with the result that a number of them were crushed beneath the wheels. When the fox had gone quite a distance it leaped to the roadbed again and made off in safety in the opposite direction.

In Wales, where the hunting is frequently very good, a fox worked a great scheme on a pack of hounds and in one blow paid off every grudge that it had against them in all its years of being hunted. The fox on this





THE HUNT CROSSING A RAILROAD

occasion too was very hard pressed and took to the railroad embankment. In the distance a fast express train bound to London was racing along as fast as it could go. The hounds followed the fox on to the embankment. The huntsmen saw the danger and vainly endeavored to call the dogs off, but they would not listen with their prey within such easy reach. Now this fox was a shrewd fellow and this is how he served his enemies. Choosing his time to a second he ran across the tracks right in front of the express and the hounds followed. The fox hit the exact moment, for a instant later the express ploughed its way through the middle of the pack, killing or maiming two thirds of their number.

Another favorite trick of foxes is to throw the hounds off the scent by breaking the trail. On one occasion a fox was seen to be rapidly but silently making its way towards a large flock of sheep. It ran straight through the middle of them. Of course the sheep scattered for a moment and then stood, as sheep will like idiots, staring in every direction but the right one. Bye and bye appeared the pack in full cry, and of course in following the trail the dogs rushed in among the sheep, and there was endless confusion. It took some time to get the hounds straightened out and then it was found that many of the sheep had been trampled on and killed. By this clever trick the fox gained at least five minutes headway. Foxes are skilful thieves. Farmers have a hard time keeping geese, ducks or chickens where foxes are numerous. They can easily outrun a dog and not infrequently show their utter contempt for canines by taking the poultry from under their very noses.

The fox and the weasel are perhaps the two greatest enemies that the rabbit has. The weasel patiently plods after its victim until it runs it down, but the fox is different in its mode of attack. It always catches its rabbits by a quick rush, and with its great swiftness of foot there is no hope for the bunny unless it can quickly get to cover.

A fox isn't very hard to tame, and more than one English country house has one chained up to a kennel like a dog. At Ruperra Castle is a fine fellow, quite tame and friendly. But in spite of beatings and warnings it never has learned to leave chickens alone. The old roosters know the exact length of its chain and keep away, but the young birds, who won't heed their elder's advice, frequently stray within the magic circle and are sure to be pounced upon by the watchful one.

Foxes have good sized families, often as many as seven young ones at a birth. If you go before daylight into the woods near a fox's hole, and watch closely you will see the family, if you keep very still. The old fox





DIVIDED—FOX AND RABBITS.



## FOX HUNTING

does most of its hunting in the night and sleeps all day, except when it is rudely disturbed by the hounds.

The cubs are the prettiest little things in the world and wonderfully playful. They scamper about and roll each other over and over like kittens.

The fox will always slink away from its enemies when it can, but if it gets cornered where it has to fight it will snap viciously.



The vixen, especially if she has cubs, will fight for them with the greatest pluck. There is no wild animal in England large enough to tackle a fox so that it is not often called upon to defend its family. The fox has always been held by the English country folks to be the shrewdest and cleverest of all animals and not without reason, for once in a while one will get itself out of a tight place where escape seemed to be impossible.



A GLUTTON ATTACKING A TRAPPED FOX.







ALARMED! FOX AND RABBIT.



## THE GLUTTON AND THE FOX

The opportunity of killing two birds with one stone does not often come into a hunter's life. Here is an account of rather a rare case.

A trapper in the far north-west had been much troubled by a wolverine, or glutton, stealing the game from his traps. He well knew that without some great good luck it would be next to impossible to kill the beast; for the glutton is the cleverest animal in the two Americas.

The hunter's first impulse was to take up his traps and move to another part of the country. He knew that to set poison for the animal was useless, for it would never touch it; and if he used a spring gun it would dig underneath, fire it off, and steal the bait; and to lie in wait for it with a rifle was also useless for the beast would smell him half a mile away.

One morning when matters were nearly desperate he saw a glutton moving swiftly across the snow. Without any idea of catching it he followed the tracks. From the footprints he knew that it was not in a hurry. Following the trail he soon came across one of his own beaver traps sprung, and the snow round about all blood stained. The paws of the beaver were still held by the steel teeth of the trap, while the body lay mangled and useless on one side. From that he knew that the glutton was only mischievous and not hungry. Farther on the foot-prints stopped short as if the animal had paused; then they started again going at a right angle. In a few minutes he heard sounds of a great battle raging not far off. Hastening along swiftly, but cautiously in the direction of the noise he came upon a sight that filled him with astonishment. A large fox was caught by the forepaw in one of his traps. A glutton was making a great effort to kill the fox, who in its turn was making a desperate fight for its life. This time the glutton seemed to have lost its reason for it was leaping around the fox trying to get at its throat, but the latter kept it off, snapping fiercely. The hunter saw his chance and lying flat on the ground, raised his rifle, took aim and fired. The glutton sprang up with a snarl and ran off but its footprints were full of blood and this gave the hunter hope. Less than a mile off he found the beast crouched at bay on the lower limb of a fir tree. In spite of the drip, drip of its life blood on the snow it was full of fight, and its eyes and teeth gleamed wickedly. One more shot was enough, and with a spasmodic cough the beast dropped head foremost from its perch. The skin measured nearly five feet in length, though skins always stretch when removed from the body; still it was a very large glutton.



A FOX CAPTURING A CAPERCALZIE.

## FOX AND CAPERCAZLZIE

The Capercalzie is a splendid game bird which is found all over Northern Europe but chiefly in Norway and Sweden. It is the giant of the grouse family. It is colored black but here and there white and red appear in bold dashes. The cock is a much finer bird than the hen. During the mating season the Capercalzie behaves in a very extraordinary manner. Soon after sunrise it perches on the top of a pine tree and begins a song to attract the attention of the hens. During the song it thrusts its neck out, droops its wings, erects its tail and altogether works itself up into a great state of mind. As soon as a hen hears the song she comes running up to see the singer. Other hens also collect and then the Capercalzie comes down from the pine tree and parades about on the ground for their benefit. In this way the Capercalzie collects his family for the season. The Capercalzie becomes so absorbed in his love making that he may be easily approached. If any alarm is given it is nearly always by the hens. The enemies of the Capercalzie know his weakness in mating time so they take advantage of it and the worst of these enemies is the fox. The Capercalzie does not roam all over the forest, but stays in one place which is called the "station," but it is always near an open space, a sort of parade ground, consequently the bird often escapes being killed because the distance from the fox's hiding place is too great for it to spring. Directly the fox makes a successful catch the capercalzie screams and struggles and the hens scurry off to safety.

Sometimes a rival Capercalzie tries to entice the hens away and then there is a battle royal in which one of the cocks sometimes gets killed. A hunter who was watching a Capercalzie show himself off before some hens suddenly saw the bird pause and listen. Through the woods came the faint cry of the rival who soon appeared. The Cock already in possession was in a fury. It rushed at its enemy and the two rolled over and over each other on the ground. Then the last comer rose out of the dust and literally drove its enemy from the "station." The hens all crowded around their new master seemingly to have entirely forgotten the poor defeated one. It is said that single Capercalzies with no following of hens are often seen in the forests and it is supposed that the hens will have nothing to do with Capercalzies that have once been defeated, and compel them to lead single lives.

The Capercalzie never seems to come out into the open country but stays in the pine woods which in Sweden are very dark and thick. The bird is largely killed for eating in the different countries as its flesh is very good. The Capercalzie is known by various names such as the Mountain Cock and the Cock of the North.



## THE ARCTIC FOX.



The ARCTIC FOX stands a little apart from its numerous family. It is found in the most northern part of America, Greenland, and the great Arctic islands. It is especially famous for its fur. During the late fall it is a beautiful gray color, which makes it valuable in the market. In the depth of winter it is very heavy and silky and turns to a pure white, but at other times of the year it changes its coat very rapidly, assuming unsightly colors. Explorers and naturalists who have visited the Arctic regions at various times have described it as the "pied" fox, others as the "sooty" fox, and others as the "blue" fox; but it has since been proved that they are one and the same animal seen at different times of the year.

They are over-bold, being easy to approach within gun-shot, and they do not display the clever tricks for keeping out of traps like their brethren. They live in burrows, like the red fox, and in size are slightly smaller, measuring about three feet, including the tail.

Owing to persecution, the Arctic fox is not nearly as plentiful as it was; in fact, it has already vanished from some localities, where it used to live in great numbers. If the demand for its fur continues, it will probably be exterminated.

## THE HISTORY OF TWO OCELOTS

The Ocelot is found in South America. It is a fierce, shrewd, leopard-like creature in habits.

Once upon a time there was a man living south of the Equator who owned a large ranch. One night he heard a great noise in one of his barns, and he went out to see what was the matter. It was a very dark night, and as he pushed the door open he saw a pair of green eyes glaring at him. Outside in the yard stood two horses shivering with fright and even the pigs were grunting uneasily. He knew that he could not do anything at that hour so he closed the door and went back to bed. As soon as it was daylight he got his men together and came down to find out what was shut up in the barn. The chickens, ducks, and pigeons were all excited and making a great noise, for they evidently knew that an enemy was close by. The man pushed the door open, and before he had time to step back a beautiful ocelot flew at his throat. He gripped the beast by the front paw and tried to throw it off. Two of his men joined in the struggle and between them they overpowered it.

Later on they discovered that there was a second ocelot shut up in the barn, evidently its mate. One of the men climbed to a window and from there, after several failures, succeeded in lassoing the animal. Steel dog collars and strong chains were placed about the necks of the prisoners, and they were securely fastened to a couple of empty dog kennels. Meanwhile the men went off to bathe and tend their bites and scratches.

The ocelots must have gone into the barn to steal chickens, and have frightened the horses, which were loose in there. The latter rushed out, and a halter rope which had been around the neck of one of them was found jammed in the latch. This was how the door became closed, making the ocelots prisoners.

The poor beasts tugged at their chains until the fur around their necks was all but worn off. Then the children came and threw stones at them, poked them with sticks and teased them in many cruel ways. So instead of becoming tame they grew fierce and sullen. No one ever went close to them for all remembered their fighting powers the day they were caught.

The ocelots were mates, but under sized, for they grew quite a little in captivity.

One day a boy who was traveling with his father through South America happened to come to the ranch. When he saw the ocelots he was much struck with their beauty, and offered to buy them. The ranchman, who had no use for them, sold them cheap, and they were duly boxed and shipped to California, their new home. The boy grew very fond of his pets and took

## THE HISTORY OF TWO OCELOTS.

good care of them. All switches were put away and they were never teased. They soon grew sleek and plump, gradually lost their fierceness, and would come out to be petted, behaving like overgrown cats.

One afternoon they both got out of their cage, and, the day being chilly, they marched into the house. The boy, who was upstairs, heard shrieks coming from the Chinese cook who had climbed up on the kitchen table for safety's sake. As soon as the boy saw what was the matter he whistled his usual call and the ocelots went bounding toward him. He gave them both a bowl of milk and put them back into their cage. After that he thought he might as well let them out again as they had behaved so well the first time, and it soon became a noon-day sport to have the beautiful creatures running about. The cow-boys made great pets of the pair and played with them at all hours. The ocelots grew so tame that they never tried to bite anyone, only snarling at meal times.

One day while the two were sunning themselves in the yard a large dog came in. It spied the two ocelots and thinking it had a pair of large sized tom cats to deal with, ran at them, barking loudly. In an instant the ocelots were changed; all their purr and good nature vanished and they sprang at their enemy who yelped and tried to get away. After the dust of the battle had cleared it was found that the two ocelots had literally clawed the dog to pieces. It was hours before they got over their excitement, and they prowled up and down their cage all night as if expecting other enemies.

Months passed after the dog incident without anything of note happening until one night the ocelots got away on a prowling escapade again. Now the country side had been much troubled with coyotes or prairie wolves, who, as you know, are very troublesome thieves. Numerous poison traps had been set but without much success. The two ocelots came across some of the poisoned bait. Luckily for them the bait had been exposed for a long time and the poison had lost a good deal of its power. However, the two beasts gobbled the meat up and in consequence were only able to crawl a few yards from the trap, and there they lay in a stupor looking as if they were dead.

When the boy went to feed them in the early morning he found them missing, so he had a couple of horses saddled, and calling to a cow-boy to go with him, started off in search of the truants. It was not an uncommon thing for him to have to go and hunt for his troublesome pets in this fashion, so he was not at all anxious. They struck the ocelots' trail and soon came across the bodies lying near the trap, and the poisoned bait gone. They





POACHERS.

## THE HISTORY OF TWO CCELOTS.

knew only too well what had happened and, feeling very miserable, they each carried an ocelot home in their arms. They were sure that the animals were dead, but an Indian who knew all about poisons declared they were not. He wrapped them up warmly in a blanket and applied various remedies, and in an hour they both showed signs of life. It was many weeks, however, before they were quite well again, and then they were very good and obedient. One thing they learned from their narrow escape from death, and that was never to touch bait in traps again.

The following year the ocelots, who had been removed to a village, escaped about sunset one evening but when morning came they were back at their home. It was discovered that in a single night they had nearly cleared the village of its chickens. They had murdered everything with feathers on it they could find. The boy's father had a long bill to settle, and the ocelots were kept chained up as a punishment, but the villagers demanded that they be destroyed. This the boy would not do, but he finally consented that they be taken to the Zoological Gardens. He parted with his pets with many regrets. They were properly crated and put on the train.

The expressman was accustomed to handling almost any kind of goods, but he objected to being left alone with a pair of ocelots, especially as some one told him that they would probably be livelier in the darkness. The jolting of the cars loosened the fastenings of the crate and the ocelots got out. The expressman yelled with terror and pulled the whistle-cord. The train came to a stop and the conductor and engineer rushed up to find out what was the matter. When they heard that the ocelots were loose they both declared that it was none of their business and they hurried back, one to his engine and the other to the cars.

Meanwhile the ocelots were snarling, more from fright than anger, and were looking for a chance to escape. The expressman leaped out of the car and the ocelots bounded after him. They were last sighted early the next morning by a Spaniard who said they were then heading for the mountains. From time to time they were seen by travelers, and many attempts were made to capture them, but without success. They had learned a good many of man's tricks, and their exploits became local fables. It is probable they are roaming the Sierra Madre mountains now.

Think of the adventurous life they had had. Born in South America, captured unhurt while stealing chickens, owned by two masters, carried from one continent to another by ship and train, and finally to get their freedom in one of the wildest ranges of mountains in California.



## AN OTTER HUNT

The Otter, an aquatic and carnivorous animal, is found in many places in Europe and Asia. There are several varieties, all of them having great swimming and diving powers. They attain a length of two and a half feet, with a strong, thick tail, about half as long as the body; a broad, flat head; very short rounded ears, and the long body covered with beautiful chestnut fur. The legs are very short, but strong; the feet are not only webbed, but are armed with formidable claws. Indeed, in strength and agility, keen scent, acute hearing, and general cunning, the otter deserves a high rank among mammals. It is what boys would call a 'never-say-die animal;' so that an otter-hunt is a very attractive pursuit to men who do not object, after a long day's sport, to come home drenched to the skin, if not covered with mud, and perhaps without having killed an otter after all. For the otter always makes a brave struggle for freedom and life. When once it reaches its hole on the bank of the stream, it is not to be dislodged without heavy work: while after it is dislodged, so sharp is it, that though the dogs are keenly on the watch, it again takes to the water like a flash of lightning, and the chase has to be begun all over again.

To ensure a successful otter-hunt, much depends upon the dogs. The true otter-hound is a hardy, rough-coated animal, nearly, two feet high, and very game. The hunters are armed with spears, and one can easily imagine that a great deal of shouting and yelling attends the chase.

The otter is very destructive to fish of all kinds, and it has the good taste to prefer a salmon if it can find one. It has also this peculiarity, that it kills and tears to pieces many more fish than it can devour, and also that it always eats the prime parts only, while it leaves the more worthless morsels to the kites and crows.

It is really a very inspiring scene to see six or eight couples of wiry otter-hounds on a fine summer morning—for it is in summer that this sport is carried on. As the men of the party gather together the dogs cannot be prevented from showing their interest by yelps of pleasure; while the whip keeps them in order till the hunters are ready to start.

A crowd of onlookers always collect in the background, armed with sticks and eager for sport. At a given signal off they go, the men on the river-bank hunting about among the bushes, hoping to see some trace of the otter, the dogs in the water eagerly sniffing about, when suddenly there is one prolonged shout—the otter has been seen, his round head just above water for a moment; but the next moment; a sudden plump is heard, and the agile creature has dived again, and every hound is after it, the men pursuing as





QUARRELSOME OTTERS.

best they can, straining every nerve to keep up the pace at which the hounds have started.

The otter, however, seems to be far from his hole, for he still holds down the stream, followed by his enemies, though, as mile after mile is passed, one or two of the less sturdy are fain to lag behind. But again the hounds stop and begin to search about: the otter has once more dived, and is out of sight. He is there, however, beyond doubt, for the dogs will not leave the place, and the hunters are urging them on to search. At last a yelp from the foremost dog, and a shout from one of the men, 'He's here! he's here!' shows that the otter has been compelled to take to the water again. But this time the poor otter has the worst of it.

If he would save his skin he must resort to all sorts of tricks, such as doubling back through his enemies. An otter usually makes for its hole from which it is a great job to get him out. The only way to do so is to dig him out. Just about the time you have reached the spot where you feel sure the otter must be out it jumps and the chances are ten to one that all the dogs tumble over each other but miss the otter in their hurry. The most exciting end to a hunt is when the dogs catch up with the otter in mid stream, this is after it has been driven so hard that it is almost too tired to dive again. The hounds make short work of the poor beast. The body is brought ashore and "broken up." The hunters take the paws as mementoes of the occasion and then every one goes home tired. The dog's tails hang down now the excitement is over and one can see by their eyes that all they are thinking about is supper and sleep.

There was an otter that lived near where a river entered into a lake. He was old and wise and cared not a rap for all the otter hounds in the world. He would travel several miles up stream in search of fish and if the hounds came upon him he would lead them a lively chase down stream which always ended in his taking to the lake where the dogs could not follow him.

The hunters even placed dogs at the mouth of the river but the otter always dived through his enemies. On one occasion he bit off a dogs foot underwater.

This otter lived for many years and became quite well known for his shrewdness and sagacity. A year or two after he had been last hunted he disappeared and as he was know to be fairly old it is supposed that he died a natural death. This is a fate that very rarely comes to an otter living on a river in the British Islands.

## THE MOONGUS AND THE COBRA

Around nearly every house in India you will see a long-bodied, short-legged, perky little creature bristling with importance, busily prying into all sorts of odd corners. It is the Moongus. Indian gardens become the abode of numberless reptiles which would soon make it uninhabitable but for this useful little creature.

In some of its habits it may be said to bear some resemblance to the cat, being cleanly and well disposed towards human beings. The moongus is consumed with curiosity; it will pry into everything, and often thereby gets itself into the most laughable situations.

A gentleman living in Bengal allowed a pet moongus to wander at will all over his house. One day it climbed on to the library desk to see what it could find. It pushed its nose into the ink-pot, and found the ink nasty to drink. Then wherever it put its nose after that it left an inky stain. The moongus could not understand where the black marks came from. At last it upset a large pot of gum, and got its feet and tail into the mess so that papers began to stick all over its body. With that the moongus rushed out of the house in a fright, and, to make matters worse, rolled itself over and over in the dust under the bushes in the garden. It was several days before its fur got back into order and neatness again.

In India the little animal is much prized and protected on account of the unceasing warfare it wages against all manner of snakes. Every shaded nook and drain-pipe affords a lurking-place for the dreaded cobra, and the one animal that faces this reptile without fear is the moongus. The lightning rapidity with which the little creature moves, and the curious swaying motion of its body, enabling it to spring equally well on either side, makes it very difficult to say in which direction it will go, and this is its great safeguard in dealing with reptiles like the cobra. The moongus endeavors to catch the snake just behind the head, where it cannot bite back, nor lash with its tail. They roll on the ground together until either the snake is killed, or succeeds in shaking its enemy off, which very seldom happens. The object of the moongus is to reach the snake's back-bone with its sharp teeth, and thus paralyze it. If the snake attacks first, the moongus receives its enemy in front, and avoids the lightning strokes by springing in the air. Quick as the snake is, it cannot turn around before the moongus has followed up its miss with a furious attack from behind.

An eyewitness of a fight gives this account of it. A number of birds in a garden were screaming and fluttering about, showing clearly that something unusual was going on. The man wanted to see what was



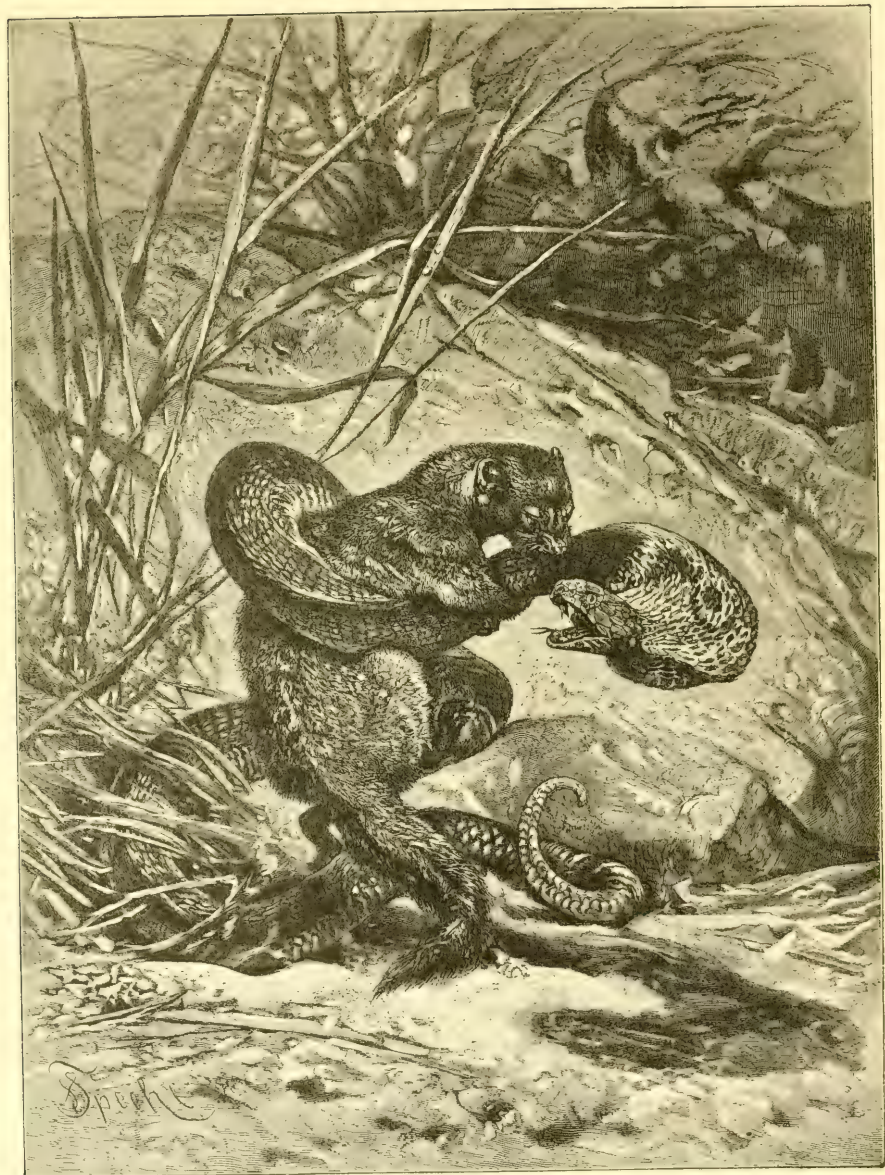
happening. Attached to the garden was a moongus who was its king, in as much as it ruled all the rest of the small creatures with a rod of iron. This moongus heard the commotion, and perking its nose in the air, it sniffed suspiciously. Then it drew nearer to the bushes to find out what was wrong. Suddenly it stopped short, and its fur became erect with anger. It chattered loudly as though it was scolding someone. Then the bushes swayed violently too and fro and from between the leaves came the head of a large king cobra.

The snake hissed angrily and swung itself to the ground and came out into the sunlight. The cobra crept quite close but the moongus valiantly stood its ground in the middle of a cleared spot. Even the birds became silent and watched the pair, for they knew full well that their arch-enemy would have to battle for its life.

The moongus slowly swayed from side to side while the cobra, whose hood was now distended, drew itself into a coil and raised its head in the air. The moongus moved around in a circle forcing the snake to change its position, each eyeing the other the while. Then came a pause during which neither side moved, but an instant later the snake struck, but the moongus was on the watch and leaped straight up in the air. The snake passed beneath, but not quick enough for its little enemy, who turned like lightning and succeeded in giving it a terrible bite, almost severing the end of the tail. Thus the moongus drew first blood and roused the snake to a pitch of fury. The usually cautious and deliberate cobra gave way to its rage and seemed to care for nothing but to kill its small enemy. The pair literally fought all over the garden, the other animals giving place, and the birds flying about and screaming with excitement.

While passing near a wall the snake stuck at its enemy, missed it and nearly stunned itself against the hard bricks. In an instant the moongus was on top of its back, with its teeth buried in its neck. The snake made frantic efforts to shake its enemy off, but the moongus held on although its body was so battered that it seemed as if every bone must be broken. At least the snake fell dead and the moongus sprang off a foot or two. It did not seem to be hurt an atom but ran round and round the cobra's body leaping from time to time and chattering in triumph.

The moongus does the snakes great harm in other ways besides fighting with them. When a cobra lays its eggs it generally does so in some warm corner and then after covering them with earth, leaves the heat of the sun to do the hatching. The moongus hunts for these eggs, digs



A MOONGUS ATTACKING A COBRA.

them up and eats them. It is on these occasions that the fiercest battles take place, for the cunning snake is always on the lookout for enemies. It tries to sneak up behind the moongus and take it unawares, but the chances are a hundred to one that it will hear its enemy coming.

The moongus is a good hunter, for it fears nothing. Should a mole or any other subterranean animal appear, the moongus flies at it, and if it seeks refuge in its burrow in the ground, will follow it in, and later is seen backing out of the excavation, dragging the luckless mole too.

The only time that the moongus shows an irritable nature towards human beings is when it is feeding, being liable to use its sharp little teeth freely; but this is not common, because it usually drags its food off to a quiet spots, where it will not be disturbed. When the moongus is angry it spreads its tail out like a bottle-brush, and utters a quick chattering noise.

Its general body-color is gray, with dark hairs intermingled, something like a squirrel's, but the fur is not what would be called handsome.

It was claimed at one time that the poison of the cobra was not fatal to the moongus, but this is untrue, for should it be unlucky enough to get bitten, the consequences would be just as fatal as in the case of any other animal. The moongus fights fairly, and matches its quickness of foot and eye against the snake's strike.

One of these interesting creatures was brought to England and allowed to run about its owner's house. Of course, it immediately went on a tour of inspection, and ran up against the cats, who took it for an extra-sized rat, but they quickly discovered their mistake, for the sturdy little animal flew at them so fiercely that they were actually driven out of the house. This little moongus waged a great war on the roaches and beetles in the kitchen until they were all exterminated. One night, by accident, it was shut out from its warm quarters, and was found dead early the next morning. Although there was not a trace of frost in the air, nor even rain, the cold had been sufficient to cause the death of this little inhabitant of the tropics.

In spite of its sharp teeth, Indian children like to make a pet of the moongus, for it is fond of a game. It is good-tempered, as a rule, but can be teased until it becomes dangerous. There is one thing which always rouses the moongus's wrath, and that is to pull its tail. It will snap angrily at anyone who comes near it after that.

There have been many attempts to introduce the moongus into other snake-infested countries, but without much success, for it does not thrive well out of the tropics.





NUBIAN SNAKE CHARMERS

## RATTLESNAKES

Throughout the United States the most famous of all reptiles is the Rattlesnake or "Rattler" as it is called for short. Its name comes from the row of curious, loosely-jointed, shell-like formations which adorn the end of its tail. There are a great variety of rattlesnakes varying in beauty and length and venomousness. Now some branches of the Rattlesnake family are much larger than others but the main length is about three feet. Some specimens attain a length of five feet and sometimes over six but these are exceptionally large.

Among some of the western Indian tribes the rattlesnake takes part in their religious ceremonies. Every one has heard of the famous snake dances wherein the priests hold the snakes in their teeth and dance with them. These men are frequently bitten but through some mysterious power they do not take any harm from the venom.

Since the days when the world was in its babyhood the snake has been the symbol of wisdom. You will probably remember the saying—"Be ye wise as serpents." The pictures of the snake with its tail in its mouth symbolized eternity or the endless circle. The wisest men in the earliest times and even in India today were called "Serpents."

As fast as any district is settled up the rattlers disappear partly because they do not like human habitations, but chiefly because man kills the poor beast whenever he meets it. The rattlesnake is harmless in one sense, for it is not quarrelsome, and will seldom take the offensive unless it is struck first. It is not an uncommon thing for a traveller who is forced to sleep on the American desert, especially in the winter when the days are hot, and the nights are bitterly cold, to find two or three rattlesnakes lying close to him in the morning. The reptiles mean the traveller no harm but have simply crept close to him to get the heat from his body. All snakes, and especially rattlers, grow torpid and lazy in cold weather. On the other hand the rattler does not care a great deal for sunshine but prefers to lie in the shade, preferably against some rock that has been warmed by the sun. Its chief food consist of the small creatures which are to be found around its haunts.

People for some insane reason seem to think it proper to kill reptiles, especially snakes, upon all occasions and lose sight of the fact that they are wonderful specimens of the Creator's work, and were put into the world for a purpose. All fruit growers in the west are troubled by gophers. These little rodents, half rat and half mole, in a short while will nibble the bark off an orange tree ( "girdling" it is called ) and then nothing can save the tree from destruction. Around all the ranches there is to be found a great snake called

## RATTLESNAKES

the gopher snake who makes it his business to keep the gophers from becoming too numerous. These snakes are only killed by ignorant tenderfoots.

The writer knew of one gopher snake, a huge fellow nearly seven feet long, that was so tame that it would come to the back door of the ranch house and drink milk from a saucer. One day a chinaman new to the ranch, whose knowledge of snakes was limited, found this big fellow. The old snake didn't make any effort to get away as he knew that men folks had no quarrel with him. But the fool chinaman killed it with his hoe and carried the body in triumph to the house. There is no need repeat what the ranch man said when he saw the body,

Nature balances everything. The animals balance each other, and when man steps in and kills, the delicate balance of nature is upset. On one occasion the great American traveller, John Muir, related that while he was wandering in the Sierra Nevada mountains of California, he had occasion one night to sleep under a rock and he was much interested to find a large rattler there. Some one who was listening asked him if he killed it, and he said that he hadn't. He pointed out that under that rock was probably the snake's home, and if anyone was trespassing it was he, not the snake. So the two passed the night together in great comfort and neither one interfered with the other. Of course this does not mean that we should go out of our way to make bed fellows of stray rattlers but that we should think twice before we uselessly take the life of any creature. Wild animals on the whole are not very aggressive. Western folks bear witness that a man may meet a grizzly bear with impunity provided he is not armed.

Learned men and travellers have quarreled with each other for years about the question of the strength of the rattlesnake's poison. The result of their arguments seems to be, that the poison varies affecting different people in several ways. Climate has some effect on the snake and the farther south it is found the more lively it is and the more dangerous its bite. Then again some species of rattlers are more venomous than others. In spite of all the stories there are not a great many cases of death from the snake's bite. A good deal depends upon a person's state of health at the time. If he should be sick or ill-fed or run down it would go hard with him. The best remedy for snakebite is whiskey or any strong alcoholic liquor. It is said that directly the poison enters the blood it causes particles in the blood to congeal into masses, and this soon affects the valves where the blood enters and leaves the heart. In this state the person soon loses the use of his limbs and appears to be suffering from paralysis. Now the blood moves very swiftly

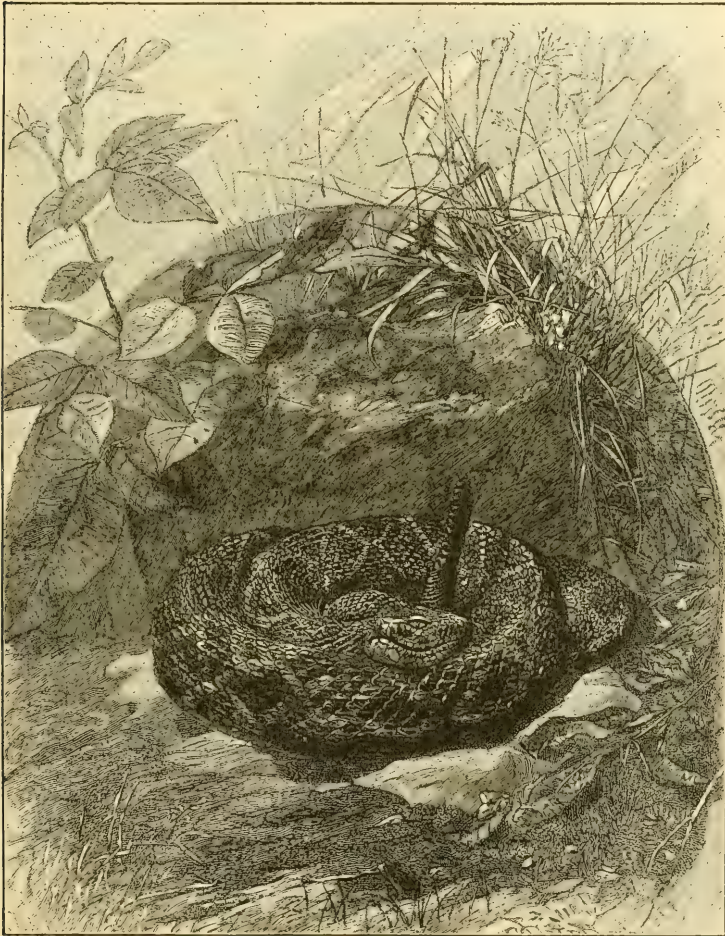


## RATTLESNAKES

through our bodies and it does not take long for the poison to travel. Whiskey is a powerful stimulant and it causes the heart to beat or pump very quickly, so when you see a person who has been bitten becoming

unconscious it is not always a bad sign, for if the heart can be kept pumping it will spread the poison out so that it does not collect in any one spot with sufficient strength to kill; then again the alcohol is needed to keep the heart going to overcome the clogging of the valves.

The poison of



the rattlesnake is contained in a little sac lying near the root. This tooth itself is very sharp, and about one eighth of an inch from its point has a tiny hole which is connected with the poison sac. When the snake bites the poison comes down the little channel and enters the wound. Some writers

## RATTLESNAKES

declare that it is automatic, that is, when the snake bites the jar presses the poison sac and squeezes the venom out.

The rattlesnake's poison looks like a drop of milk. An easy way to see it is to tie a strong, thick, leaf on the end of a long stick and present it to the snake, who strikes at it and the poison will be found on the leaf.

You will probably in the course of your life hear wonderful yarns of rattlers jumping ten feet or more, but receive them with a pinch of salt. A rattler cannot spring more than its own length at most. If you stop and think you will see that it is impossible. When the snake finds an enemy it forms a coil at once with its tail in the middle and its head raised for defence. It keeps its rattle buzzing and it looks very angry. When it does strike it moves like lightning; in fact any person not accustomed to snake's ways might truthfully declare that he did not see the head move at all.

The "rattle" of the snake is very curious. The "buttons" vary in number according to the snake's age and the average is about eight, but the writer has seen as many as sixteen. When rattling the snake sticks the end of its tail up in the air and it is seen vibrating rapidly. The sound produced thereby is like dry peas being shaken in a bladder. One very curious thing about this sound is that at one time it seems to be coming from one direction, when in reality it is coming from the opposite way. Wood choppers and people who have to work in the undergrowth, where the snakes live, throw from time to time chips of wood into the bushes and this is quite sufficient to scare the snakes away.

Rattlers love to lurk in deserted mine shafts and caves. A traveller, well known to the writer, relates that while he was in Mexico, he and a companion entered the shaft of a deserted gold mine. The instant they were completely in the dark their ears were almost stunned by the dreaded rattling. One man struck a match and they saw to their horror that the place was literally full of rattlers. The man who was behind said to his companion "Don't move, there is a snake under your feet." He looked down and sure enough the heel of his boot was upon the head of a large fellow. He had sense enough not to jump but he ground his heel into the dirt and thus killed the snake. Had he tried to get away the chances are that the snake would have had him. Both men drew their revolvers and fired. For an instant the rattling ceased and then they rushed for the entrance and were soon in sunlight again while from the mouth of the pit a greater chorus than ever of rattling was coming out.

A party of men while prospecting in New Mexico halted for lunch

## RATTLESNAKES

among the rocks in a dry and hot canyon. When the meal was over the men lay around smoking awhile. One of the party was stretched at full length on a low rock sunning himself. Suddenly one of the Indian guides slowly stretched out his hand to the nearest rifle and before anyone noticed what was up, he fired. The man on the rock sprang up and found, not a foot from his ear, a large rattlesnake in the throes of death, its head having been shattered by the well aimed shot.

On one occasion some children in California were playing hide and seek in a garden. One little girl went and hid under the low lying branches of a lemon tree. On looking up she saw a big rattler among the leaves just above her head. She screamed in terror; the mother who was close at hand dragged the child out of danger. They found out later that the rattlesnake had a family of young ones close at hand, and so you see one mother was just as anxious as the other.

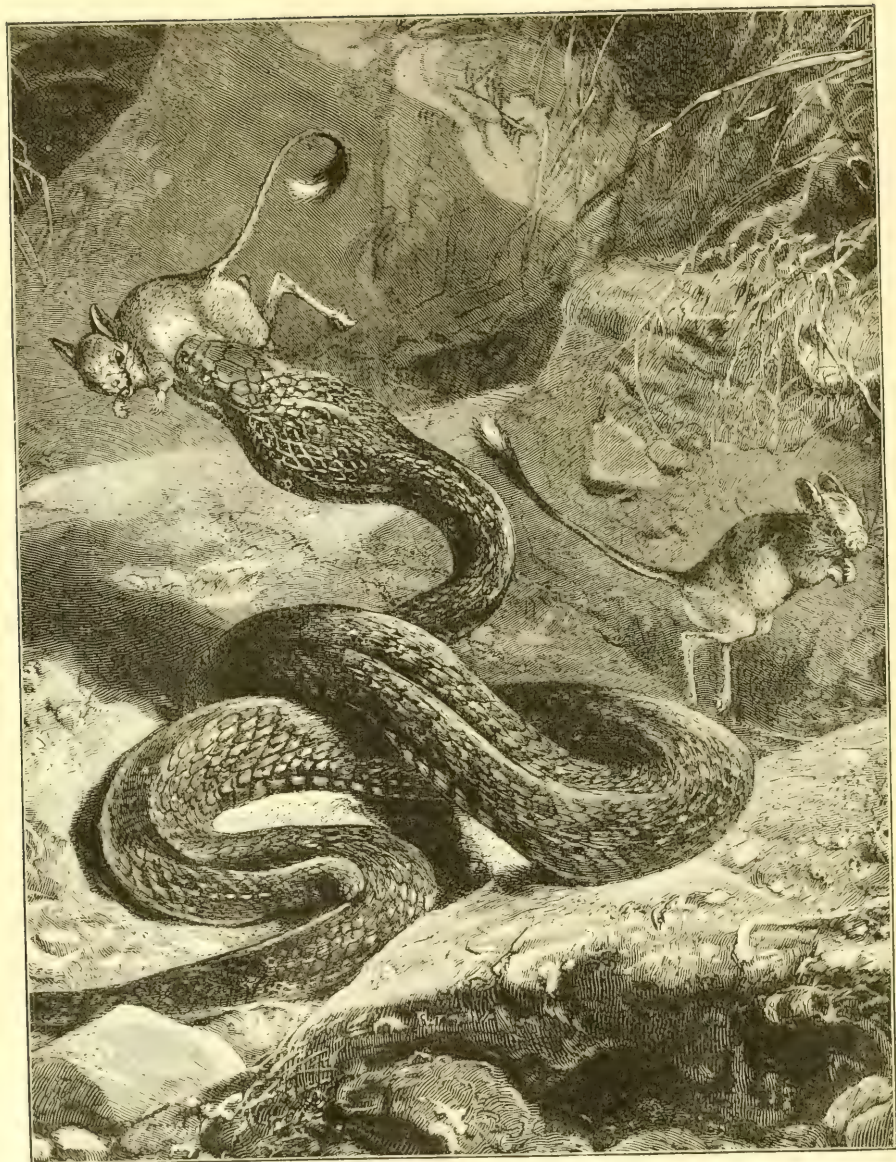
A piece of good advice to anyone who has occasion to travel in countries where rattlers are numerous is to wear thick woolen stockings and over that heavy leather leggings. Then you are safe if you get bitten; the snake's teeth are not long enough to reach the flesh. A snake, unless it is very large indeed, seldom strikes above the knee.

Farmers often resort to a curious way to rid their places of rattlers. It is well known that pigs will kill and eat snakes whenever they can find them. If the snakes bite the pigs in the fat part of the body it will do them no harm, but see that your pigs are fat. This scheme was tried on Guadalupe Island in California but the pigs were of thin, wiry kind and the rattlesnakes cleared them out in no time.

Rattlesnakes are beautifully marked, and are in endless variety of color and pattern. The Diamond Rattlesnake is especially handsome; the skin of this species however soon loses a great deal of its color. The skin of all rattlesnakes is thickish and tough and it is therefore not hard to handle. It can easily be skinned and tanned and made into belts and hat bands.

Nearly every Zoo has a good collection of live rattlers, but they seldom move about so as to give one much of a chance to observe them. The writer one day saw a number of rattlers in the Philadelphia Zoo roused to anger by a dog entering the house, and it was a splendid opportunity to see how the tail worked. It was possible to get within a foot, or so, of it without any danger. Even when wild, rattlers do not appear to be very active. Like all snakes, they can go for months without food, but whether they live to any very great age is not so certain.





A COBRA CATCHING A GERBOA.

## CATCHING GERBOAS

The Gerboa is an odd looking member of the great rodent family. It is about the size of a large rat, and has hind legs of enormous length when compared to the size of its body.

These little creatures are not often seen alive in collections because they are hard to keep. Then again their cages have to be extra large to give them room to jump and sooner or later they are almost sure to break a leg.

The home of the gerboa is on the sandy wastes of Northern Africa. A traveller who was anxious to get some specimens tried to capture them with a dog. The little creatures live in burrows and come out mostly at night. Still there are nearly always some of them about in the daytime. The man would poke one gerboa out of its hole and then set the dog on it. But unless the dog caught it on the first jump the gerboa would always get away. Later on a greyhound was tried but without any better success. The gerboa is able to travel very swiftly over rough ground, while a dog would continually slip through its feet striking the loose stones.

No one would credit the speed of the gerboa unless they had a chance to see the little creature in its wild state, and on level or smooth ground, trying to get away from an enemy. The gerboa goes along in a series of very quick jumps of enormous length, and as it travels its speed gets greater and its jumps longer each second.

The most deadly enemy that the gerboa has is the hooded cobra. This great snake has a novel way of catching its prey. The traveller mentioned had a chance to watch the snake at work, and this was how it set about it. A large cobra was seen lurking near the gerboas' feeding ground and it soon coiled itself up with its head drawn back ready for a swift strike. The gerboas in the meanwhile were leaping about in various directions, and curiously enough never once caught sight of their enemy.

Suddenly a number of the little creatures began leaping in the air as if in play. One of them sprang clean over the cobra but it never moved as it knew that its prey was out of reach, but a few minutes later another gerboa sprang in the same direction but this time much lower. In an instant the snake's head shot out and seized the gerboa firmly. The poor little creature squeaked but it was all up. The other gerboas instantly took to flight, and the snake then slowly went away and was soon coiled up in another place ready to repeat the trick over again. The snake is said to catch the gerboas in this way day after day and the foolish little things never seem to learn wisdom. Fennecs, foxes and other animals also hunt the gerboa, but not to any great extent, for it is very difficult to catch.



## CATCHING MONKEYS.



When you look at cages full of grinning, jumping monkeys do you ever stop to think how the little creatures came out of the woods, and got into the Zoological Gardens? There are men who travel up and down the world, through jungle and river, over mountain and pass, catching wild animals for the various collections in Europe and America. You never hear of their wild adventures, nor even see them, but the monkeys in the cages prove that they exist.

Now capturing monkeys is one of the most difficult and heart breaking branches of the business, for after the little creatures are caught they seldom live. There have been cases where forty monkeys have been shipped to Europe, and only six or seven reaching the end of the journey alive.

South America is the great stronghold of the monkeys, and they are hunted there even for their skins; for many nations and tribes think the monkey's fur the most beautiful in the world.

One of the simplest methods of catching the monkeys is this. The trapper takes a strong cocoanut shell and hollows it out; the hole at the top being only just the size of a monkey's hand. The bottom of the nut is fastened to a chain, which, in its turn, has a stake, at the end which is driven into the ground. The cocoanut is then placed near the trees where the monkeys live. No sooner is the cocoanut seen than the excitement begins. You must know that monkeys are consumed with curiosity, and when they see anything that they do not understand they must climb down the tree and examine it for themselves. So it is never long before some foolish little fellow comes scampering down the trees to the trap. The monkey looks in the hole, and sees something, and plunges its hand in, and grabs a fist full of rice. The trapper, who has been on the watch, runs out of his hiding place. The monkey screams and tries to get away, but it can't pull its clenched fist through the small wrist hole. Either the monkey is too greedy to let go the rice, or else it hasn't sense enough to open its hand. The trapper pops the poor little creature into a sack and sets the trap again. It is curious that this scheme can be worked over and over again without the monkeys finding it out. It seems as though they must put their hands in to see what their companions found there.



There are only two ways in which this simple nut trap fails to work, and the first is that sometimes instead of putting its hand in, the monkey seizes the cocoanut, and shakes the rice out on to the ground. The second way is that often the monkey's hand is so small that it can draw out its fist, when full of rice, without any difficulty at all. The trapper soon remedies this



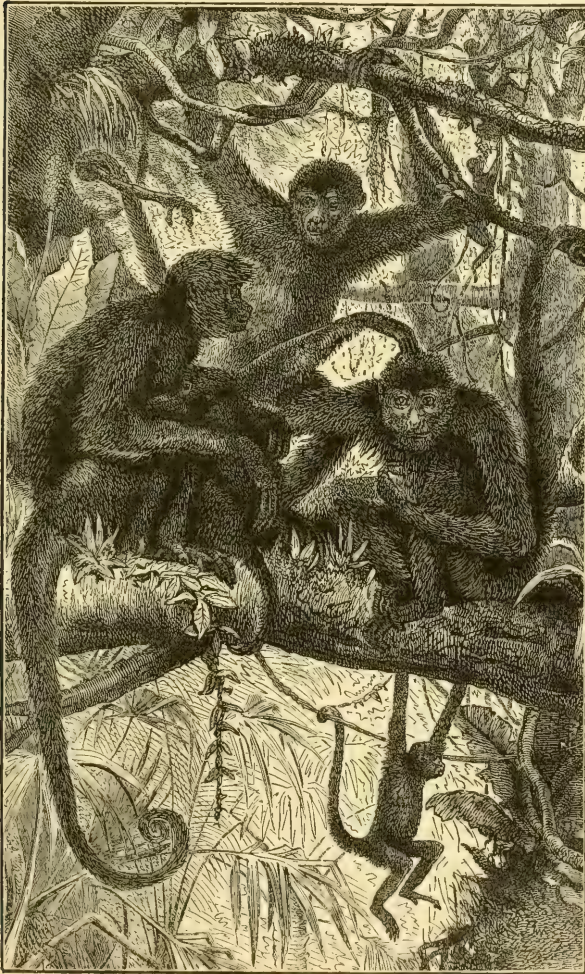
### CATCHING MONKEYS

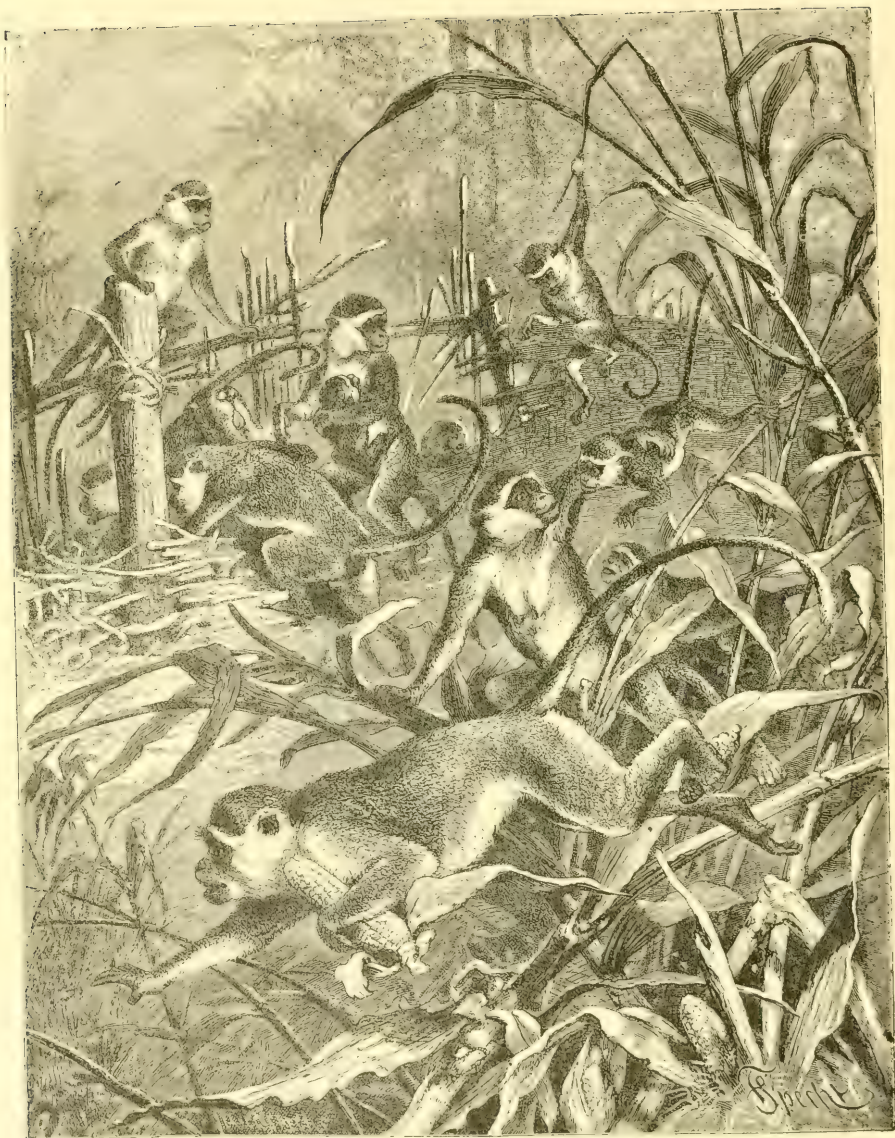
defect however by changing the cocoanut for one with a smaller hole.

Another way that monkeys are trapped is by covering a portion of the ground with a drop net which is suspended about a yard up in the air. Then some very bright object is placed as a bait, such as a tiny mirror with spangles and bright shells attached. The mirror is generally fastened to a small twig, and a string attached. The hunter pulls the string causing the

twig to vibrate, and the sunlight soon makes the mirror flash. Immediately the monkeys are attracted, and down they come to examine the wonderful thing. When they have crept close enough the trapper pulls a cord and the drop net falls. Then wild screams and struggles tell that there are furry prisoners caught in its deadly meshes.

We have heard of a case where monkeys were attracted to a certain spot by some brilliant bait. Then the trapper, who was hidden in the bushes close at hand, imitated a snake's hiss so perfectly that the monkeys became paralyzed with fear. There is nothing that monkeys fear as much as snakes.





A BAND OF GREEN MONKEYS LOOTING A GARDEN.



## CATCHING MONKEYS

On one occasion a large snake climbed high into a tree after some monkeys. It had almost reached its prey when its presence was discovered. Immediately the forest resounded with yells of rage and fright. The snake drove two of the monkeys to the topmost branches where, in their terror, they took enormous leaps to the next tree. Their spring swayed the branch so much that, for a wonder, the snake lost its hold and fell to the ground upon some rocks and was very badly injured. The monkeys seeing that their enemy was disabled, soon scrambled to the ground to get stones and sticks and dirt and then pelted the snake until they killed it. But it is only once in a blue moon that the monkeys have such luck as this. The monkeys also hate the jaguar and tiger, and often when they spy one of the great cats, they follow it from tree to tree pelting it with branches and sticks. The screams and yells and chattering warn every creature within hearing and the best thing the big cat can do is to get away as quickly as possible.

All people who have the misfortune to live near any place where monkeys are numerous declare that they are great nuisances. They will tear the thatch from the bungalows, steal the washing put out to dry and ransack the vegetable garden as though there were no such thing in the world as "mine and thine." One gentleman, who lived in India, told the writer that in his garden were two enormous peach trees, the fruit of which was excellent. The tree itself needed no tending, but it was necessary to keep two natives on watch continually to scare the monkeys off. The little creatures could not be shot as they were sacred, and it was unlawful to kill them. Sometimes monkeys organize in great bands and raid a garden and carry everything away. While the watchmen are busy chasing off one branch of the mauranders another will swarn over the fence and in the twinkling of an eye do all the damage.

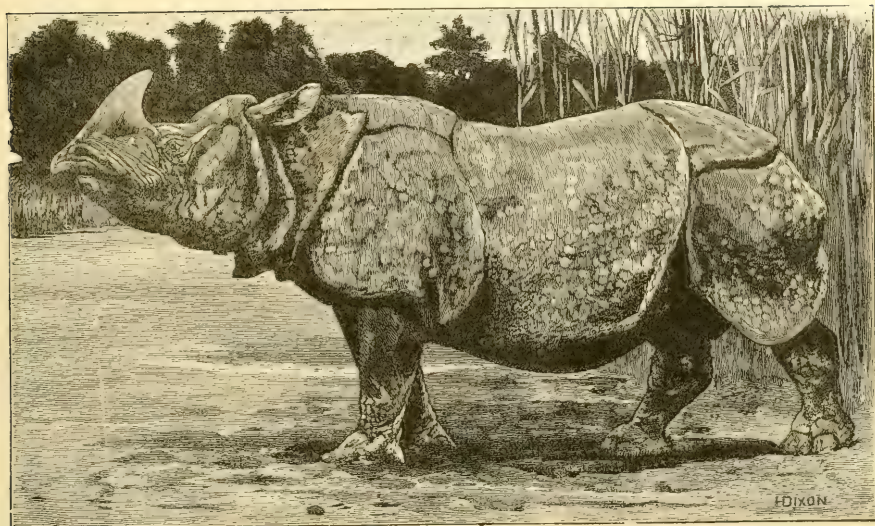
Monkeys will live in cold climates, but they have to be protected against damp for they get chilled very easily. There are a few wild apes left on the Rock of Gibraltar but this is very far north for them to be found. They must have been there since the Straits were formed, or else they may have escaped from the Moors. In Spain there is a legend that the monkeys formed themselves in a mighty rope by holding tails. Then the monkey rope in Africa swung back and forth till the end fellow caught hold of Gibraltar. All the others crossed on this living bridge. Then the African end let go. Since the Philippine Islands have become part of the United States, we can boast of having monkeys, for there are thousands there, but none even in the hottest parts of the United States.





ANGRY RHINOCEROS.

## THE RHINOCEROS.



INDIAN RHINOCEROS.

It is sometimes thought that the RHINOCEROS must have been the animal which the ancients called the unicorn. This family is quite numerous, having members in India, Java, Sumatra, and Africa. The Indian variety is famous for the wrinkled folds of skin which cover the shoulder and leg joints, and give good protection to the owner. The skin of the rhinoceros is so tough that a lead bullet will not pierce it, while the bones of its skull are the thickest of any animal. The African variety has a smooth, tough skin without any shoulder-folds. Throughout Abyssinia the rhinoceros's skin is largely used for war-shields. When rubbed down and oiled it becomes semi-transparent, like dull amber. The horn of the rhinoceros is formed of countless hairs growing together in a compact mass. This horn is quite independent of the skull, for a few days after death it will drop off. It is much sought for to make sword and axe handles, as it is one of the toughest things in the world.

All the rhinoceros family are bad-tempered. Without any reason they will attack a beast or dead object, whichever is nearest. The rhinoceros has been seen to caper about, squealing with rage, and attack a bush, tearing it up and trampling it to pieces. The furious beast will drive its horn into the ground and then rush along until the earth looks as though a huge plough had been over it. Sometimes a lion, or tiger, or a leopard is foolish enough to attack a rhinoceros, but the battle generally ends with the victory to the latter.



## THE RHINOCEROS.

The elephant and rhinoceros stand somewhat in awe of each other. The elephant is nervous and excited when the rhinoceros is near, and even this black, quarrelsome beast will turn aside if it hears an elephant coming, though the rhinoceros will often attack an elephant. The size, weight, and length of tusk of its opponent makes it too risky to fight in a fair battle, but, instead, the crafty rhinoceros lies in wait and rushes upon the elephant unawares, and rips it open with its powerful horn. The elephant cannot see sideways very well, and the rhinoceros, knowing this, lies in wait for its victim until it turns its body to the right angle. But if, by any chance, the rhinoceros misses its strike, a terrific battle takes place, which generally ends in a victory for the elephant.

The African natives have a curious way of killing the rhinoceros. They place a strong looped rope in a shallow pit near the feeding-ground. The rhinoceros, in walking along, puts its foot into the loop and, becoming alarmed, rushes off. At the end of the rope a huge baulk of timber is fastened. It soon gets tired of dragging this weight after it, and often gets it wedged between two trees. The log leaves a clear trail which the natives follow the next day until they find their victim. They then kill it with spears. Sometimes the rope by which the beast is caught breaks, and then things become exciting.



FOLLOWING A NOOSED RHINOCEROS.



## CONDORS

There is no more wonderful and mysterious bird than the American Condor. Of all the feathered folk it is the largest in stretch of wings, with one exception and that is the giant albatross.

It is the largest of the land birds, its wings from tip to tip usually measuring between ten and fourteen feet.

The condor lives in the Andes mountains of South America and may be said to belong to the vulture family.

The condor prefers to live at great heights where a man could not exist. It builds no nest but lays a solitary egg upon a narrow ledge on the face of an inaccessible precipice. The condor thinks nothing of flying as high as twenty thousand feet; in fact it is most frequently found on the edge of the snow line which in itself seldom creeps below fifteen thousand feet. It will fly for hours at a time in great circles, sometimes a mile in circumference without flapping its wings at all. The condor is not the sort of bird that has to feed every day but when the opportunity occurs it gorges itself and then goes away to digest the meal.

The cattlemen wage continuous war on this mighty vulture for it commits great havoc among their flocks, especially the sheep. When carrion is to be found in abundance the condors do not worry the domestic animals but should their supply run short they descend in bands of half a dozen or more to the valleys in search of prey.

Now the most natural way of ridding any place of thieves of this character is by the gun, trap or poison. But the condor is exceedingly difficult to kill. In the first place no trap that was ever made would hold a condor, unless it was of such clumsy dimensions that the bird would not go near it. If the trap is staked to the ground it would brake the chain. Poison is no better for the bird's digestion is marvellous. If it eats poison meat it will eject it at once before it can do any harm. The gun is almost useless too for the vitality of this vulture is enormous. An explorer in South America records that he shot a condor fourteen times before he succeeded in killing it. Among the sheep herders cartridges are scarce and expensive while on the other hand condors are large and numerous.

A great writer on natural history tells a story of a man he met while travelling in Chili who showed him some of the outer pinion feathers, nearly two feet long, which he had taken from a condor's wing. This man killed a mule in a secluded part of a valley where he thought condors would be likely to come, and sure enough in a day or two a flock appeared. They gorged themselves on the carcase to their utmost extent. One huge fellow in



CONDORS MOBBING A PUMA

particular had eaten so much that it could not fly. The man awaited a favorable moment and then rushed at the condor and seized it by the neck. He tried his best to twist the neck in his hands but found that it was an impossible task. The other condors grew very excited and fluttered around the fighting pair but did not actually take a hand in the struggle. Soon the man found that it would be far easier to hold on to the condor than let it go. He had to keep its head out of the way, for he knew that one stroke from its curved beak would knock his brains out; at the same time the condor was trying its best to claw its enemy off. The man's legs were slowly being torn to pieces in the struggle. At last he let go one hand long enough to reach his revolver and placing the barrel close against the condor's head he killed it in a couple of shots. It was many weeks before he recovered from the wounds of the fight. It is doubtful if many of us would take all that risk to gain some coveted feathers.

Throughout South America is found a powerfully built cousin of the leopards and tigers—the Puma. This animal is the great hunter of the west coast and the condors know this and watch its movements with great interest. The condors are not very good hunters themselves and will never take the trouble to attack a wild animal unless it is wounded or otherwise in trouble but they are very well pleased when some other animal undertakes to do the hunting for them. The condors, wheeling high up in the air, can see all that is going on below them. When they spy a puma searching for prey they follow it. A favorite trick of theirs is to wait until the puma brings down an ox or a deer and then they descend and mob the hunter. The puma seldom makes much of a fight and is soon driven off leaving the condors with a nice meal ready to hand.

The condor, first and last, is a scavenger, and in spite of its beauty, it is a very foul bird. The condor is colored in a most striking manner. Its beak is blue-black, its head has no feathers on it but is covered with a wrinkled scarlet skin. Around its neck is a ruff of very fine white feathers. Its wings are black and white and when folded almost hide its legs. Like all birds with an enormous stretch of wings it has great difficulty in rising from the ground and only does so after making a series of comical jumps. But once it gets its balance in the air it is most majestic and sails away, apparently without effort, at the speed of a fast train.

Travellers to the coast cities like Lima frequently have an opportunity of seeing the condor for it is not an uncommon sight to observe a single specimen like a tiny dot wheeling in the sky far above the city.





LASSOING A JAGUAR.

## LASOING A JAGUAR.

A circus proprietor who was traveling in South America was exceedingly struck by the beauty and strength of the Brazilian Jaguar. He offered a large sum of money to anyone who would bring him one alive. The natives made all sorts of clumsy traps but nothing that would tempt a jaguar inside. Others tried to shoot a jaguar so as only to disable it, and then they could put it in a cage; but this would not satisfy the circus man's ideas; nothing but a full grown, uninjured jaguar would do for him. More than one man lost his life in the attempt to capture this forest king, until it became a local saying that a thing was "as difficult as capturing a jaguar."

Now at a village some sixty miles away lived two cowboys, or "vacqueros" as they are sometimes called, and they heard of the reward offered for a live jaguar. They laughed among themselves and said they would surely win the prize. So they secured a bull calf, and went out to a piece of open ground near the forest, and tied it to a stump for bait. Then they retreated to cover to watch. The lowing of the calf soon brought a jaguar to the scene. The magnificent creature bounded toward its prey and then stopped, sniffing suspiciously. Suddenly the two vacqueros galloped up, shouting loudly. The jaguar stood its ground, bewildered, not knowing what the noise meant. Both men had their lassos ready, swinging them threateningly around their heads. This was more than the jaguar could stand, and it sprang with a roar upon the nearest horse; but the rider was too quick for it and instantly threw his lasso over the jaguar's neck. At the same moment the second vacqueros threw his lasso over the jaguar's hind feet, and in spite of its struggles it was a helpless, bound prisoner. But the vacqueros' work was not finished, by any means. They got off their horses, keeping their lasso's taut in their hands and waited until the jaguar became exhausted with its struggles.

For hours the beast tore at the ground until it seemed a marvel that it did not break away. The lasso had been thrown in such a manner that the jaguar could not reach the rawhide rope with its teeth. One vacquero now fastened the end of his rope to a tree and then came up quite close to the beast and threw cords over it, rolling it over and over until it was so tangled that it could not move. In half an hour they had its mouth gagged and its four feet tied together. Then they hoisted it on to a wagon, hauled it to town, and took it to the circus man, who gladly gave them the reward.

The jaguar was sent to the United States and lived for many years in peace. It was famous until the day of its death because of the way it had been captured and for its great strength and beauty.

towards a rock upon which it leaped. The movement had taken the buffalo by surprise, and as soon as she saw what had happened she raced after her fleeing enemy. The lion gained the top of the rock safely however and then lay down, panting, bleeding and growling angrily. The old buffalo bellowed defiance and ran around the rock, trying to get up it and tearing up the turf in her rage. She was evidently daring the lion to come down and finish it out, but the latter had had enough and was not willing. The lion lay close and refused to move, and after lingering near the spot for a couple of hours the buffalo went away.

Now this is where the buffalo's sense of revenge comes in. After sundown the lion, after looking carefully around on every side, stole down from the rock and slunk away a couple of miles to a river where it drank largely and then retired to a shallow sand pit to sleep, for it was well nigh exhausted.

The lion could not have been asleep more than an hour, when a great shadow came stealing along; it was the buffalo, with nose close to the ground treading as lightly as an antelope. Presently she came to the sand pit where, in the bright moonlight, lay her enemy. The lion stirred uneasily in its sleep, as though it vaguely sensed some danger. In an instant the buffalo charged and before the lion could make any defense it was killed. The buffalo drove a horn clean through its body, and then lifting her head hurled the great cat ten yards or more. Then she charged again but there was no need, for the lion lay twitching in death. The buffalo's great rage returned and she stamped the body to pieces and then went away bellowing, evidently feeling that justice had been done. There is no animal in the world that is more affectionate, or takes better care of its young, than the buffalo does.

These cape buffalos go in small herds, and generally under the leadership of a powerful bull. Quite often there is a battle among the males for possession of the herd and the vanquished bull is driven off. This outcast then roams alone, and becomes by far the most dangerous of its kind for all its sullen and vicious qualities stand out more than ever.

One day a solitary buffalo while lying asleep on the edge of a swamp was awakened by an elephant coming down to drink. The buffalo looked up and snorted angrily; then, without giving any warning it charged. The elephant hadn't time to face its enemy and was nearly carried off its feet by the blow on its flanks. The "tuskier" was a big full grown fellow and was soon busy defending itself from attack. The buffalo charged again and again and many times got the worst of it from the elephant's sharp tusks.



So matters went on for fifteen minutes till one of the elephant's tusks broke. Feeling itself crippled, the elephant turned and fled, leaving the victorious buffalo far behind. This incident illustrates how vicious a lonely buffalo becomes. There was no need for the two creatures to quarrel, for neither one was interfering with the other, and the elephant is never reckoned among the irritable brutes.

It is probable that fights occur between buffalos and elephants oftener than is supposed, for elephants are sometimes found with enormous scars low down on their flanks which can be charged only to the buffalo's horns. The rhinoceros marks the elephant in much the same place, but the scars look altogether different. A rhinoceros horn is blunt at the end and therefore makes a broad wound.

In hunting the buffalo from horseback several points should be kept in mind. Many hunters believe that by shattering a leg the buffalo can be crippled, but at close quarters it does not seem to make any difference. Again the buffalo is remarkably quick on its feet for so bulky an animal and can spring from one side to the other as quickly as a cat. Still another point is that when approaching a swamp, especially if there are bushes around, the buffalo is very hard to see. In the first place its hide is a dirty slate color, and whether lying in the mud, or standing in the shadows, it is difficult to see. While passing through the woods the buffalos' horns, which are spread wide apart, become covered with tropical creepers which hang down in festoons on either side. You have no idea how these leaves serve to hide the creature. At times hunters have almost walked on top of a buffalo before they have known what they were doing, and the lack of caution has cost many lives. A buffalo sometimes allows its enemies to come close before it attacks.

There is peculiar smell about a cape buffalo, not a bad smell by any means, but horses greatly dread it. Directly they sniff it in the air they become restless, and in many cases, terror stricken.

A party of Boers were "trekking" to the north of their country, travelling with a wagon drawn by a dozen horses when suddenly the creatures began to rear and plunge. The drivers rushed to their heads and tried to straighten them out. The older men however knew in an instant what was wrong, for they let the horses go, but made for their rifles instead. Out of a thicket came a bull buffalo, with that peculiar swinging trot which all its kind have. The trot soon changed to a gallop and the beast charged right into the bunch of terror stricken horses, killing two right off and maiming a third. A

bullet between the horns seemed to have no effect at all, except that of making the creature turn its attention to the men. One shot broke a fore leg and a second bullet shattered its companion. The buffalo went down of course, but not out. It struggled to rise to its feet and get at its enemies. A third shot through the lungs settled the business. That caravan was so badly wrecked that it was a couple of days before the damages could be repaired and the journey resumed.

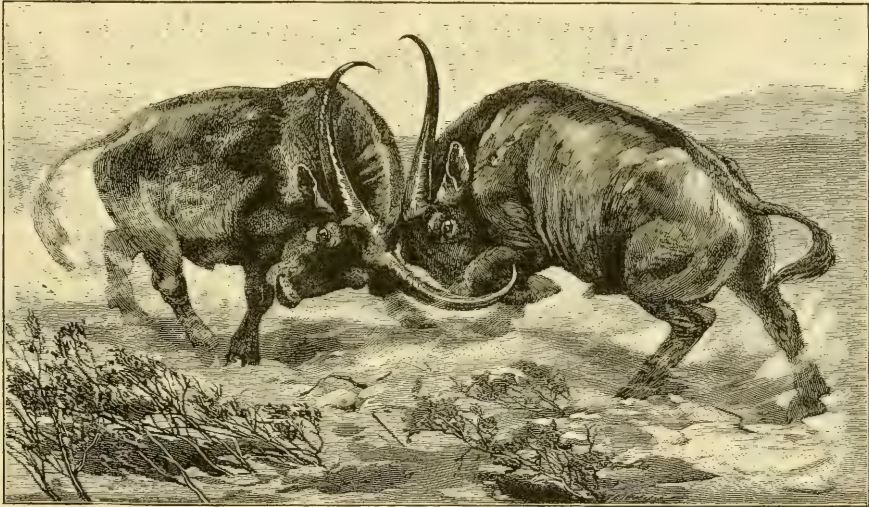
It must be remembered that the buffalo can gallop at great speed, and furthermore it can get up its pace quicker than a horse. One hunter, who was well mounted, shot at a standing buffalo and missed. The brute charged in an instant and before the mare, a spirited arab, could gather herself to her stride the buffalo overtook her and putting its horns under her flanks literally turned her a somersault. Rider and horse were both killed at once.

On another occasion a party of hunters while travelling had considerable trouble with one horse that had broken down. At last the poor creature collapsed and died. While the party were standing about, a buffalo came out of a thicket. All the men, but one, were on horseback, and they scattered in a moment. The man on foot saw that he could not get to his mare, so he hid behind the dead body of the horse. The buffalo trotted up and sniffed at the carcass and seeing the man looked at him in a puzzled way. The hunter made sure that it was his last moment, but a lucky chance helped him. A shot struck the buffalo on the flank and it turned at once and moved a few yards in the direction of the smoke. This was the hunter's chance and he was quick to seize it. His mare was one that had been specially trained for this sort of hunting for she had not deserted her master but with almost human foresight hung around as close to him as she dared. The instant the buffalo's attention was drawn away she came up, and the next moment her master sprang into the saddle. There wasn't a moment's pause, for away she went like the wind and not a minute too soon. The buffalo saw the fleeing animal, and came after it like a whirlwind. Luckily the ground was level, giving the mare a chance to show her best. For half a mile horse and buffalo raced not a quarter of a length apart. Looking over his shoulder the rider could see that the buffalo's horns were almost up to his mount's flanks. There was no need to urge the mare for she knew that her life depended on her gallop, for one false step would have meant disaster. In no sense of the word was the mare in a panic. At last the pace began to tell and the arab drew away a few inches, and then a yard or more. Steadily the gap widened until the buffalo, snorting angrily gave up

## CAPE BUFFALOS AT HOME

the chase as a bad job. The horse, in spite of its superior breeding, had been severely tried and was on the verge of breaking down. The buffalo had abandoned the hunt none too soon.

The hunter on that occasion has often declared since that he and the mare broke every world's record that was ever made for a flat mile. This is not improbable for if you were to turn a speedy cape buffalo loose behind a good thoroughbred race horse, on an American track, it is extremely likely that several seconds would be clipped off the best running time ever made.



In Ceylon there is a buffalo somewhat like our friend of the Cape, only it is black in color, a little smaller, sleeker and with longer but smoother horns. It is built more on the lines of a gigantic Texas steer. However it is just as fierce as its African cousin, and every bit as much to be feared. Hunters are divided in their opinions as to which affords the best and most dangerous hunting. There isn't much to choose between them.

In Ceylon the buffalo has to reckon with the tiger, but not often. Many generations of battles have taught the tigers wisdom. Sometimes that greatest of all thieves, the leopard, will worry a tiny baby buffalo but not if the mother is nearby. The leopard can escape the buffalo's fury by taking to the tree, otherwise matters would go hard with it. The tiger however must fight it out on foot. Taken on the whole the buffalo is as much master of the situation in Ceylon as it is in South Africa.



## TWO CROCODILE STORIES

There are two instances known where one crocodile got the best of a fight and another the worst. This is the first:

A lion was lying in ambush near a drinking place on the banks of the Senegal River, in Africa. It had lain motionless for some time, waiting for game to come along, when a herd of deer appeared. Now the lion had not chosen the best place in the world for a vantage ground, for the river bank was steep and narrow at that point. The deer, led by a fine buck, came down single file nearly to the water's edge. The herd soon smelled the lion and became uneasy. The leader sniffed about on all sides, but finally, not hearing anything, came forward to drink. The lion sprang at it, but too late, for the buck leaped to one side and vanished. The lion, landing on the soft mud, lost its balance and rolled over and over into the water. It regained its feet at length, a little bewildered, snarling angrily. The water just reached to its flanks.

The lion stood still for a minute or more and was just about making for shore when it gave a terrific roar and attempted to plunge forward, but something held it back. A crocodile had slipped up and seized its hind legs in its powerful jaws. The lion was at the mercy of the crocodile; nevertheless, it turned and attacked its enemy ferociously. The crocodile hung on doggedly in spite of the terrible clawing it was receiving, at the same time backing with all its might, keeping its head under water as much as possible for protection.

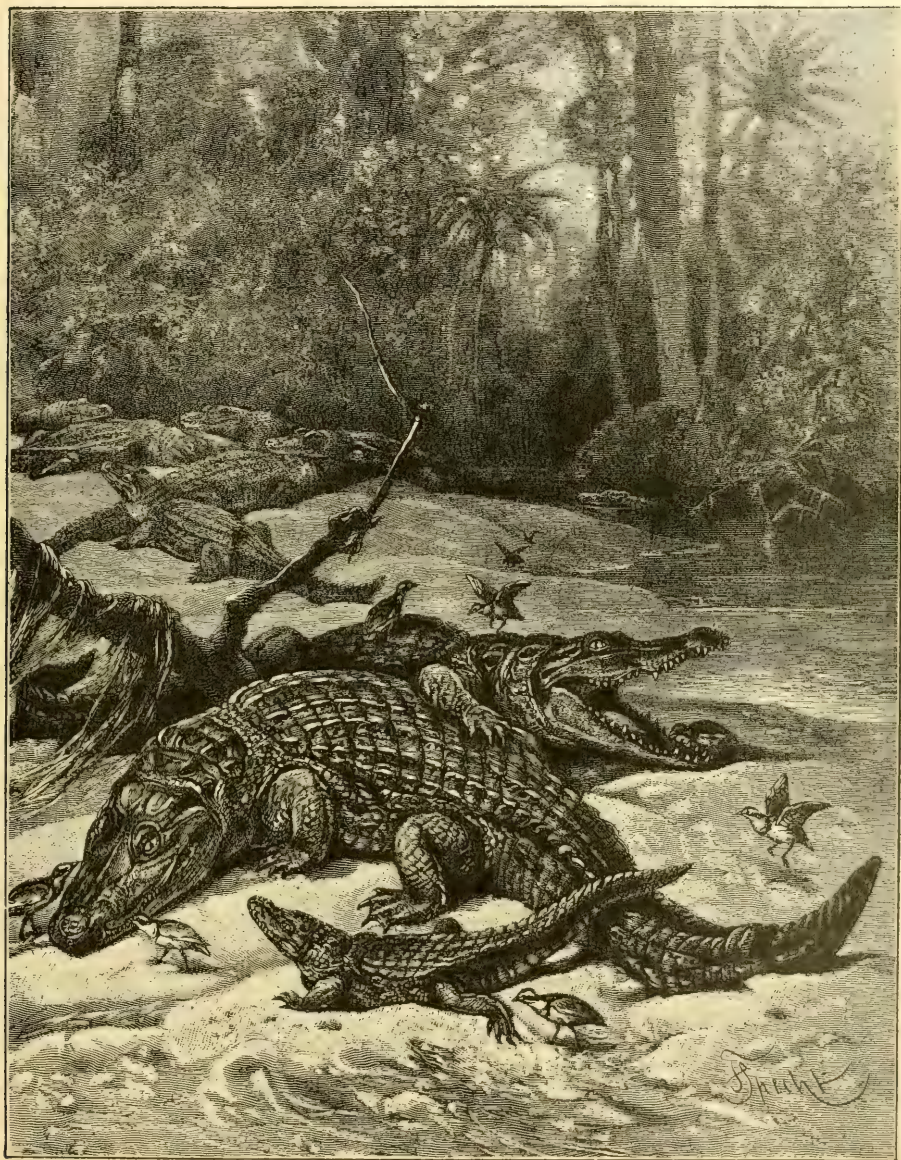
The crocodile was slowly winning, for inch by inch it succeeded in bringing its victim into deeper water. The poor beast gave vent to deafening roars, and amid frantic struggles was slowly pulled under. In a few minutes there was nothing but air bubbles to show where the struggle had taken place.

Ten minutes later the lion's body floated to the surface, and soon the crocodile appeared swimming round and round viewing its handiwork with satisfaction.

The second story, tells how the crocodile got the worst of the fight.

A number of buffalos came down to the water to drink. While doing so a very large crocodile made a rush for the largest buffalo, seizing it by the snout. There was a grand tug of war for several minutes, neither gaining any advantage; but slowly the buffalo succeeded in drawing the crocodile out of the water; yet it would not let go its hold. The other buffalos came to the rescue of their companion, attacking the crocodile fiercely.

A lion and a pair of leopards, attracted by the sound of the battle, stood



BASKING CROCODILES.



## TWO CROCODILE STORIES

looking on without attempting to take any part in the fray. The fight was too hot for them, and they were willing to be only spectators.

The crocodile, by vigorously switching its tail, succeeded in breaking the legs of two of the buffalos, putting them out of the fight. Then the crocodile, fearing for its life, let go of the buffalo's nose and tried to escape into the water, but its foe and the remaining unhurt buffalo followed it up quickly. During the struggle the crocodile seized the buffalo's nose again, this time drawing it steadily toward the water. When the crocodile had only about ten feet more to go, the second buffalo rushed at it and buried its horns into its side. This was the end of the poor crocodile, for the wound was fatal, and it fell over on its side, dead. The buffalo which had its snout mangled also had a leg broken. So, in a fight of four against one, the crocodile had succeeded in disabling three of its enemies. The buffalos with broken legs being unable to move, became a splendid meal later on for the lion and the leopards.

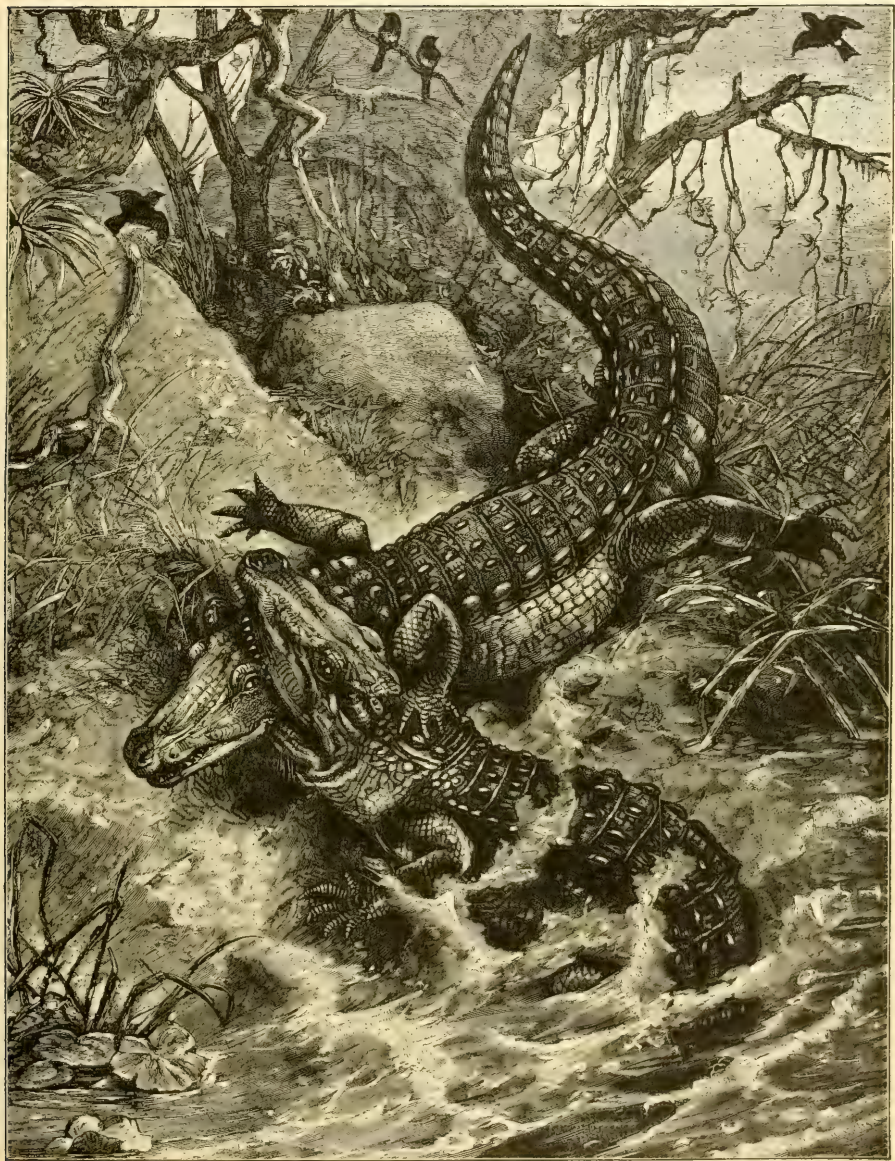
This story is a good illustration of the crocodiles' enormous strength and vitality. Crocodiles are very quarrelsome and fight great battles among themselves for hours at a time. Any hunter who has shot large specimens can testify that the creatures' heads are literally covered with scars received in former fights.

When crocodiles take possession of a river all other creatures except the hippopotamus give it place. This animal is too big and powerful a swimmer, and too savage even for the crocodile to handle, therefore the hippopotamuses and the crocodiles live in mutual respect and peace. Once in a while a crocodile will try to steal a baby hippo, and then a fight takes place which the river folk remember for many moons.

Crocodiles are treacherous. They love to lurk near fords or places where the women come to wash. They sneak up in the shallow water and seize their victims. In parts of the Nile, near Khartoum, hardly a day passes without some poor native being carried off by a crocodile. There are instances on record where a crocodile has charged a canoe, upset it, and then attacked the rowers as they struggled in the water.

Sir Samuel Baker mentions a case where a back-water of the Nile had been dammed off to make a safe and shallow bathing place for the people of the village. Somehow a crocodile got in. One day awful shrieks were heard coming from the pond, and the men, rushing to the place, found that a woman had been carried off. The crocodile could not get out, so the assembled villagers leisurely shot the beast to death.





A FIGHT BETWEEN CROCODILES.





A STAG BELLOWING A CHALLENGE TO A RIVAL.

## HUNTING DEER

Deer hunting is quite a different sport in the United States to what it is in Scotland. There the deer live in "forests" which are really open mountains and only covered in spots by trees. Keeping up a deer forest is a very expensive business for the amount of fun that the owner gets out of it. Some time ago it was reported that every deer killed by sportsmen in Scotland cost over seven hundred dollars per head.

A gentleman who was invited to a deer shoot in the Highlands gives this account of the sport. A party of six composed of three men and three deer keepers set out for the day. The men started off on ponies so as to get over the ground without fatigue. When the line of heather was reached the ponies were left behind in the charge of boys. Here the party separated. The oldest keeper, much to his disgust, was sent with our friend, for the Scotchman found out that his charge was a "yankee." The old keeper's knowledge of the Americas was limited, so he summed up the entire population in one contemptuous term. But before the day was over things came to pass that changed the hardy highlander's opinions.

The pair set off at a sharp pace and the keeper's eye twinkled approvingly when he saw the guest striding easily alongside him, step for step. At last they reached the brow of a splendid hill and scanned the valley beneath. On the farther side a fine stag was seen feeding and was immediately marked.

Now to get within striking distance it was necessary to make a detour of about four miles, and this was found later on to be nearer five, for the stag had wandered on a mile or more while the two men were approaching. Keeping in the right wind the men stalked very cautiously. A new difficulty presented itself, for the cover came to an end, and it was impossible to get closer without being seen. The hunter and the keeper were all but winded for they had done the last quarter of a mile on hands and knees, taking advantage of every scrap of cover afforded by brush and rock. Lying in the shade of a large boulder the hunter prepared to fire. The old keeper looked anxiously at the American and said—"careful now, you'll get nae second shot at yon beastie." Just then the report of a gun far away, rang out sharp and clear. The stag looked up instantly in alarm. It paused with one foot in the air and then prepared to run. At its first movement the hunter fired and the splendid creature fell stone dead. The old keeper was silent a moment and then said. "My! but you're a bonny lad with the gun." From that instant their friendship was sealed.

While waiting for the "follower" to come up, the two men got to talking and then it was that the sturdy highlander found that his man was no green-





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horn as he had supposed, but that he had followed the deer in the Carolinas, Wyoming, California and other places. At last the pony arrived and the stag was hoisted onto its back and a return made to the house. The other two keepers were met on the way home and both of them were in deep disgust and looking very sulky. The guests had each missed, one an easy and the other a difficult shot, and were now loud in explanations of how it happened.

The true stag is a splendid creature having large antlers with many points. These points increase in number as the stag grows older. The stags are quarrelsome and very jealous of each other. In the mating season great battles take place for the possession of the does. As a rule these creatures go in herds, composed of young half grown males, does and their fawns—all under the rule and leadership of a splendid antlered stag. The stags are very timid and take alarm at the least unusual noise; also their sight and sense of smell is excellent.

Fallow deer are in great request as ornaments to private parks. They soon become very tame and may be approached without danger. There is one period of the year however when it isn't safe

to go near any of the deer family, for at this time they are very uncertain in temper. These fits correspond to the "must" periods of the elephants. There







DEER COMING OUT INTO THE OPEN.

## DEER HUNTING



chance, and mink and gluttons account for numbers of the missing fawns. Deer in England are hunted after the manner of foxes. The dogs used are larger and more powerfully built than the foxhound, but nevertheless the two look a good deal alike when seen side by side.

The Exmoor Country is the head-quarters of the stag hunting and a turnout is a sight to see. The pack of dogs often number over one hundred and fifty head and perhaps there will be half as many riders following them.





MARTENS ATTACKING A FAWN





A KANGAROO HUNT.

## THE KANGAROO.

The KANGAROO lives in Australia. It is usually found in small companies, and always in charge of a leader. The kangaroo was first discovered by Captain Cook, in New South Wales, in 1770, and it is said that when the sailors asked the natives the name of the strange animal they replied, "Kangaroo," which, as a matter of fact, meant in their language, "What do you say?" However, this name has remained unchanged ever since.

The skin of the kangaroo makes very fine leather, and its flesh is good to eat. The native Australians say that it affords the best hunting on the continent. The men ride on horse-back, while a pack of large, fierce hounds follow the kangaroo, which goes over the ground at a curious gait, consisting of a series of immense leaps. Its hind legs are of great size and strength, and when brought to bay the creature defends itself with kicks. The front legs are very small, and do not seem to be of much use except to convey food to the mouth. When a kangaroo is chased by hunters, it has an odd habit of looking back over its shoulder, and instances have been known where it has collided with a tree, and thus brought itself to an untimely end.

Perhaps the most wonderful part of the kangaroo is the pouch in which it carries its young. The baby kangaroo, when first born, is not much over an inch or two in length, and for about eight months it lives in this pouch, until it is strong enough to hop about beside its mother. The doe kangaroo is very watchful of her young, for at the least suspicion of danger, the youngster scrambles into the pouch, and away goes the mother in gigantic leaps. The kangaroo thrives well in England. Quite a number have been brought from Australia, and are now to be seen in some of the parks, hopping about quite comfortably. They breed freely, too, and appear to stand the damp climate very well. When Captain Cook first discovered the kangaroo, they roamed







everywhere in great numbers from little ones, the size of a rabbit, to the old fellows, as tall as a man; but now they are becoming very rare, and it looks as though many species might become extinct.

At present the kangaroo is limited to the less frequented bush lands, far from the towns.

The kangaroo can be taught to box with boxing-gloves. This is sometimes seen in a circus, but the show is always attended with some little danger, for the instant the kangaroo thinks it is getting the worst of it, it will kick, and a kick from a full-grown kangaroo means great injury, if not death outright.

### THE TREE KANGAROO.

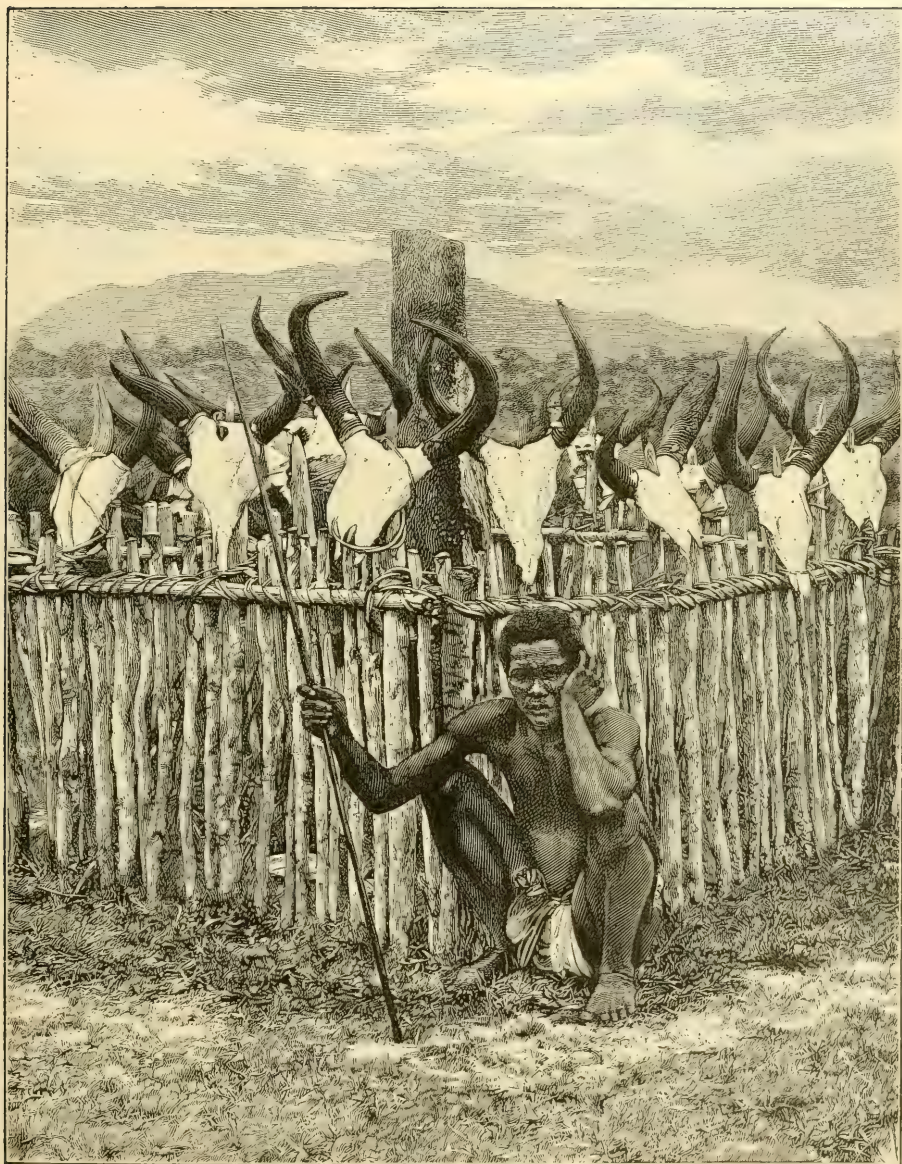
In New Guinea is found the TREE KANGAROO. It seems odd to think that one of this curious tribe of animals should be able to

climb trees, but nevertheless it is a fact. The tree kangaroo scales the trees with great ease in its search for leaves and wild fruit, on which it lives.

The natives of New Guinea always try to avoid killing the tree kangaroo. Any native who should be unlucky enough to kill one by accident is immediately sent away into the forest by his companions, for fear of his bringing bad luck to the tribe, and no one is allowed to go near him, or take him any food. As venomous snakes and dangerous wild animals abound in the jungles the native exile seldom comes back again.

But little is known of this animal in its wild state, beyond the fact that it is very sly and silent. Its fur is beautiful, and of a rich dark color. There is also another climbing kangaroo which lives among the rocks, and by its extraordinary power of leaping from one boulder to another, defies all pursuit. This is its way of escaping when chased by a pack of dingo dogs.





A ZULU HUNTER AND HIS TROPHIES

## A MIGRATION OF THE SPRING BOKS

One of the most wonderful of the antelope family found in South Africa is the Spring Bok. While running, the animal has a habit of leaping in the air, sometimes as high as ten feet; hence its name,—“Spring” Bok.

At certain times, generally about once in five years, the Spring Boks make the most marvelous migrations. No one seems to know quite why these long journeys are undertaken. There is one curious fact, however, which throws a light upon the subject: and that is that whenever the Spring Boks migrate the section of country that they move out of is almost certain to be visited by famine. Therefore it would seem that in some mysterious way these animals are able to know a long time ahead when their food supply will run short.

Two gentlemen who were hunting in the northern part of the Transvaal had been welcomed into the house of a Boer ranchman. Soon after sundown their host returned home and told the hunters that if they were willing to go with him in the morning he would show them a sight that would make them open their eyes. Of course they asked what they were to see, but all they could get out of him was that the “Boks were moving.” The whole party went to bed for a few hours to get some rest.

Long before dawn the Boer came and roused his guests and told them it was time to be off. After a hasty breakfast they mounted their horses and set out at a gallop. The Boer lead the way across the rolling veldt until they came to another ranch-house where a party of men were waiting to go with them. In answer to the Boer's question a Kaffir told them that the Spring Boks were in the flat of the valley about five miles away. It was decided to take a long ride following the shape of a half moon, so as to head off the herd, if possible. After a long gallop the party suddenly came in sight of the valley. The hunters then saw a sight which they are never likely to forget. As far as the eye could reach the land seemed one moving mass of animals. The ranchmen, accustomed to estimating the number of sheep, in large herds began to ask each other how many Spring Boks could be seen. When they had all looked closely they agreed that there must have been nearly half a million animals in sight.

After a while the leaders of the herd came up quite close to where the men were standing and immediately everyone opened fire at short range. The cracks of the rifles terrified the herd, and they began a mad stampede. For some time the animals could be seen rushing about in all directions, and then everything was blotted out in the huge cloud of dust raised by their wild, dashing feet. Occasionally there would be a break in the dust cloud and the





SPRING-BOKS MIGRATING.



hunters could see that the mighty band was still moving swiftly on. The men shot until they were tired, and succeeded in killing many more than they could carry away. Toward sundown the last of the herd passed north, followed by an army of birds of prey, jackals, hyenas, and an occasional leopard. The wild animals were so intent upon killing the Spring Boks that for a while they seemed to leave each other alone, and a band of hyenas and jackals would be seen running almost within springing distance of a lion.

As a rule, the Spring Bok is rather a difficult animal to shoot. A hunter once spent a whole day trying to get within gun shot of a small herd. He knew that if they once got wind of, or caught sight of, him, the whole herd would vanish as if by magic. At length, after long waiting, he made his way to a rock from behind which he was able to take aim. Just as he was about to raise his rifle he noticed not a hundred yards away a movement in the grass, and before he could make out what was causing it a magnificent lion with a roar sprang out and brought down the largest buck of the herd. The hunter fired at the lion who, astonished at the noise, sprang up angrily from its prey and looked around. The shot evidently missed, for the lion seized the Spring Bok in its mouth and moved off, growling fiercely. In spite of all his efforts, the hunter failed to come within sight of the herd after that, and had to give up the chase.

Another hunter once managed to creep up quite close to where about a dozen Spring Boks were feeding. Suddenly he noticed that they were greatly excited evidently by something they could see in the grass. Presently a huge snake crept into sight. It was tossing its head from side to side, hissing venomously, and trying to escape. The hunter was curious to see what the animals would do, so he crouched down and watched. The Spring Boks all collected in a ring and then took turns in leaping in the air and bringing their four, sharp, pointed, hoofs down together upon the snake's back. The reptile struck out viciously but did not seem to injure the animals. Soon the hunter saw that the snake was bleeding and showing signs of weakness. Then all the animals joined in the fray leaping and dashing together over the spot where the snake lay. In a few minutes every spark of life had been trampled out of the great reptile.

The hunter, in his anxiety to see the struggle, had risen on his knees, when the leader saw him the herd instantly stampeded.

Although he did not get a shot, the hunter could rejoice at having seen the Spring Boks kill a snake in the way of which he had so often heard, and which had so often been dubbed as a lie.

## STORIES OF THE ORANG-UTAN

Nearly all Museums throughout the United States contain stuffed specimens of the Orang-utan, but very few Zoos contain a live one, for the reason that the great ape is very difficult to catch, and moreover it does not live long when removed from its native home.

The orang-utan is found in the Island of Sumatra which, as you will see by the map, is next door to Java in the Malay Archipelago. This great island is one of a chain that joins Borneo and Siam to Australia.

In its native land the orang is often called the "Mias." This ape is enormous in bulk and strength. Its arms are nearly as long as its entire body. Being an ape it has no tail. Its fur is long and coarse, and is of a reddish tint. When seen in a strong light it looks fiery. Its jaw is very large and its brain space small in proportion to the size of the head. Its chest is a marvel of muscular strength.

Mr Wallace, the great English naturalist, was the first man to call attention to the orang, for he went out to Sumatra and studied the beast in its native haunts. Furthermore he is said to have been the first man to bring a live specimen to England.

In one way the orang is unlike any other large ape in that it builds a nest, or more properly speaking, a hammock of green-leaved boughs in which it sleeps. Now the gorilla is so fierce that very few animals can live near it, but this is not so in the case of the orang as it is not nearly as quarrelsome. Near its haunts numerous monkeys, small animals and birds are to be found.

Capturing the orang is a task which takes the utmost nerve and skill. In fact it is almost useless to try and get an old fellow, for by the time it is caged it is sure to have been mortally wounded in the struggle.

A traveller who had seen the natives of Sumatra tackle the orang in its native haunts gave this account of the fight. The party searched the forest for some time until they came upon an old male, its mate and a young one. The female, clutching her baby, scrambled off at once while the male formed the rear guard and prepared to beat off any attack. The huge creature was a terrible sight. It roared and beat its chest with its clenched fists—its fiery hair standing erect, a picture of diabolical fury.

The orang advanced upon its enemies and singling out one big fellow with a spear rushed upon him. The man stood his ground bravely enough but the beast was too quick for him, and seizing the stout spear broke it as though it were a twig and at the same time bit the man's left arm off. It then turned its attention to the others but was overcome by numbers. At last it fell dead after having been thrust through the body with spears.



AN ORANG-UTAN AT BAY



The orang is never trapped for no man has yet succeeded in making a trap that one will enter and at the same time be strong enough to hold it when its anger is aroused. No one would doubt this statement for a moment if they had ever beheld such a creature in a passion.

On another occasion a hunter, single handed, killed a mother orang with a clean rifle shot through the heart. A little orang was clinging to her breasts and crying like a human baby. He seized the youngster and started to make his way back but he had not gone far when he heard a crashing of branches behind him. He turned and saw that the male orang was hot upon his trail. He discovered to his alarm that an orang could swing itself along through the trees with nearly the same speed that he could run on foot. He had sense enough to drop the baby and fly. The orang paused to pick up the little one and this hampered its progress and allowed the hunter time to escape. A day later the hunter was anxious to return and see if he could find the baby orang again, but the natives begged him not to, for they told him that the chances of losing his life were much more numerous than those of getting his prize. As a matter of fact the male orang raged through the forest for several nights and filled the natives with the greatest fear.

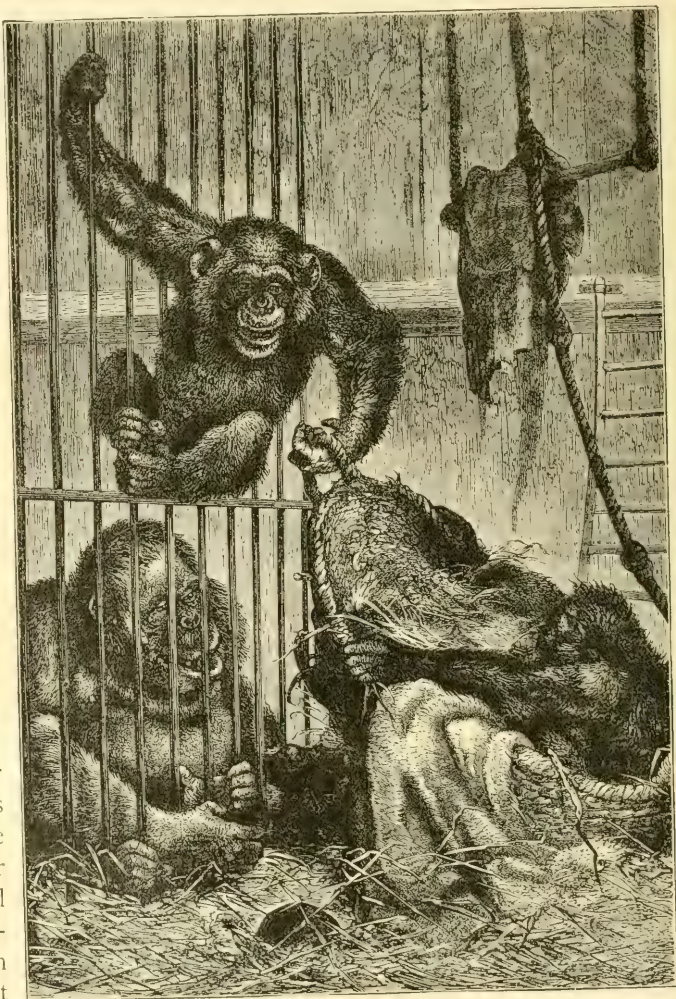
The only thing that the orangs stand in terror of are the great snakes. On one occasion a pair of orangs left their young one sound asleep in their hammock and went off in search of food knowing that no small beast would dare touch it. But a mighty serpent who was travelling through the trees spied the baby and proceeded to steal it. Slowly but surely the snake crept closer to its prey until it was near enough to strike. Like lightning it wound its coils around the poor youngster. The most piteous squeals were heard and soon there was a loud crashing of branches as the old orangs were hastening to the rescue. The snake heard them coming too and unwound its coils and allowed the baby to go loose, but it fell helplessly to the ground. The snake prepared to do battle, as well it might, for the orangs were close upon it. When they saw their baby stretched out their rage knew no bounds. With hoarse cries they advanced upon their enemy and a fight ensued which it is not often man's lot to witness. The noise was terrific. Troops of monkeys screaming in alarm, swung from the upper branches, while thousands of parrots and tropical birds wheeled above the tree tops adding their cries to the din. The snake struck the first blow and wound its coils around the mother orang, while with its head it endeavoured to keep the male off. But two to one gained the day. The male orang bleeding in half a dozen places at once, kept up the fight until it got the snake's head in its hands and then

## STORIES OF THE ORANG-UTAN

by sheer strength crushed it and dragged the body coil for coil from its mate. The snake, now lifeless, fell among some rocks where the orangs followed it and literally tore it to pieces. Then they went to look at the baby. Life was still flickering in its poor little body, and the mother, disregarding her own wounds, picked it up and nestled it to her. But it was too late, for the injured little thing soon died in its mother's arms. The parents set up loud cries and beat their breasts in anguish. The next day the mother was seen still holding her dead youngster in her arms.

Orangs undoubtedly fear snakes. Several stories are told of men who could give a lifelike imitation of the hiss of a snake, and thereby cause the great apes to crouch in a corner and quake with terror.

All monkeys and apes in fact fear snakes and leopards for both these creatures are their deadly enemies and moreover can follow them through the trees so that







AN ORANG-UTAN AT HOME.





they are never safe. When you hear a colony of monkeys break into an uproar in the middle of the night you may be sure that a snake has got among them and carried off one of their number. The only means of defense that the monkeys have is to get cocoanuts and stones and drop them on their enemy.

The strength of the orang is very great. Many incidents have occurred wherein the ape has twisted a gun barrel as though it were made of wire, and even solid iron has yielded in its grasp. It will grip and break with one hand a tree branch that would take the strength of several men to do likewise. It can lift enormous weights with out any effort at all. A story is told of an orang that was brought to London and, as the keepers thought, safely caged for the night. The next morning the bars were found bent asunder and the ape nowhere to be seen. Consternation reigned in the Zoo. The news spread like wild-fire and people fled in all directions. Eventually the orang was found in a dark corner, very cold and hungry. It was coaxed back into the cage in which it had been brought from the docks and from there transferred to another home, this time of strong steel.

In captivity the orang is gentle and not nearly as treacherous as some of the apes, but this is only as long as it is well treated and never teased. It will remember an injury for a long time and its vengeance is terrible if it ever gets a chance to wreak it.

The house in which oranges are to be kept must be very dry for when they are placed near damp they soon get consumption and die. For so large and strong an animal they are exceedingly delicate.

When baby oranges are sick they allow themselves to be doctored and will submit to being tucked up in blankets and kept warm just like children. They seem to know by instinct that it is being done for their own good.

Orangs are intelligent and can be taught many tricks and even be made to sit up at a table and eat with a spoon and use a napkin. Kipling, in one of his books, tells of a Frenchman who lived in Sumatra and who had caught an orang when a baby and tamed it. The orang would fetch his slippers, sit in a chair at table and smoke cigars just like a human being. All went well for a few years until the Frenchman married a wife. The orang immediately became very jealous and one day, when its master was out of the way, it strangled the woman. Sometimes when oranges-utans are caged near other apes they become quite friendly, especially if they are young, and they will play together through the bars. They love to get hold of a piece of looking glass or colored ribbon. They will work themselves up into a great excitement and have a rough and tumble scramble for its possession.





A SICK BABY ORANG-UTAN.

Orang-Utans eat nothing but fruit when they are wild, and they pick out the best. When caged however they will sometimes eat warm boiled rice. Pineapples and oranges they dearly love as any one can testify who has seen a keeper approach their cage holding one of these fruits in his hand. They leap up and down just like naughty children and scream and shake the bars of their cage until the dainties are handed in to them.

What the Gorilla is to the West Coast of Africa the Orang-Utan is to the Far East; although there is a great difference between the two creatures. The orang is not nearly as fierce, nor as large as its cousin, and moreover the one is colored red while the other is slaty black.

One day a hunter who was looking for small game birds suddenly came face to face with a full grown male orang-utan. It was the first time he had seen the ape and for a few minutes he lost all sense of fear, so interested was he in looking at the great creature. The orang, on its part, had evidently never seen a white man before. After the pair had looked at each other to their heart's content, the orang turned round and went about its business. At no time did it show any signs of anger or attempt to injure the hunter. The natives do not hold the orang in the terror that Africans do the gorilla, but their feeling is rather one of awe, for they know perfectly well that the "red one" must be left alone or else it will revenge itself upon its enemies in dreadful fashion.

Small boys flatter themselves that they are good climbers, but they should see an orang "hand over hand" up a big tree; with its enormous stretch of arms it is able to move at great speed. The leopard is reckoned a good climber but the orang would overtake it in no time.

A full grown male orang-utan, in perfect health and strength, frequently measures over seven feet when its arms are included, and this is no beast for a poor miserable man to tackle unless he has the best of rifles and is sure of his aim. He will but seldom kill an orang at the first shot, and the best he can hope to do is to check its rush but woe betide him if he misses altogether, for in spite of its great bulk the orang-utan is wonderfully quick and will charge its enemy like lightning.

Many a hunter has paid with his life for his ignorance while hunting this great ape. The orang does not seem to be so very strong and its clumsy build, and shuffling movements give the impression that it is not agile, but no greater mistake can be made. The natives of Sumatra tell many stories of the orang-utans and their feats of strength and great endurance, and surely they ought to know what they are talking about.





A MEETING AMONG THE BRANCHES.



## A SERVAL MEETS A SNAKE

It has been said that at one period of the worlds' history, man made a pet of an animal very like, but much larger than, the ordinary cat. Now if the people of today were to need a more powerful cat than the one they have, the Serval would probably get the job.

The serval is much larger than the "tabby," but smaller than the mountain lion; the latter itself is not a very big member of its family. The serval is easily tamed and becomes very affectionate and playful, but it is more or less of a dangerous creature to have around. As long as it is not teased, or its temper aroused, it is safe enough, but once it is angry no unarmed man could face it. Its claws and teeth are long and sharp.

The serval is pretty, graceful and wonderfully active. It is long-legged and is able to spring great distances. It can climb very well when it wants to although it does not often do so.

A traveller, while passing through a small jungle, saw a serval intently watching some birds. It was unaware of the man-enemy behind and consequently gave a good opportunity to observe its movements. The birds also did not know that danger was lurking so near them. After creeping as close as it dared, without alarming its prey, it sprang. The distance was too great and the birds got away. The serval had come so swiftly, that the birds did not try to rise in the air, but scudded along a few feet from the ground. The serval followed one particular bird at a pace that would put a racehorse to shame. Suddenly the bird swerved into the branches of a small tree, and the serval, making one last spring, followed close behind.

The bird was too quick and the serval crashed into the branches. In the fork of the tree was a large snake which raised its head and hissed angrily. The serval drew back growling fiercely, but not quite quick enough. The snake struck, but as it did so the serval grasped its head between its paws. Both combatants lost their grips, and rolled to the ground together. The snake immediately coiled and recoiled around its victim till its body looked like some huge whip-lash. The snake's advantage only lasted for a moment or two, for the serval, by sheer strength, clawed its enemy off. The snake was terribly lacerated, and its body was covered with blood. It turned over and over in its fight against death, but its wriggling soon grew less and less, until it ceased altogether. But the serval was even worse off. The snake had bitten again and again, and the deadly poison was making headway through its system. It lay with its tongue out and panting as though suffering from thirst. A few minutes later it was dead, and the white ants crept out of their nests to attend to both the bodies.



ARABS CLUBBING OSTRICHES

## OSTRICH HUNTING

An Englishman staying in South Africa was invited to shoot some ostriches. He was posted behind a rock, while a horseman drove one of the large birds towards him. He did not take any very careful aim. He fired, and was disgusted to see the dust spattered two yards behind the fleeing bird. Then it was that he realized that he had shot, broadside on, at one of the swiftest of all living creatures.

The arabs hunt the ostriches in the primitive way, that is from the saddle. To catch these large birds it is necessary to surprise them, for they can run at a terrific pace once they get started. Their legs are very long and powerful, causing them to move with a great swinging stride which often covers fifteen or twenty feet of ground. The Arabs mount their fleetest horses, and rush in among the ostriches, and club as many as they can reach.

The ostrich sometimes defends itself, and it is said that an unarmed man on foot would stand no chance against an angry male bird. The toe of the ostrich is large and tough and sharp and is always used in fighting with a slashing, downward stroke. More than one white man has had his side ripped open, or his brains knocked out by a single blow.

The ostrich used to be found in great numbers from Cape Colony to many degrees north, but it was rapidly killed off for the sake of its feathers. As long as the natives hunted it, the slaughter was not very great, but with the coming of the white man and the magazine rifle, all animal and bird life suffered. But even the white hunter has a grain of sense, for he has now taken to raising ostriches on farms for the sake of the feathers.

The ostrich is ugly, vicious, clumsy and stupid. Even its feathers do not look to be worth much until the hand of man has dyed and curled them. Its temper is especially bad and it is as obstinate as a mule. Its digestion is proverbial, for it will swallow bolts, screws, pieces of glass and things like that without apparently suffering any ill effects. You often hear people say that some one has the "digestion of an ostrich."

On the Pampas of South America is to be found an ostrich which is not as large, nor as fine in feathers, as its African cousin. It is possible that the American species has degenerated, for thousands of years ago the ancient Peruvians wore the most magnificent feathers, which apparently came from this bird. The Indians hunt the South American ostrich with the lasso, or "bolas"—that is, a lasso having stones attached at either end of the rope. These stones when flung wind the rope around the ostrich's leg and thus cripple it completely. This "bolas," and the way it is used, has been fully described in other stories in this book.





BEAVERS AT WORK IN THE SPRING

## THE BEAVER.

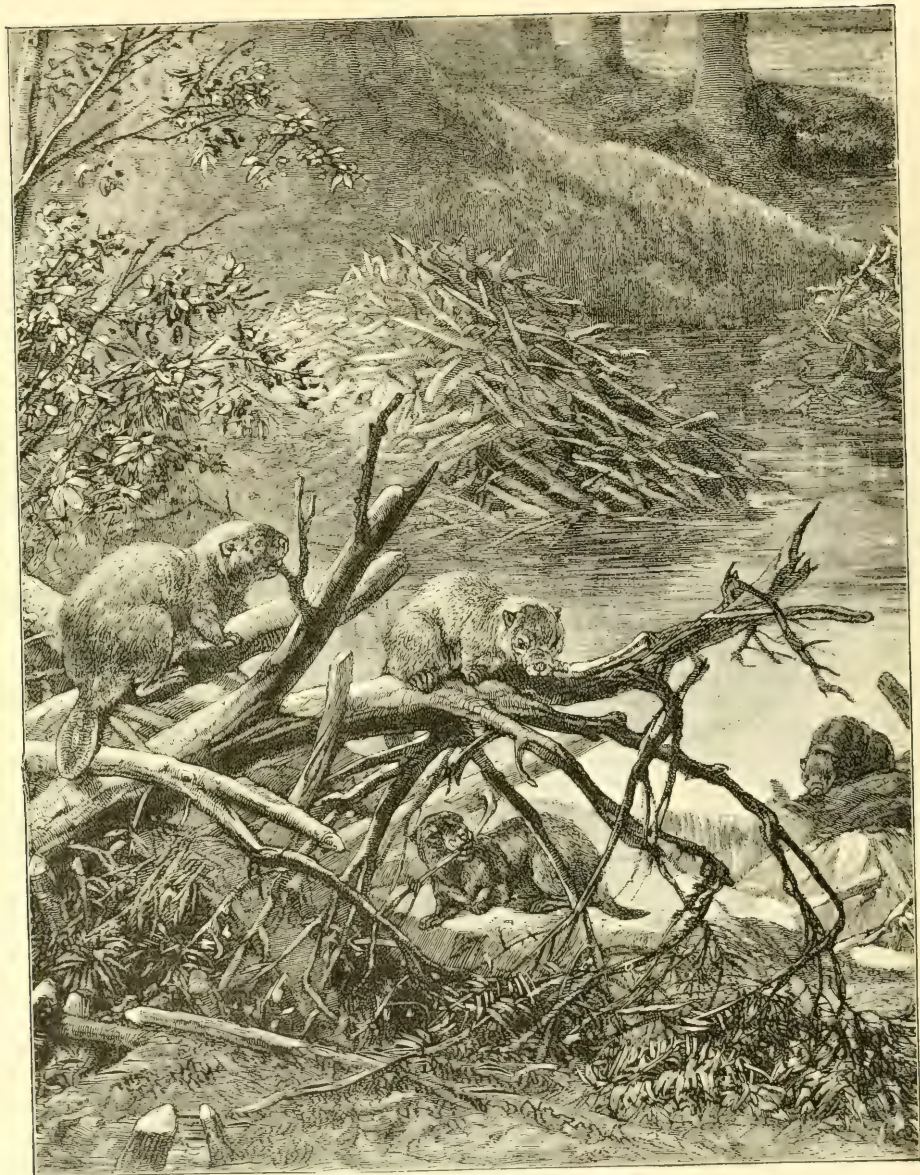
The BEAVER has one of the most beautiful skins in the world. Its fur has become famous in Europe and America. The beaver is also noted for its skill as an engineer. As a rule, the beaver lives on the banks of small creeks and rivers, and to prevent the supply of water from running short, it makes wonderful dams. When an engineer wishes to dam up a stream, he usually begins by pile-driving; but this little animal-engineer goes at it another way. It lays the logs (which are from six to fifteen inches thick, and from two to six feet long) flat on the bed of the stream, and then heaps stones and mud upon them to keep them down. Gradually a dam rises out of the water. So clever are the beavers that they make the wall of the dam round if the current is very swift, so that the water cannot bear too much strain on one spot. If the water is sluggish, the dam is built straight across the stream. The skilful engineering of the beaver is displayed best when a large dam is built, one as large as two hundred and fifty or three hundred and fifty yards in length. The bark of the logs is stripped off and stored away for the winter's food.

The beavers themselves live in curious little houses called "lodges." They look for all the world like Esquimau huts. The walls are composed of moss, branches, and mud. While the house-building is going on in the spring, the beaver is open to attacks from its enemies, especially the wolverine, which is ever on the watch for the unwary ones. But when winter has set in, the beaver is safe. The fearful cold of the North turns the damp moss and mud of the lodge into a solid wall, which even the wolverine's strong claws cannot break through. As many as half a dozen beavers live in a lodge, each having a separate bed. The young are born early in the spring, and as soon as the ice breaks up they come out and accompany their parents.

One often hears of beaver canals and wonders what they are for. Should a number of large trees, that the beaver needs, grow some distance from the dam, it digs a canal up to the place. It has very sharp teeth, which enable it to gnaw through the trees needed for its building purposes. These it cleverly fells so that they fall near the right spot; then it saws them with its teeth into proper lengths and floats them down to the dam. These canals are often over six hundred feet in length. This work can only be done when the ground is perfectly level.

Toward spring, when the frost allows the beavers to come out once more, they look very thin and scraggy, but in a month they grow just as fat and plump as ever. The length of the beaver is from three to four feet. Its legs are short and it is a clumsy walker, and will never travel by land if it can go where it wants to by water.





BEAVERS CONSTRUCTING A DAM.



## THE PRAIRIE DOGS

Some time when you are out hunting you may stumble across a colony or "town" of prairie dogs. Don't shoot, for their skins are not worth much; but if you will sit down and keep still they will amuse you for several hours. At first the prairie dogs will run away, but if you do not move, after a while one will creep out, and then another, until large numbers will be frisking and scampering around you like madcaps.

Prairie Dogs are generally called "dogs" for short, although they are more like Jack-rabbits than fox terriers. They are funny little animals and out West you hear many good stories told about them. Here is one of these stories, and we will tell you once for all that it is a true one.

A long time ago these little dogs had more than their share of troubles, and this is how it all came about. The prairie dogs are lazy, just like little boys. In the old days they used to feed on the grass and leaves and any berries they could find, and it was often necessary for them to take long journeys to get their food, for baby dogs have to be fed, and they are the hungriest little things in the world. Now some of the prairie dogs are wicked, just the same as men, and they are lazy, too, just the same as men. They thought it would be good fun to stay at home and steal the grass and grain from their hard working neighbors who had been away all day finding it. As soon as a prairie dog arrived home with his load of food and had gone off again to get more, these wicked dogs would creep into his burrow and steal it. After a while the thefts grew so numerous that a number of the dogs became disgusted, and in their own minds they thought it would be well to stay at home and steal from their neighbors.

Every day fewer dogs went out to gather food, and more stayed at home to steal, until at last every one stayed at home, and then of course there was no food left. After a while the dogs began to get hungry and then to growl. One dog suggested that a neighbor of his who was very fat and prosperous go out and bring in food for the others. Now if you had ever seen a dog town you would know that great numbers of the little fellows live together, and the idea of one dog providing food for all the others would be foolish on the face of it. That was what the prosperous dog thought and he said so very plainly. Meanwhile, the town grew hungrier.

Now we are coming to the part where the selfish little dogs began to get into deeper trouble. Not far away from the town lived a family of wicked owls who had long been looking for a chance to come and make mischief among the dogs. The father of the owls looked ever so wise, and one day he flew over to see the Chief Dog, who was the Mayor of the town

## THE PRAIRIE DOGS

and offered to help him out of his troubles. The father of the owls proposed that the dogs have a tax put upon them to keep the community from starving, and out of the tax provide food. The Mayor thought this a good idea, especially when the father of the owls pointed out that the dogs would not have to work all the time but only some of the time. You know little prairie dogs are just like little boys, and do not like to work any more than they can help. The question soon arose as to who should collect the taxes, and the father of the owls said he and his family would. Although it was a great inconvenience for them, nevertheless they loved the prairie dogs so much that they would make the sacrifice. The Mayor of the dog town was a simple little fellow and he believed all that the father of the owls told him, and they soon struck a bargain.

The next day the father of the owls moved his entire family, which included his cousins and aunts and their families, into the dog town. The first question that came up was where were the owls to live, for there were no trees for them to build nests in. The owls said they would just as soon live under-ground with the dogs. The dogs did not like this, but what could they do? The owls had sharp beaks and claws and they simply walked in and refused to move out. So you see that the little dogs, who thought they would be all right after the owls came, found themselves worse off than before. Whenever a dog could not pay his taxes the owls drove him out to work; and, in fact, the whole band had to work harder than ever, for they had the owls to feed as well as themselves. All this trouble came from being lazy.

Bye and bye the owls who were wicked—all owls are wicked—took to stealing, and then to keeping the dogs out of their homes altogether so that their little ones died with the cold. The dogs went to see the Mayor and asked his advice, but he only wept and said he could do nothing. He pointed out that even he had been put upon and showed a tear in his glossy coat, made by the father of the owls in a fit of spite.

The poor little dogs were getting very miserable and discouraged, when one day a change came. The Mayor was trotting around on the outskirts of the town, when he heard a terrible hiss, which made him jump three times his own height in the air. Out of the grass came the sly and evil rattlesnake. He asked politely after the health of his friend, the Mayor, and the whole of the town besides. The Mayor said he was "only fair" and asked after the snake's family. After a while he took courage and sat down beside the sly and evil snake and told his troubles,—all about the lazy dogs, the taxes, the



SNAKES AND OWLS IN A PRAIRIE DOG TOWN.



owls, and everything. The sly and evil snake's eyes glistened green and gray, and he whisked his tail around until it sounded like pease in a bladder, and he nearly frightened the poor little Mayor to death.

"I see," he said, at length, "I must come and help you out of your difficulties. You should never have let the owls into the town. Dear me, that was a mistake. The only thing you can do now is to have some police to keep the town in order."

"What are police?" asked the Mayor, for he was a simple little fellow, and he was puzzled, not being sure that the word did not mean more work for the dogs. Poor little Mayor, he had no idea what was coming.

The sly and evil one laughed to himself as he proceeded to enlighten his friend. He waved his tail a few times and then spoke.

"Men are bad, just like dogs. Men are lazy and get themselves into trouble, just like your dogs. True, they have taxes and tax collectors, but they are kept in order."

"How?" asked the mayor, who was getting interested.

"With police."

"What are they?"

"Why," answered the snake, "I am a policeman."

"What do you do?"

"I make every one mind his own business; allow no stealing, and let the tax collectors take only their just due; protect the little ones from harm, and do lots of other things."

Well," said the Mayor, "won't you come and be a policeman in our town?"

This was just what the sly and evil snake wanted, so he said he would.

The Mayor trotted back to his burrow in high spirits and told the dogs that their troubles were all over. Do you think they were? I do not. We shall see.

Now the father of the owls wondered what the Mayor meant by his mysterious words, and he asked for an explanation, but the Mayor said, "Oh, nothing."

The next day the sly and evil rattlesnake arrived with his trunk and took up his duties as policeman, and every thing was very nice for a day or two. Then the trouble began. The sly and evil one said that the town was too large for him to guard alone and he must go away and get help. The next day he came back and brought all his families with him, just as the father of owls had done. The poor little dogs had to work harder than ever now, for

they had the sly and evil rattlesnakes to feed as well as themselves and the owls, and snakes in those days were very large and numerous.

A few evenings later the sly and evil one called round to see the Mayor and said that he and his family could not work for nothing. The Mayor promised that they should have pay in plenty to eat; but alas, the sly and evil one kept demanding more and more, until at last the poor little dogs came to the end of their resources.

Then what do you think happened? The sly and evil rattlesnakes took to gobbling up the little dogs. They did not eat all the dogs at once for that would have been foolish, but they ate a few here and a few there, and the poor little dogs became very unhappy. The Mayor thought it all over until his coat turned gray with fright, for he saw nothing in the future but the whole town becoming a meal for the sly and evil ones; and to make matters worse, the owls took to killing the little dogs, too. The rattlesnakes, although they were supposed to be good, honest policeman, made no efforts to prevent it.

One day the Mayor went off to the prairie by himself to think what was best to be done. He sat down and cried hard, for he was so miserable that he wished he were dead, and lots of other things.

Now the pendulum of a clock never swings so far but that it will come back. The tide never runs out on the ebb but that it will return with the flow. So it was with the dog town. Matters seemed to be very black, but a brighter time was at hand, and much nearer than the Mayor dreamed; for the tide, so to speak, had already turned. Just at sunset, as the roller weeds were beginning to turn indigo blue in the evening light, the Mayor looked up, and what do you think he saw standing right in front of him? Why, Brother Gray Squirrel. He greeted the Mayor in a friendly fashion and asked after his health and why he looked so sad. The Mayor was very suspicious, and he had good reason to be, for was not this exactly the way that the father of owls and the sly and evil one had greeted him? He did not want to make any more friends and to have worse evils befall the dogs; but still he did not see how the dogs could be made any more uncomfortable, and Brother Gray Squirrel was so merry, and played so many pranks, and laughed so much, that the poor little Mayor's heart warmed to him. It was not long before the two were sitting close together and the Mayor was telling his troubles all over again.

Brother Squirrel listened quietly to the end and then he remarked; "This is a bad business, but you never should have had anything to do with

or the sly and evil rattlesnakes. But never mind, I think I have a plan that will rid you of your enemies forever. Over the mountain there," and he pointed with his forepaw to where the great snow peak loomed up all rosy in the setting sun, "there is a valley, a very nice place, and I think it would suit your people exactly. It all belongs to a cousin of mine, a big, good tempered old glizzly bear who would welcome you."

"But," replied the Mayor, "what would be the use of going, for the owls and the rattlesnakes would only follow us."

"That is where my plan comes in," replied the Brother Gray Squirrel. Then he looked cautiously around and said, "you don't think any one is listening, do you?"

"I don't know," replied the Mayor, "perhaps you had better whisper."

So Brother Squirrel whispered his plan in the Mayor's ear. From time to time the two shook with laughter. They soon got up and wished each other good-night, the Mayor trotting off to his town with a lighter heart than he had had for months.

The next day there seemed to be some excitement going on in the town, the dogs were frisking about as if something was going to happen. The owls and the sly and evil ones did not notice anything amiss, but then they had grown very sleepy and lazy of late. About sundown who should come into town but Brother Gray Squirrel. He had a great reputation for wisdom, but as a matter of fact he was only shrewd, and loved to frighten folks. The Mayor had told the dogs that he was coming and that they must not mind what he said. The owls and the snakes all came out to hear what Brother Squirrel had to say, for they knew that he was very smart.

Brother Gray Squirrel looked over the town for a second or two and then he said, "In an hour's time the black spirit will come, and every snake or bird he can find above ground will die. Behold, I have warned you."

This news threw the rattlesnakes and owls into a panic. They rushed about trying to hide, and in less than five minutes they were all below ground in the burrows, shaking with fear. Now if they had not been in such a hurry but had looked around them they would have seen that on the top of the dogs' mounds beside the burrow holes there were extra little heaps. What was under the heaps? We shall see. No sooner had the last sly and evil one vanished than Brother Gray Squirrel screamed, "Now is the time!"

Everything had been carefully arranged and the dogs were only waiting for orders, so at the word they threw the earth off the little extra heaps, and what do you think they brought out? Why, lots of little spades and shovels.



They fell to work in earnest and piled the earth and stones down the tunnels of their homes, which were now full of shivering snakes and owls. If any one had been told that the prairie dogs were lazy and had come at that moment to see, he would have thought it all a mistake. The dogs were so excited that they threw the dirt in between their legs, over their heads and every way, and all the while Brother Gray Squirrel ran about screaming, "The black spirit is coming!" After a while there was quiet and the dogs had time to rest. They had done a good work, for every owl and snake had had been smothered in the homes of the poor little dogs whom they had been tormenting so long. Then the Mayor collected all his dog people together and they marched off with Brother Gray Squirrel for a leader.

Early the next day they found themselves on the side of the great mountain. Brother Gray Squirrel pointed out a wood where they could rest and where there were leaves and berries to eat. Soon they had to move on again and the baby dogs had to be carried, for the way was rough and steep. At length they reached a valley, the desire of a prairie dog's heart, and they were just thinking how lucky they were when they heard a terrible growling. The dogs nearly died of fright, but Brother Gray Squirrel said that it must be his cousin, the Grizzly Bear. He went forward and by and by they saw him chatting away with a huge bear. Brother Squirrel told his cousin what troubles the prairie dogs had been through. The bear shuffled forward and in his gruff, kind hearted way bade them welcome and told them that if they would not steal his honey they might stay in the valley. This the dogs agreed not to do and thereafter they lived in peace, under the protection of their mighty neighbor, and you may be sure no one disturbed them.

Often in the evening the bear, after his day's hunting was over, would come down and watch the dogs at play. The mountain side would echo with his laughter as he watched the the little rascals chase each other and play their many pranks. As for the Mayor, his coat turned brown again and he grew wondrous fat; but he never lost the scar which he received from the father of the owls. The bear was always very polite to the Mayor, for he thought that he really was a great dog.

You see the little prairie dogs got into trouble all through being lazy. "What became of Brother Squirrel?" you ask. Oh, he went off just as soon as he saw his friends, the dogs, comfortably settled under the protection of his cousin, the bear. "Where is he now?" "I do not know, but he is sure to be up to mischief somewhere. Maybe we shall hear of him again some time. Who can tell?"

## THE SQUIRRELS.

The RED SQUIRREL is a splendid little creature, typifying wild, careless gayety and absurd shrewdness and gravity. It is common all over Southern Europe and especially so in England. It lives in small numbers in the beech and fir woods, or near the great oaks. Its size is about that of an overgrown kitten. Its eyes are bright and black, while its ears, which are large and upright, have a tuft of hair on the ends. Its tail is large and bushy and is usually carried curled over its back. Like the dormouse, it sits upright when eating or playing sentinel.

The squirrel builds a nest which at a distance looks like a crow's. In fact, it sometimes uses an old crow's nest instead of building one of its own. The nest is carefully lined with moss and leaves, and here the young squirrels are born and brought up. They are the prettiest little creatures, very gentle, and make excellent pets, but are hard to raise in cages. In the early morning, the squirrel comes down from the trees to feed on the wind-blown chestnuts and acorns. Then, as the sun gets higher, it goes back to the trees. The squirrel rarely comes to the ground except to feed. If alarmed, it races along the ground with a jumping gallop, but when it reaches the trees nothing can follow it. It springs from branch to branch with astounding leaps. If, by any chance, it misses its footing, it spreads out its bushy tail and comes sailing down as light as a feather.

The squirrel has many enemies. The game-keeper shoots it for gnawing the bark from the young trees. Then the weasel and stoat are ever on the watch to pounce upon it while feeding, and up in the branches there is always a danger of being swooped down upon by the sparrow-hawk. Last of all is the persistent small boy. Throughout all parts of rural England it is considered great sport to hunt the squirrel. The usual method is to wait



until a squirrel comes down to feed, and then slyly get between it and the woods and so contrive to drive it to an isolated tree. Then one of the boys climbs up into the tree while the others form a circle around the trunk. The squirrel mounts higher and higher into the thin branches, chattering with rage all the while. At last it is shaken from its perch and leaps wildly into the air. Immediately, caps, sticks, and stones are thrown at it, and often after the confusion is over Master Squirrel is seen scampering back to the high trees. The squirrel's chance of getting away is good; but sometimes the boys are accompanied by a half-dozen curs, and then the little creature has a hard time to keep from being worried by them.

### THE GRAY SQUIRREL.

The GRAY SQUIRREL is found in the warmer parts of the United States. For instance, it is very common throughout California. It is a bright, playful little creature, and very active. The gray squirrels live in small colonies, choosing by preference rocky ground. They dig the earth away from between the rocks, so as to make sheltered burrows, and then well-cleared paths are made leading to the burrow-holes.

These squirrels, although they will take up their abode within a stone's throw of a house, are very cautious and hard to approach. They always post one of their number on high ground to act as sentinel, and the moment it sees anything it does not understand it gives a shrill bark and all the squirrels rush off to their burrows, chattering shrilly. This happened times out of number at a certain ranch-house where a number of squirrels had made a burrow in the rocks at the rear. Several times a day the dogs would rush up and try to take the squirrels by surprise, but every time the latter proved too nimble. In fact, the dogs were never known to catch a single squirrel.

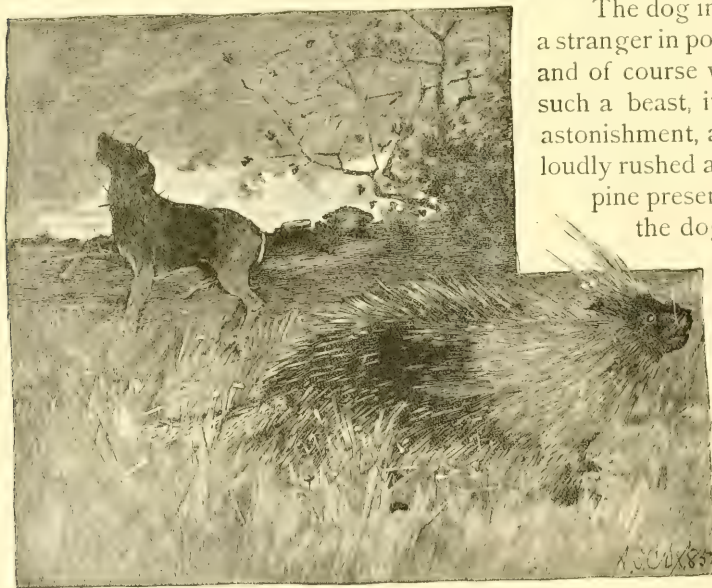


RED SQUIRREL ( $\frac{1}{4}$  Natural Size).



## THE PORCUPINE AND THE DOG.

One day a good sized dog was fool enough to try and kill a porcupine and in consequence got much the worst of the affray. In many parts of Europe it is thought good sport to find a hole where a porcupine lives, and then build a straw fire at one end until the beast is smoked out. But these hunters never take big dogs with them only little nimble terriers. Of course when the dogs are only puppies they rush at the porcupine, and then spring away yelling with pain. There is only one part of the porcupine safe to attack, and that is its under-body and that is by no means easy to reach, as you can see by looking at the picture. Now terriers are small and quick, and they surround the porcupine on all sides, yelping with excitement. If they only have a little patience and watch, their prey is sure to make a sudden turn and leave its under-body exposed. Even then they must be on the alert, and move like lightning or the porcupine is sure to drive them off.



The dog in the picture was a stranger in porcupine country, and of course when it first saw such a beast, it stared at it in astonishment, and then barking loudly rushed at it. The porcupine presented its quills and the dog was soon in a very miserable plight. It sprang to one side with many of the quills sticking out all over its body. The porcupine then ran away and the dog declined to

follow it, and you may be sure it never forgot the experience.

If you were to examine the end of a porcupine's quill, with a powerful magnifying glass, you would find that it was barbed in several places like a fish hook. When the barbs enter any fleshly part of the body they stick there, and then it takes quite a pull to get them out. On the other hand the porcupines quills are very loosely attached to its skin for they appear to

almost drop out when the points stick into anything.

The porcupine is slow in its movements and it has no teeth or claws worth speaking of, and yet, in consequence of its array of quills, there is no animal living in the woods that is less interfered with.

On one occasion a hunter who was stalking big game observed a porcupine pass into a open space below him. The hunter at the time was standing in the fork of a large tree some thirty feet from the ground. For many minutes he watched the animal's movements with great interest, as he had never been as close to one before. The porcupine dug up a few roots and was leisurely eating them when suddenly it paused; its body seemed to stiffen, and with good reason. Out of the shadows came stalking a beautiful leopard. Its evil green eyes were glistening as it looked upon the prickly one. The leopard studied the porcupine from all sides walking slowly round and round and snarling the while. Suddenly it sprang, and in the only way it could hope to do with safety that is, straight at the head so that the quills would be pointed away. The porcupine, for once in its life, was quick and got its quills stuck out, with the result that the leopard landed on a veritable pin cushion. The big cat sprang away roaring with pain, its paws and sides bristling with quills, while the porcupine shuffled off under some large tree roots to a place of safety. The hunter saw his chance and fired. When the smoke cleared away the leopard was on its back kicking its heels in the air in its last struggle. The leopard's skin was badly torn by the quills, and a close examination proved that this was not its first meeting with a porcupine, for several barbed points were found deeply embedded in its flesh. One would think that after a leopard, or any other animal, had had one experience with a porcupine it would remember it for ever after and steer clear of so dangerous a prey.

In every land where porcupines are found hunters bring back stories of the barbed quill points being found in the skins of tigers and lions showing that fights are more numerous than is generally supposed. Any creature must be very hungry to tackle a porcupine, for even if it had the luck to kill it there is not very much to eat. The porcupine's body is small in proportion to its bulk. On the other hand, it has been urged that the great creatures of the jungles may be something like boys who don't want anything to get the best of them, and consequently make war on the porcupine, even if it does hurt them and tear up their fur.

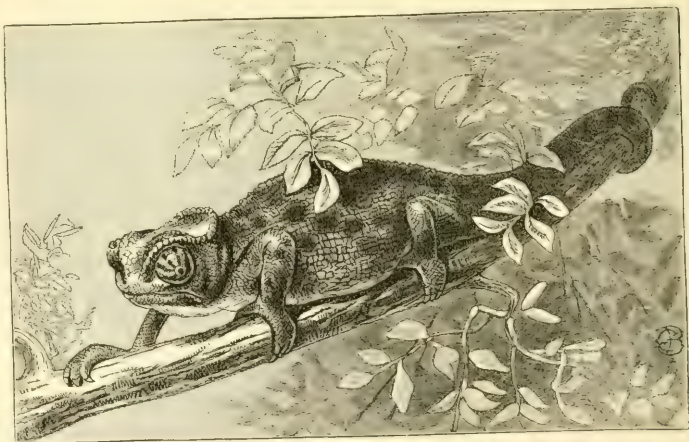
Up in Canada there is a porcupine that can climb, and if it is hard pressed by any wild animal it runs up a tree for safety.

## THE CHAMELEON.

The chameleon is a curious little creature which is found in many parts of the world and among them the Island of Cuba. Its bite is not dangerous, although it can give quite a nip when careless children put their fingers too close. In appearance it looks something like a lizard, except that its legs are longer and its head and eyes somewhat differently formed. It is anywhere from half a foot to a foot long, and is wonderfully quick and active.

A friend of the writer while travelling in Cuba caught a chameleon. He had heard all his life of its wonderful habit of changing its skin into different colors so that it matched anything it was placed near, and he was anxious to see for himself if it was true. When this gentleman first saw his chameleon it was about fifteen feet from the ground and was sunning itself on some green leaves and its color was then brilliant green. He knocked it down with a stick and before it could get away pushed it into his pocket.

When he got home he placed it on an ordinary wooden table and in half an hour its color had so changed that it matched the table perfectly. Later on the chameleon was placed near articles of a blue and red nature with the result that its skin also changed its hue. Truly the chameleon is a mysterious marvel of nature.



The chief business in life of the chameleon seems to be catching flies, therefore in tropical countries it is a most useful little creature. The specimen spoken of never seemed to tire of the sport and kept the area immediately surrounding its place quite clear of all winged pests. It is said however that the chameleon can live for months without food. It was the intended to bring this little curiosity to the United States but a Cuban boy killed it one day before he saw that it was tied to the leg of the table and bearing other evidences of being a family pet. This is generally the fate of all pets when ignorant flocks are around.





THE CHALLENGE.

## CONCERNING BADGERS.

The Badger is one of the best known of animals and in the United States it is found all the way from Southern Canada to the borders of Mexico. You will remember that Wisconsin is called the "Badger" State. But the rest of the world is not without its badgers too, for members of the family are found in England, throughout most of Europe, Persia, Japan, and there is an under-sized cousin in the Malay Archipelago.

The badgers are marked with black, white and gray in a striking manner. Their length is about thirty-six inches, including the tail. In the warmer climates they remain above ground throughout the year, but in the cold north they hibernate. Curiously enough they are flesh eaters, but not very successful hunters. They eat flesh when they find it.

Now the badger is a peaceful sort of an animal, but when roused it is very fierce. Years ago it was considered great sport to set terriers at a badger, and only a powerful stocky breed of the dog could be used. When a man is teased or bullied into doing something, people say he is "badgered."

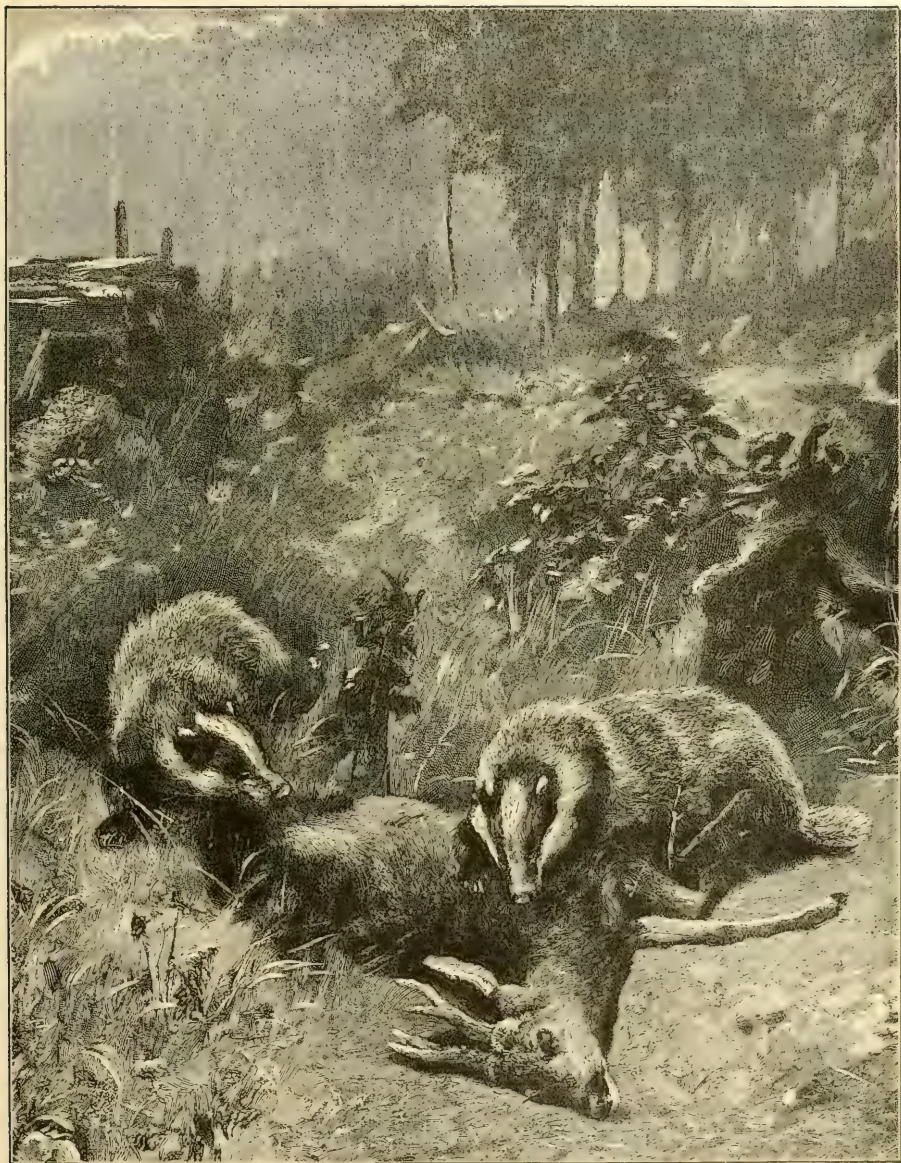
One morning, collecting all the dogs, a motley crew as to breed, with half a dozen well built terriers among them, we set out to unearth a badger. We entered the woods and the dogs were soon on a hunt. We heard a great barking going on and found the whole pack surrounding the roots of a huge pine tree. The terriers soon got to work and in a few minutes out rushed a fox! It is not an uncommon thing to find badgers and foxes living together. Apparently they do not interfere with each others mode of life.

Some of the larger dogs tore after the fox, but soon gave it up, for it got clean away from them. On the other hand the terriers saw their mistake in a few seconds, and they went at the burrow again with renewed vigor. Bye and bye one terrier disappeared entirely into the burrow and we heard a great scuffling going on inside, showing that a fight was in progress. The terrier soon appeared, but so terribly mangled that we were forced to shoot it.

The badger now made a dash for liberty. Immediately all the dogs tackled it and we expected to see the creature done for in a moment or two, but not so. The first terrier to attack in front was knocked out in prize fight fashion, by a butt of the head. Another, which had hung on to the badger's flanks, was driven off. The larger dogs hung back, so the brunt of the battle fell on the terriers. They fought over fifty yards of ground, first one getting the advantage and then the other. But numbers were begining to tell and at last the badger went under literally smothered by its enemies.

When the dogs were driven off we found that the badger was a big fellow, and had made one of the fiercest fights that we ever witnessed.





PROWLING BADGERS



## THE RABBIT.

The RABBIT is one of the best-known animals in the world. It is easily tamed and has therefore become a great pet. There is hardly any boy who has not, at some time or other, kept rabbits in a cracker-box hutch. In its wild state the rabbit is a bright, clever little creature. They live in great colonies, where the earth is honey-combed with hundreds of burrows, called "warrens," and in the early morning or just at sunset it is a great sight to watch them running about. They hop in and out of their holes, while some sit up, listening intently. Then, without an instant's warning, the whole party will dash off and pull up again before they have gone any distance. They fight among themselves and chase each other madly through the twistings and turnings of the burrows. Rabbits have very sharp ears and for a short distance can run swiftly, and upon these two talents they are mainly dependent for their safety. They have countless enemies, for men, dogs, cats, foxes, stoats, weasels, hedgehogs, crows, hawks, rats, snakes, and owls all murder the rabbit, one half by day, the other half by night; so there is not much peace for the poor bunny. On the other hand, the rabbit multiplies at a great rate if it is not kept down. For instance, the rabbit was introduced into Australia and allowed to run wild in the bush. As the climate of Australia is very mild and enemies are few in number, it soon overran the land, and it has already cost the British Government millions to exterminate it.



In parts of California the rabbit is a great nuisance, and the people have adopted a curious method for keeping down their number. Twice a year hundreds of men from Fresno County meet together for a rabbit-drive. An enclosure, about one hundred yards square, is made, with an entrance to it ten yards wide. From this entrance the fence-work then spreads outwards in a huge V. At a certain signal, the men form a line at the wide end of the V

and proceed, yelling and shouting, to drive all the rabbits down to the corral at the bottom. Numbers of rabbits try to break through the line and are instantly killed. At last the frightened creatures are driven into the corral, where they are easily killed. Some idea of the size of these drives may be gained from the fact that between twenty and thirty thousand rabbits are killed in a single day.

The favorite method of killing rabbits in England is by shooting them. In winter they are hunted with ferrets, which are turned into the warrens, while terriers watch the holes. Poachers catch rabbits by attaching loops of brass wire to the mouth of the burrow. Once a rabbit gets its head into a loose wire noose it does not know enough to draw back, but pushes on, struggling frantically, until it chokes itself.

The tame rabbits are quite distinct from the wild rabbits. They have been so carefully bred that there are a number of fine species. Their ears, which stick up so straight when they are wild, soon begin to lop or hang down when they have been confined in hutches, free from the danger of prowling foxes and cats. Rabbits do a great deal of damage to property. They gnaw the bark off trees, and at times completely girdle them.

They steal all sorts of garden stuff, and destroy acres and acres of grain which happen to be near their warrens. But, after all is said and done, it would seem that the rabbit is more sinned against than sinning. Writers of all countries have loved to endow the rabbit with great shrewdness and sagacity. Uncle Remus in this country gives the rabbit a great reputation at the expense of that shrewd rascal, the fox.

Mr. Mounteney Jephson, who crossed the Dark Continent with Stanley on his last expedition, found that the Uncle Remus rabbit-stories were known by the curious little race of pigmy people he met, who had never been visited by white men before. It is perfectly true that the rabbit is clever. One has only to watch it march from the woods some frosty morning. Out it comes with a hop, but never does its vigilance forsake it for an instant. You will notice that it will always keep its path open back to cover along the thin, hard snow, so there is no danger of its slipping or losing its way, and yet it keeps far enough away to prevent a lurking fox from springing upon it.

There is one animal the rabbit is in constant terror of, and that is the weasel. Directly a rabbit knows that a weasel is upon its track, it gives a little scream of terror and dashes off. Now if the rabbit was to keep on running it would soon leave the weasel far behind, but this it does not do. It runs back and forth in a state of panic and dives into the burrows, from which the other bunnies drive it out. The weasel doggedly follows everywhere, until the rabbit





CAME RABBITS.



#### THE GUINEA-PIG.

becomes paralyzed with fear and allows its enemy to catch up. It is a curious fact that when a weasel has singled out a rabbit to chase, it will not touch the others, although it brushes quite close to them in the passages of the burrows.

Many people have wondered of what use to the rabbit is the little white fur which has given rise to the name "cotton-tail." The most likely reason for its existence is that at the sign of danger the parents dash off, and the white is a guide for the little ones. Everyone who has shot rabbits knows that it serves as a mark to aim at.

#### THE GUINEA-PIG.

Why the GUINEA-PIG should have been so called is a puzzle, for it is not a pig at all, nor does it come from Guinea, but from South America. It is very brightly and irregularly colored, and very often has large dabs of orange, black, and white upon it.

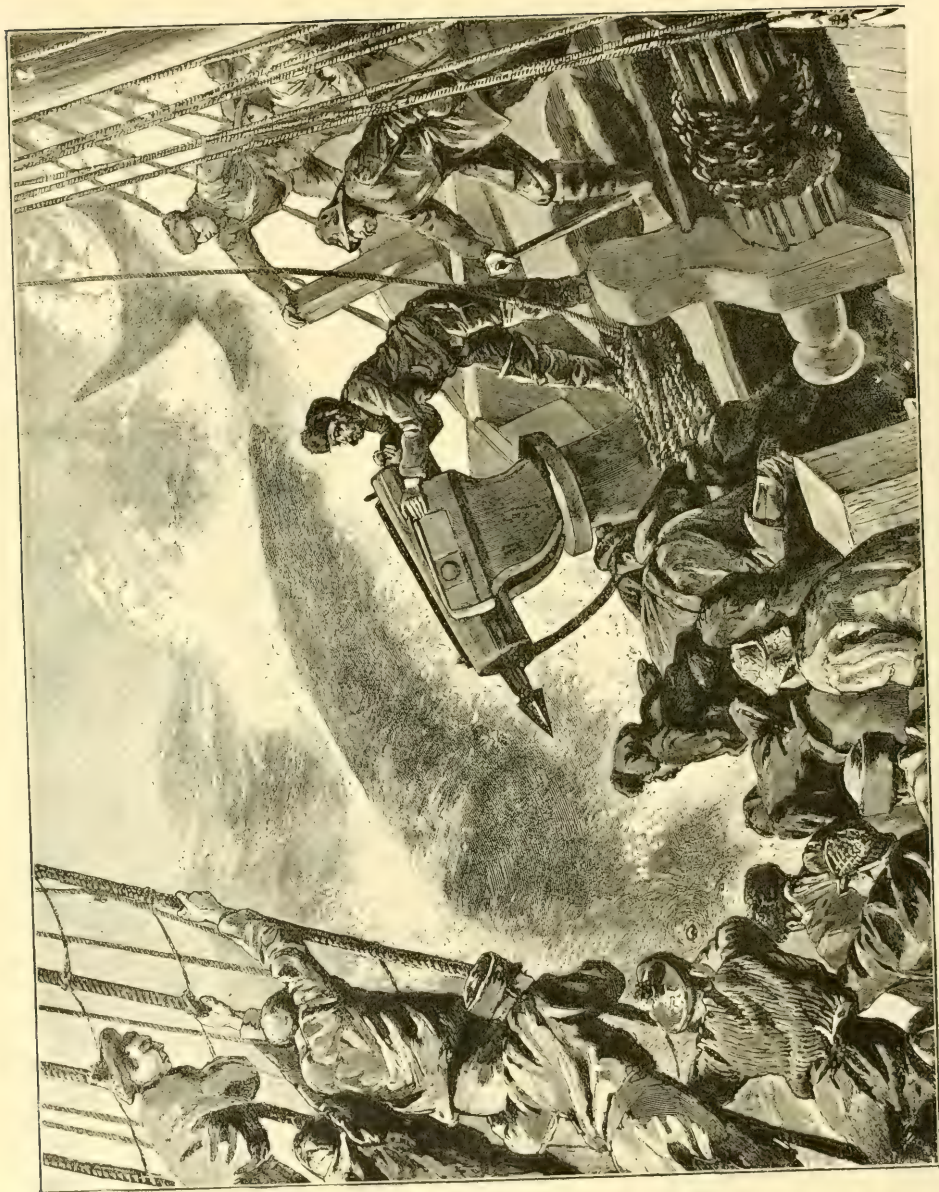
The guinea-pig breeds freely, but the young are very delicate for the first few days after they are born. This little animal is clean and docile, but stupid, and its intelligence is far below that of the rabbit. On the whole, the guinea-pig may be said to be practically of no use to man, as its flesh is too coarse for food, and its skin, owing to the slight manner in which the hair is attached, is of no value to the furrier.

The guinea-pig has always been a popular pet with children. It requires but little attention and will eat any kind of vegetable food.

The guinea - pig sometimes shows a spark of courage, if a cat or dog should come too near its young ones, but as its teeth are not sharp, it is practically unable to defend itself from enemies of any size.



GUINEA-PIG ( $\frac{1}{2}$  Natural Size).



ATTACKING A WHALE WITH A HARPOON GUN.

## WHALE HUNTING IN THE SEYCHELLE ISLANDS

The Seychelles are a group of islands lying off the east coast of Africa, between Madagascar and the mouth of the Red Sea. These islands are not often visited, for they lie close to the Equator, and are out of the great trade routes. Many years ago the Seychelles were very important, as they were the headquarters of the whale ships. At certain seasons of the year the great sperm whale loves to swim in the warm seas on the outer edge of these islands, and consequently numbers of ships collect intent upon its capture.

A few years ago an American whaler put into the Seychelles for wood and water. While there she had a series of exciting adventures which I am sure you would like to hear about. When the ship had anchored a chief came out from the shore in his canoe and had a long talk with the captain. The chief declared that the vessel lay in a dangerous position, as a hurricane was coming up; so the captain with the help of scores of canoes manned by sturdy natives, who practically towed the ship along, went farther up the harbor into a sheltered cove.

In the afternoon a bank of dark clouds appeared on the horizon, and in a few hours, just as the chief had predicted a terrific hurricane was raging. The captain realized that if his ship had stayed where she had been, she would have been cast ashore and wrecked. Late the next day the hurricane blew itself out and the sun shone once more.

The captain sent for the chief, thanked him for his timely warning, and asked what he could do in return.

The chief promptly replied, "Kill a whale for us, and we shall have food and oil for many moons."

Next day the ship sailed out accompanied by hundreds of canoes. The sea was still rough after the hurricane, but not a canoe was upset. The captain knew that whales do not like hurricanes any more than men, and that they come in for shelter between the islands where the water is calmer.

It was not long before the lookout at the mast head yelled "There she blows, whale on the starboard bow!"

Instantly all was excitement. The crew rapidly tumbled into their boats and in a few minutes they were clear of the davits.

The whale-boat is a very buoyant craft. It is double-ended so that it can be used either forward or backward. The crew consists of four rowers, an officer who steers, and a harpooner who stands in the bow. The harpoon is a barbed headed instrument, and when it enters the whale's side it cannot be drawn out. To the harpoon is attached several thousand feet of strong line. This line is coiled in barrels and is placed in the bottom of the boat. The





IN THE CROW'S NEST, ON THE LOOKOUT FOR WHALES.

rowers sit with their feet wide apart and allow the line to run between their legs. The only other furniture in the boat is an ax to cut the line in case of accident, and lances to throw at the whale when the boats get alongside.

As the boats shot away the canoes followed, keeping some distance off for fear of frightening the whale, who was swimming on the surface, unconscious that enemies were swiftly drawing near. The mate's boat reached the whale first, and the instant the crew stopped rowing the harpooner plunged his weapon into the creature's side, yelling, "Back water," while the natives in the canoes screamed with delight. In a second the whale dived, its tail making a mighty splash as it vanished. The line ran out of the barrels and over the bow so fast that the friction almost set fire to the wood-work.

The rope in one barrel is tied to the end of that in the next barrel, so that when one coil runs out the other begins. Already two barrels were empty and only about two hundred feet was left in the third one. The line slackened and the whale came to the surface. Immediately all hands began to haul in and careful recoil the line. The whale soon started off again. This time many of the canoes had gotten in the way and when the line was pulled up taut on the surface three canoes were upset. The boats rushed past and left the natives to be picked up by their companions. Again the line slackened and was pulled in, and then the whale made an unexpected move: suddenly appeared on the surface and rushed at the boat with open jaws. The mate swung the stern around, using so much force that his steering oar nearly snapped, but he was not quick enough. The snout of the monster hit the boat amidship knocking it into splinters, and throwing the crew about in every direction. A wail went up from the natives in the canoes, who thought that their precious prize had escaped. This was not the case, however; the line had become entangled in one of the barrels and was thus kept afloat. In less than a minute a second boat, manned by the boat-swain, rowed up and secured its end and attacked the whale.

The huge creature, finding that it had not yet shaken off its enemies, changed its tactics and took to swimming round and round in a circle nearly a mile wide, towing the boat behind it as if it were a cork. The canoes all huddled in the centre fearing every instant that the whale would rush into the midst of them, well knowing that if it did many of them would be killed. After a while the whale changed its course again and made out to sea. Its speed must have been nearly twenty miles an hour, for the crew had to sit well back, and a long wake of foam swept behind.

## WHALE HUNTING IN THE SEYCHELLE ISLANDS

Meantime the canoes paddled wildly after. Suddenly the whale paused and dived; a second later the boatswain swung his boat around and yelled, "Look out," for he saw that the whale had dived under them.

The canoes scattered like a flock of sea gulls, and not a moment too soon, for the whale came to the surface right in the spot where they had been collected a minute before.

The poor brute was becoming exhausted, but made one more effort to destroy its enemies. Flinging up its tail defiantly it charged the boat. The harpooner awaited it calmly and the boat moved back in the nick of time. As the whale passed the second harpoon was plunged into its side, making it fast with the two lines. The whale came to the surface rolling over and over in a last effort to get away, winding the lines around its fins. The blood poured from its side, but it still lashed its tail angrily. Now was the crews' opportunity. Rowing up alongside the giant a number of lances were thrust into its vitals. The whale struggled to get away but could not, and in a moment the crew yelled "He's done for." The canoes took up the cry and a race began between them to see who could reach the prize first.

The crew cut a hole in one of the whale's flukes, through which a line was passed, and made fast to the canoes. The whale was now some twelve miles from the shore, but the sturdy islanders soon had the prize moving rapidly toward home.

The death of the whale was the signal for the onslaught of thousands of sharks who had been watching the capture. Numbers of canoes paddled around fighting the voracious brutes off, but a shark would sometimes make a bold dash and tear off a piece of blubber.

As the whale neared the shore all the women and children came running down to the water, singing a song of triumph. The body was brought to a convenient point near the village and the operation of cutting it up was promptly begun. The oil from the head was carefully extracted and preserved, while great fires were lighted upon which pieces of flesh were cooked. Throughout the night a feast was held accompanied by dancing and singing. Early the next morning the ship went off to hunt for more whales.

This story shows that the sperm whale in the southern seas is a dangerous animal to tackle, capable of playing its enemies many a wily trick,—such as doubling on its tracks like a hare, or diving to such a great depth that the lines give out. On the other hand, the crews show wonderful skill and coolness in the face of the greatest danger for it may well be said that those who hunt the whale take their lives in their hands.



## A SWORDFISH HUNT

The swordfish does not seem to lead a continuous life of activity like its neighbor the porpoise. Nevertheless, when it does start out in search of prey, it makes up for lost time by its marvelous swiftness and agility.

The tunny is a fish measuring from two to four feet in length, and is chiefly found in the Mediterranean. At certain seasons of the year the tunnies moved in great shoals from place to place, and then it is that their arch-enemy, the swordfish is most active. It pursues them relentlessly, killing right and left. Quite often it rushes in among the tunnies, and slaps about with its tail, maiming many of them and killing others with its sword.

The weapon which the swordfish carries is about four feet in length, thick at the base and tapering to a point. There are many instances where a swordfish has struck at, or collided with a boat, driving its sword through the timber like a knife. The Natural History Museum of London has a piece of an oak keel, six inches thick, of a vessel through which a swordfish had driven its sword and left it broken off in the wood. The shock of the concussion was so great that the crew believed that they had crashed into a submerged wreck.

A few years ago a number of fishermen near New York noticed a great commotion going on in their fishing-nets. They hastily rowed to the spot and found that some great fish was securely caught. They did not dare try to haul it up but sent back to the shore for a harpoon. With this weapon they succeeded in getting a line fastened to the intruder. As it came to the surface they saw that it was a twelve-foot swordfish, half mad with fright, tearing about in a vain attempt to get away. In its struggles it had wound the line round and round itself until it was securely tied. At last the fishermen managed to cut its throat and haul it to the shore. Of course the swordfish was a prize and numbers of people were glad to pay a small sum to see such a curiosity, but the damage done to the nets was far more than the value of the fish. In this case the swordfish had probably followed the shoals of shad, and in its eager pursuit of them got tangled in the nets.

Off the coast of New England the royal sport of capturing the swordfish is carried on in a unique manner. The swordfish has a habit of sleeping on the top of the water, and as it has a great back fin sticking straight up it is not difficult to find.

Around the bowsprit of the ship a small but strong stage is erected for the men to stand on. The weapon used is a trident with a barbed point, or a harpoon, to which is attached many hundred yards of thick strong line, which in its turn is fastened to a keg which will float. The line is tied in "stops"



A SWORDFISH ATTACKING TUNNIES.

back and forth along the side of the boat. By "stops" is meant that the line is laid out so that it will not snarl when running out, and it is kept in position by pieces of twine which will break easily enough when pulled.

The best days for fishing for the swordfish are those on which the sea is almost calm, and the sky overhead blue and sunny. One man, the harpooner, is stationed on the bow. The boat sails slowly along looking for fish. It is necessary to keep absolute silence on board. Bye and bye the lookout sights a dark fin sticking up out of the water. The boat is put about and sails toward its sleeping victim, trying to keep it on the harpooner's right hand side. If the ship is lucky she will slip right up alongside without alarming the fish, and the harpooner plunges in his weapon. With a mighty splash the fish dives and the line begins to tear out of the stops at lightning speed. Soon the end of the line is reached and down goes the keg. After a while the fish ceases swimming and the keg comes to the surface, possibly a mile or more away, and the ship sails toward it. The keg is hauled on deck and all hands draw in the line.

Then the fun begins, for a swordfish has any amount of vitality and brute strength, and objects to being dragged up. To finally get it alongside requires a block and tackle and plenty of men. The sword and tail are cut off for trophies, the trident or harpoon released, the line is untangled and tied in "stops" once more, and the ship goes off to look for another prize.

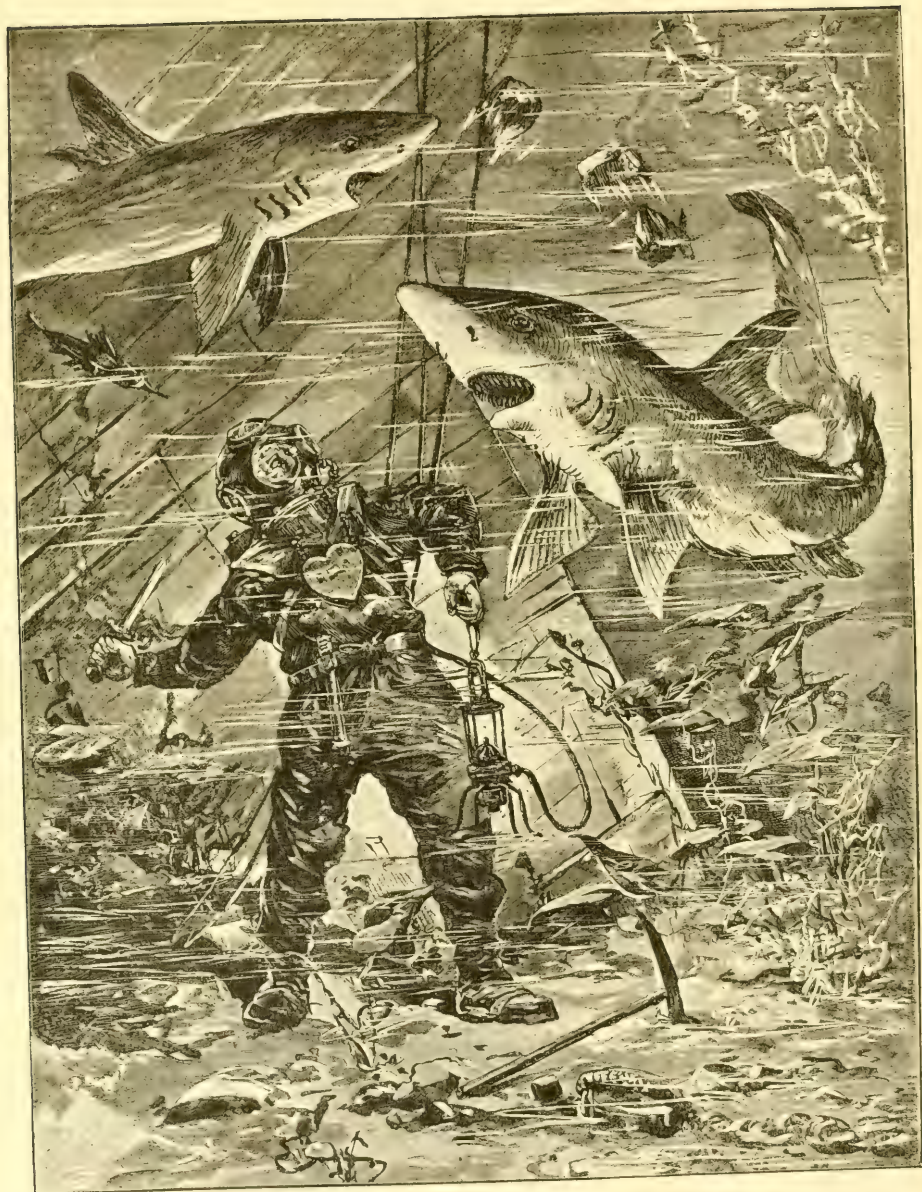
In some very rare cases the swordfish has been known to turn on a row-boat and wreck it, killing some of the occupants. In any case it would be dangerous to be near a desperately wounded fish weighing half a ton, especially when it is armed with a formidable sword.

Along the coasts of Sicily and Italy the swordfish is plentiful, and it is regularly hunted by the fishermen in much the same manner as described. In Algeria the swordfish is harpooned and the line dragged to the shore and the fish hauled up on the beach; but this entails a lot of needless work.

The color of the swordfish is a beautiful dark steel blue, changing to almost a lemon color under the belly. Its skin is tough and smooth, and the eye is large and brilliantly colored, red or orange. Its whole build suggests a fish capable of swimming at tremendous speed, which it often does, as any one can testify who has seen it at home in the ocean.

Sometimes a Sword fish is caught far inland on the great rivers. The fish belongs to the sea but it sometimes takes a fresh water trip out of curiosity and if it happens to be the season when the salmon are going up stream it will follow them as long as the water is deep enough.





SHARKS ATTACKING A DIVER.

## AN ADVENTURE WITH A SHARK

Some years ago a ship was lost off the coast of Jamaica in the West Indies. At the time she had a large sum of money on board which was on its way to Europe. The ship had foundered in a hurricane, but, as luck would have it, not in very deep water.

The bankers, to whom the money belonged, were anxious to recover it, and for this purpose employed a skilled diver. He went down to Jamaica and after making an examination of the spot put on his diving clothes and descended. He found that the safe which contained the money had broken away from its fastenings and was therefore easy to raise. Ropes were fastened around it and it was safely hauled into the boat. The diver then went down a second time to see if there was anything else of value lying about that could be recovered.

While he was moving along the bottom he saw a great shadow flit past. On looking in the direction he beheld two large sharks watching him. One of them, the larger, seemed more anxious to get at him than the other. He tried the old trick of divers of letting some air escape, causing a great rush of bubbles. This is usually enough to cause any shark to scuttle off in no time. The shark in this case did swim away but it returned in an instant. Luckily the diver was armed with a heavy marlinspike. He gripped it tightly and stood his ground waiting for the attack. He knew that it was no use to signal to be hauled up, for the instant he would move he knew that the shark would rush at him.

Still the shark seemed to be in no hurry. It swam round and round in big circles, but the diver noticed that the brute was getting closer and closer all the time. Meanwhile those in the boat above were becoming alarmed at the time the diver was staying below water, but the rule was never to haul their man up until he gave the signal, that is when the air bubbles continue to come naturally to the surface.

The shark made a feint but turned tail at the critical moment, but the next time it was bolder. Turning on its side it swept upon the diver. The man feared not so much for his head which was covered with a copper case, as he did for his air pipes. If once the shark became entangled in those, it would be all up with him. Gripping his marlinspike firmly, he plunged it in the shark's stomach. The fish gave a great lurch to one side. At the same instant the diver pulled the signal cord and a minute later was safe in the boat above water. This diver was a man who had had many experiences under the sea in all parts of the world, but he admitted that never before had he had such a lively ten minutes.

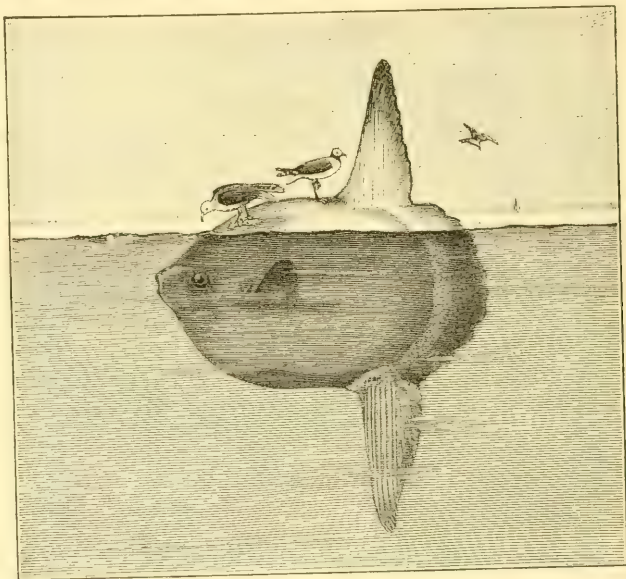
## CAPTURING THE SUNFISH

The tropical seas have no more wonderful denizen than the sunfish. This fish in build is nearly round and has two enormous fins with which it propels itself through the water. Looked at from the side it is about the size of a good sized cart wheel but viewed from in front it appears quite thin in proportion to its great size. It has a curious habit of sleeping on top of the water. Its bulk and strength protect it against the onslaughts of ravenous sharks, but the sea gulls find it a convenient mid-ocean resting place. People declare that the sunfish is very seldom seen but in reality this is not so. When a sunfish is lying asleep with a number of gulls resting upon its back it might easily be mistaken for a piece of floating wreckage.

The sunfish is most frequently seen in the warm waters of the Pacific and often at great distances from shore. It will sometimes swim along the surface

with one huge fin sticking out making an odd appearance, and again if it is swimming slowly, and the water is very smooth a gull will be found calmly sailing along taking an ocean ride on its back.

Considerable danger attends the capture of this monster. On one occasion while a trading schooner was becalmed some miles off the coast of Lower California, a boat put off to try and catch some fish for the mess table. Presently the mate, who was in charge of the party, saw a sunfish about a mile away and apparently asleep. He suggested that they capture it and the others soon agreed. They rowed back to the ship and got a harpoon and some light lines and set out at a rapid rate. About three hundred yards from their prey the rowers slowed up and approached with care. The sunfish was not on the lookout for danger and allowed the boat to slip up within





ten yards. The mate hurled his harpoon straight and true, for he had seen many years of service in the whaling ships. With a mighty splash the great fish dived and the line with a big cork float attached was thrown overboard altogether. The fish was gone minutes, and the crew were beginning to think that they had lost their prey when the mate saw the float more than a mile away. The men bent to their oars and in a few minutes the boat was flying towards the mark. But ere they could reach the place the sunfish dived again and carried the float beneath the surface. The great fish must have passed right under them for the float reappeared about quarter of a mile behind and right in their wake. This time they had more luck and succeeded in passing a second line around the float, but in doing so they must have jerked the line for the fish dived with a rush and the boat had to abandon its second line. It was not long before the float appeared again and the end of the line was picked up. This time the mate decided to hold on whatever happened. He made fast to the bow and waited to see what would come next. Nothing occurred for a minute or more, and two of the crew began to haul in on the line thinking that perhaps their victim was dead, but they were wrong, for suddenly there was a tremendous jerk and the men let go, while the line ran out like lighting. The mate's face changed color, but he was a man of iron nerve and he was going to make his fight with the fish to the death. The line ran taunt with such a jerk that the bow of the boat almost went under. Every instant that the line held the boat was liable to be swamped, but the fish was evidently weakening for its struggles became less and less and presently ceased altogether. Then came a long strong pull of half a dozen arms and the prize slowly rose to the surface.

A line was made fast to the fin and the huge fish was towed to the ship. This proved to be no light task for it seemed as though the carcass was made of lead. Once alongside it took the ship's heaviest block and tackle and most of the crew to raise it to the deck. Part of the meat was cut off cooked for the midday meal and proved to be pretty coarse and oily and was promptly voted "no good" by the crew. However they had had lots of fun with the catch and were contented. Life is often dreary on a deep sea trip and any excitement like a hunt is always hailed with delight.

Sometimes sportsmen shoot the sun fish from row boats, but it is a very uncertain business. In the first place a row boat is seldom still and in consequence makes a poor gun platform. Again a very heavy rifle must be used, and unless the fish is struck behind the eye or in some vital spot it dives and is never seen again.



GRAMPUSES AND NARWHALS.

## GRAMPUSSES AND NARWHALES

A whale ship that was spending the summer in the Arctic regions had several opportunities of watching the narwhales and grampusses. The narwhal is chiefly famous for the wonderful twisted ivory horn which springs out of its forehead. It is not an aggressive animal, as a rule, for it is seldom known to attack other creatures that live in the sea.

On the other hand, the grampus is a great hungry beast, measuring thirty or forty feet in length; the whole year round it races up and down the cold seas searching for something to eat.

The whale boats always try to harpoon a few narwhales. It is a very exciting chase for the narwhal frequently upsets the boat; but the ivory horns are so valuable that men will run great risks to secure them.

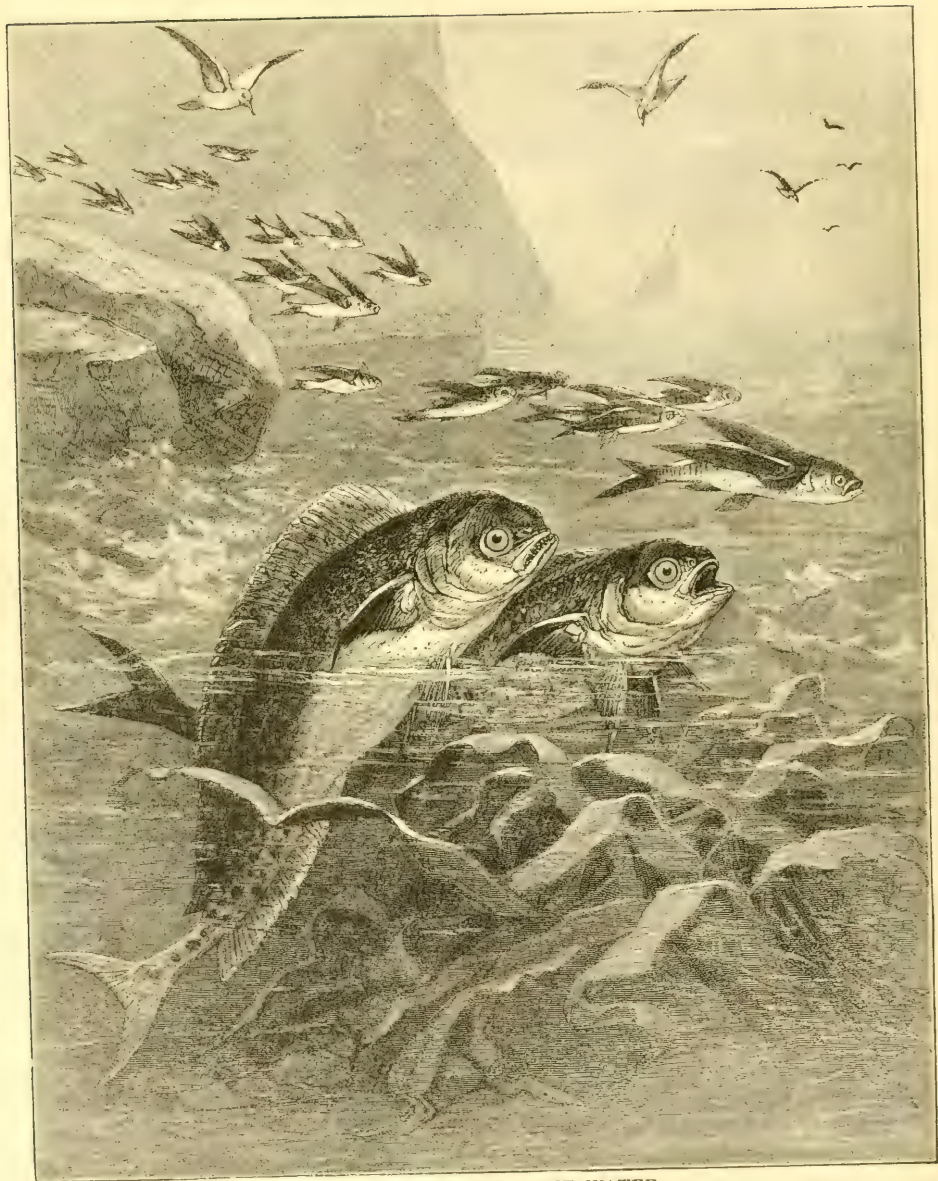
One morning there being no whales in sight and the wind having fallen into a dead calm, a boat put out from one of these whale ships to see what it could find. The sailors began to fish with lines and for an hour or more had good luck when suddenly the fish ceased biting and disappeared.

A few minutes later the bow man whispered, "narwhales." Sure enough, not quarter of a mile away there was a small school of them. The men seized their oars and rowed quietly so as to come up alongside of the herd; but the animals saw the boat coming and dived. After a wait of some minutes the narwhales rose to the surface, and this time allowed the boat to come close to them. The mate stood in the bow, harpoon in hand, and when he was near enough threw it with all his might at the leader. The herd scattered at once, leaving one of their number struggling to rid itself of the cruel barb in its back. The men began to haul in on the line, but at a yell from the mate they ceased. They found themselves surrounded by the narwhales and for an instant feared that the boat was about to be attacked. The narwhales were swimming round and round as if in mortal terror of something.

A few seconds later there was a tremendous splash, and out of the water bounded a pair of grampusses. The first one had already seized a narwhale, which was struggling in its mouth, while the second one made a savage rush at the remainder of the herd. Instantly they scattered, and one of the largest narwhales collided with the boat, its horn ripping the whole side out of it throwing the men head over heels into the water. When they came to the surface they found that the narwhales had fled and the grampusses were pursuing them. The harpooned narwhale had also vanished having been torn to pieces by the hungry marauders.

The sailors clung to the floating oars and wreckage until another boat came from the ship and picked them up.





FLYING FISH LEAVING THE WATER

## SHOOTING FLYING FISH

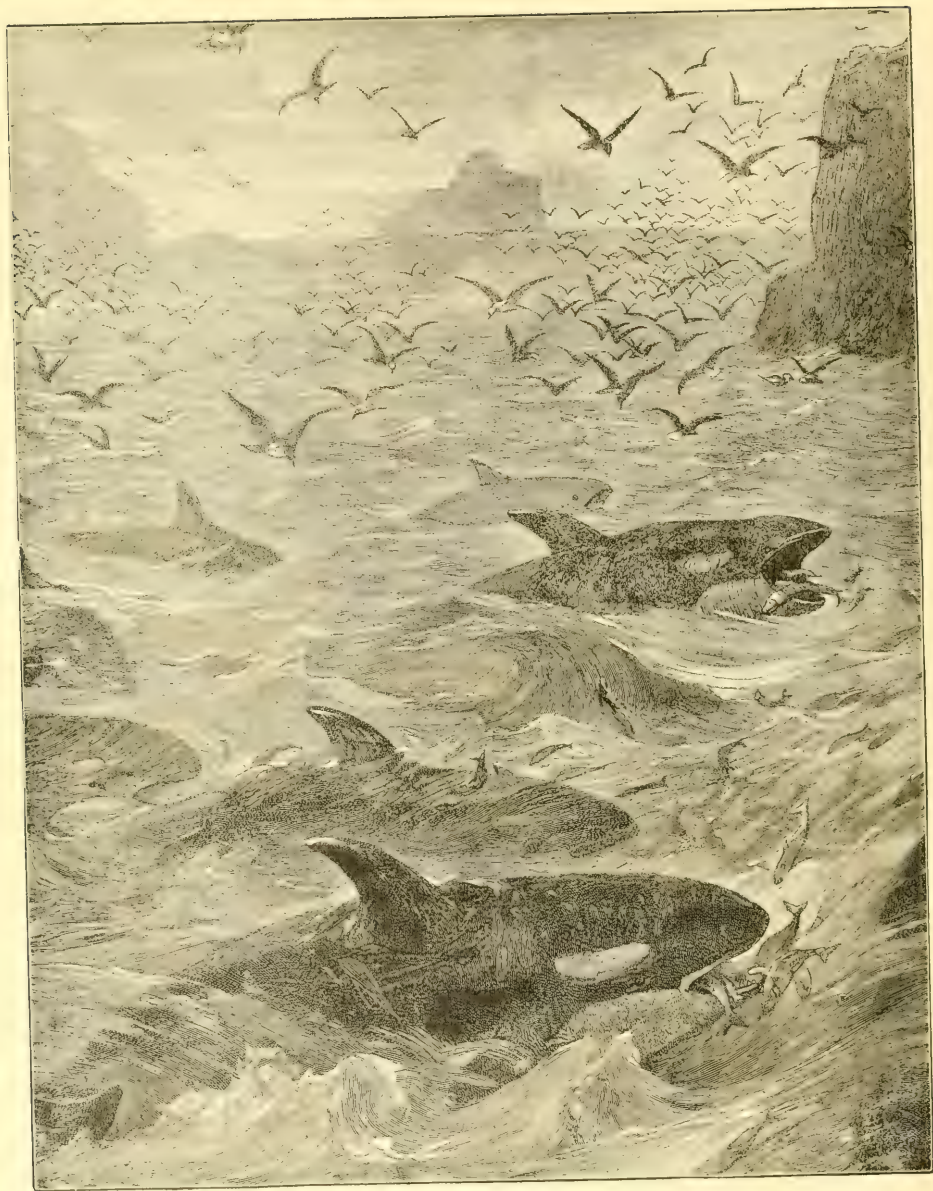
Flying fishes appear to be always having a hard time of it. The big fish pursue them under water, while the sea gulls and fish hawks wait above ready to pounce upon them when they take to the air.

The flying fishes have two enormous fins, very delicately fashioned which they use to fly with. They can only stay in the air as long as the fins or "wings" as some people call them, remain wet. On the Pacific coast it is considered good sport to shoot these fish. It takes considerable skill to do it too, for they break water very suddenly, and fly with good speed about fifty yards; then drop back into the waves. Their color is silvery, but the fish is very deceptive when seen against the green waves. Of course if the fish is shot it drops on the surface in much the same way as a bird.

Out west the real hunter of the flying fish is the tuna, a fierce and mighty mackerel which weighs anywhere from one hundred to three hundred pounds, and is one of the swiftest swimming fishes known. The tuna seems to chase the flying fishes all day, especially when the weather is fine and sunny. The writers have seen a tuna single out one fish and dash at it. The poor fish, driven frantic with terror, makes for the surface and comes out with a splash. Away it goes through the air, perhaps for a hundred yards, until it is forced to drop, and then as it strikes the water there is a loud "klop" which shows that the tuna has never lost sight of its prey but has followed it skimming along just below the surface.

It is not uncommon for flying fishes to land on the deck of a boat when they are hard pressed by some foe, and, it is said that they can be attracted aboard at night by a light hung a few feet in the air above the deck. The writers have often seen flying fish strike the side of a yacht, and drop back into the water, either killed or stunned.

If you want to see an exhibition of skill you should watch a fish hawk or sea eagle tackle a flying fish. On one occasion a tuna drove a flying fish to the surface and immediately a hovering bald eagle swooped upon it. The flying fish swerved and then dived. The eagle came on with a splendid rush and so did the pursuing tuna and the two met. The eagle screamed angrily as the tuna hurled itself clean out of water. There was a mighty splash as the eagle struck at the tuna and for a second or two it was carried right under water, showing that its talons must have caught in the flesh of the great fish. There was a terrific struggle for a few seconds and then the eagle by a great effort rose, and sailed away to its nest with its plumage badly ruffled, and also its temper, if one could judge by its screaming. That time the flying fish escaped in the confusion.



ROUNDING UP A SCHOOL OF FISH



## ALL ABOUT THE GRAMPUS

There is nothing pretty about a grampus which, by the way, is a warm-blooded, breathing animal, and not a fish. It is always in a hurry, rushing about looking for fish to gobble up. Nothing suits a grampus better than to run across a great school of cod. It rushes in among the fish slaying and eating them until it is gorged. Sometimes the fish, in trying to get away from their enemy, swim into shallow water; but even there they do not escape, for the grampus will rush after them, and often when this happens gets stranded on the beach. It is then almost helpless, and seldom lives until the tide comes to float it off.

The Arctic foxes never allow such a grand feast as a stranded grampus to escape them, and worry and tear at the giant with their sharp teeth until it is dead. The grampus lashes about with its tail and some of the foxes get killed; but the majority are very nimble, and skip out of the way of the flail-like blows. When the huge body quivers in death it is a signal for a general onslaught. Rats, sea-gulls, foxes, auks, all flock to the feast, gorging themselves, snarling, screaming and fighting the while.

Sometimes a grampus will tackle narwhales, murdering them right and left. A narwhal is as large as a big shark, but the grampus itself is often over thirty feet long. The narwhales being swift swimmers, endeavor to run away, but their only real safety is in scattering.

The grampus does not come much below the Arctic circle, for the cold seas are simply alive with fish and there it makes its hunting ground. Its enormous body requires vast quantities of food, consequently it does little else but endeavor to satisfy its hunger.

A trick of the grampus is to swim along at a great rate with its mouth wide open. In this way a large number of fish of all sizes, from sardines to cod, find their way into its stomach. Even the swift swimming porpoise falls a victim to the grampus. There is no doubt that when a grampus is really in a hurry it can move along about as quickly as an express train.

The only amusement a grampus seems to indulge in is to tease the Greenland whale. Five or six will join in the fun. They will surround the whale, spring out of the water and dealing it terrific blows with their tails. They do not often kill a whale, but simply worry and hustle it from place to place. The whale does not fight back, but swims off as fast as it can.

Sometimes the grampusses will follow a whale hundreds of miles until it is all but worn out. The color of the grampus is blue-black, while its belly is a shining white. Its head is small in proportion to its body.



SEA LIONS FIGHTING.

## HUNTING SEA LIONS

Out on the Pacific coast of the United States is the best place to observe the Sea Lion. There are still a few to be found on the rocks off the Cliff House near San Francisco, and on the northern end of the island of Catalina, but the hunter must go farther to the South to see great herds in a wild state.

There is a lonely island called St Nicholas off Southern California and it is truly one of the "jumping off" places of the United States. This island is about nine miles long. It is almost without water or vegetation, in fact, nothing but sun and sand and rocks and sea; a more wild desolate spot can hardly be imagined. Here it is that bird and animal life is to be found in abundance, for the hand of man has not touched the spot. Gulls, sea eagles and ducks fly about in great flocks, but they are not as interesting as the mighty herds of sea lions.

Two hunters went out to the island in a sloop; a sail of some hundred or more miles, and arrived during the night and anchored off shore. The sea lions could be heard splashing and roaring on every side. As soon as the sun had dispelled the morning fog the island came into view. The rocks on the shore were literally covered with sea lions of every age and size. When they saw the boat they became very excited and moved about uneasily. The two hunters rowed ashore and landed, no easy job for the surf runs high on this exposed beach. They landed some distance from the rookery, and walked slowly along the beach. Immediately all the females took to the water, carrying their young with them. The old bulls stood their ground however and bellowed angry warnings. The two men approached quite close to the biggest fellow and watched it with interest for several minutes, until it made a very sudden attack. It took four large winchester bullets to lay it out. The shots caused the rest of the herd to scatter. This bull was an enormously fat fellow, its teeth being exceptionally large and white. Its fur was uneven and not at all pretty.

After looking around for some time one of the hunters saw something move near a rock. On going up to it he found it to be a tiny sea lion. He picked it up in his arms, and carried it back to the boat. The little thing did not struggle at all but gazed about in a bewildered fashion. The two men laid the baby down on the deck, stroked its fur and gave it a saucer of milk which it drank greedily. It seemed a good deal like a very misshaped, but cunning pussy cat. Suddenly there was a big splash in the water, and the men saw that the mother had followed the young one to the boat. It swam round and round crying miserably, and at times raised itself up in the water, in an endeavour to see its youngster on the deck. At last the poor mother's



## HUNTING SEA LION

distress became so great that the men held the baby over the side and gently dropped it into the water. Immediately the mother swam up and took the baby away with all speed. The old bulls may be brave enough, but it is doubtful if one of them would risk its hide to get a little one back. This incident is a beautiful case of a mother's love.

Sea Lions are very quarrelsome and have great battles among themselves.



The greatest fights occur in the spring when the bulls are gathering their families together. Each bull has a number of females under its charge. Now quite often another bull thinks its brother has too many females and it steals one away. This generally occurs when the master of the herd is off fishing but when it returns it promptly goes after the thief, and a great battle takes place. One or the other gets killed, unless either of them shows the white feather and scuttles away to a place of safety.





A GRIZZLY BEAR AND HER CUBS.



## BEARS!

The mighty Grizzly Bear is truly the King of American Animals. It is also called the "Silver Tip" and among sportsmen "Old Ephraim." The polar bear is somewhat larger than the grizzly, but the two are equal in strength and ferocity. The grizzly frequently reaches a length of eight feet and sometimes a thousand pounds in weight. Its claws are curved, very strong and often six inches in length. The poor ill-fed creature in the Zoo is but a very bedraggled caricature of the wild animal.

One day some hunters found the tracks of a large grizzly and proceeded to capture it in a way which is somewhat questionable from a sportsman's standpoint. All bears are fond of honey and the grizzly especially so. So these hunters got a large block of honeycomb and thoroughly soaked it with whisky. The bear soon smelt the dainty and came up and eat it. It was not long before the whisky began to take effect, and the bear appeared a little unsteady on its feet. Then it grew drowsy and lay down to sleep off the effects of the alcohol. It was an easy job to kill it, for its poor brain was too much befuddled to allow it to grasp the situation and protect itself, and then it found that its legs refused to carry it away.

One day a party of hunters came upon a large bear sound asleep. The dogs rushed at it at once and soon had it wide awake. The bear ran away at once, and its speed soon left the hunters far behind, but the dogs were harder to get rid of. One big hound got closer than was safe with the result that the bear grabbed it up with its paws and in spite of its bites and struggles gave it one death hug. The dogs held the bear in check long enough to allow the hunters to come up. A bullet paralyzed its hind quarters, but it took several more shots to kill it. It is doubtful if dogs alone would conquer even a small bear; against a grizzly they would have no show.

The times when the bears are fiercest is in the spring when the long winter's sleep is over and they come forth very sleepy, ill-tempered and hungry. Their fur looks rough and poor and dirty but a couple of weeks of heavy feeding soon has them back in condition. The second dangerous time with the bears is when the old ones have cubs. They will fight then with unusual vigor and courage.

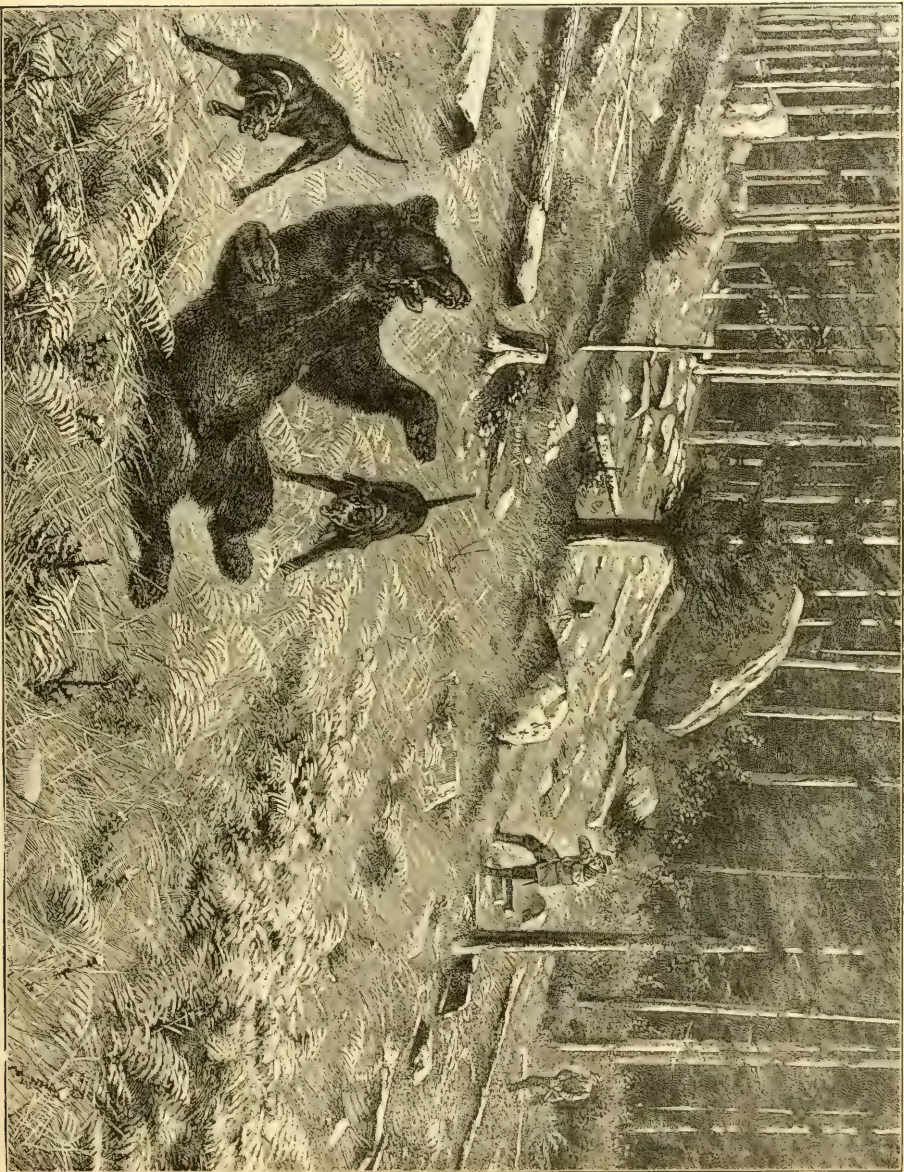
Two hunters came upon a whole bear family and a battle ensued. The dogs tackled the cubs and the old mother made havoc among the dogs killing and maiming several. At last the old bear was shot, and several of the cubs were accounted for too. When matters had quieted down the hunters heard an uproar going on about a hundred yards away. They ran to see the cause and found that a large cub had stolen away unnoticed and had been followed by a

powerful bull terrier. The terrier had gone into the fight, light of heart, but now it appeared only anxious to get away, for it found "Master Bruin" no easy game to tackle. The men kept hands off and watched the pair. The terrier rushed its wooly prey into a corner but missed its grip. In an instant the cub got the dog in its paws and held on to it. The pair rolled over and over until the cub shook itself loose and left the dog with a broken back. This cub was eventually captured and lived for some time in great peace, till it came to an end through eating some poisoned meat. Its owners were not sorry to see it go, for it was growing at such a rate that it was beginning to be a problem what to do with it. Some time before one of the men, being of humane instincts, took the bear into the forest and let it loose. Away it went at once and they all thought they were free of it, but one snowy morning it was found sitting patiently by the cook-house door waiting for its breakfast. You see there was not much to eat in the woods at that time. The bear lived at its old home for many months, never showing any signs of becoming savage or unruly and no doubt it would be alive today but for the accident with the posioned meat already mentioned.

A party of hunters had been told that an enormous bear was to be found in a canyon some miles away. It was late in the afternoon, but nevertheless they started off and camped for the night, an hour after sundown. About one o'clock in the morning the men were aroused by one of their companions, whose face was gray with fright. They listened and soon found out what was the matter. Going round and round their tent they could hear a slow measured tread. They all gripped their rifles and waited. After a while the sound ceased and they got to sleep again. It was discovered the next day that the "measured tread" that had so startled them came from a rat that was moving through the leaves in a series of jumps and of course they all felt rather foolish. In the dark and stillness they had imagined this to be the mighty enemy. Quite often small noises sound all out of proportion in the great woods and especially at night.

The day was spent in following the bear, but while its tracks were plain enough they never caught sight of the creature itself. Camp was pitched again, and this time among some rocks. Trouble began at once. First of all the rattlesnakes grew very friendly and insisted upon inspecting the camp at all hours and then the flies invaded the cooking tent. The cook was a chinaman, usually the most placid of souls, but on this occasion his temper grew lively. The men were busy cleaning guns and getting the night coverings out, when suddenly the chinaman gave an unearthly yell. The men rushed





GRIZZLY BEAR SHOT.



## BEARS!

The fact that this bear was found carrying, not dragging, a large deer, indicates its enormous strength. The skinning took some time, and parts of the meat were cut off and roasted and found to be good eating. The bear is capable of considerable speed and even when badly wounded it has been seen to move over the ground at a great pace. It does not gallop but appears to shuffle along in clumsy fashion.

On the way back to the ranch one of the hunters killed a fine buck but they had no means of carrying the body with them. The young hunter did not know what to do, for he knew that the coyotes would find the prize in no time. The guide said he would "fix it." He took the skin of the grizzly and laid it over the deer and then they went on. Later in the day the guide and the hunter returned with a packhorse and found the body untouched. There is a smell about the grizzly that other creatures greatly dread, and the skin of a grizzly, spread in this fashion, over any game is a sure protection. The shapelessness of it scares the other creatures too, for all the forest-folk fear anything that they cannot understand. Bears are not always savage as the following incident shows. One day a lady in California while out walking on a lonely path met a Cinnamon Bear. The two looked at each other for a moment then they both turned tail and walked in opposite directions with as much haste as dignity would permit. This incident is somewhat remarkable as cinnamon bears have rather a bad reputation along the Pacific slope for showing ugly temper.

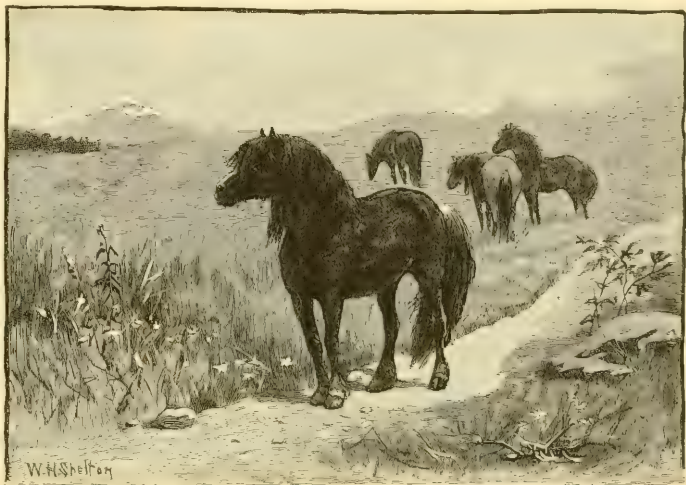
While some railroad section hands were camped in a pine forest in Oregon a funny bear incident happened. One of the camp children, a tiny tot in short dresses, went down to play by a mountain brook that ran close to the railroad. Suddenly the child looked up and saw a bear cub drinking in the stream only a few yards away. Both babies caught sight of each other at the same moment and both began to yell. The mother rushed down and caught up her child and carried it off. Almost at the same moment a huge bear shuffled out of the woods, came up to the cub and carried it away to safety too. You see both mothers were anxious about their young ones.

Bears are excellent climbers and often attack the wild bee's nests even when they are built high up in the hollows of trees. The bees buzz around angrily and sting the robber. But either its skin, or its fur, is so thick that the bees make no impression; at any rate the bears do not seem to care an atom. The bear has a fair sized brain and soon becomes tame and even affectionate. Members of the family are found in almost every part of the world, from the Arctic to the Equator.

## SHETLAND PONIES

Far away to the north of Scotland there is a group of rocky, storm-ridden islands called the Shetlands. Very few people live on them and these devote most of their time to fishing, and getting sea bird's eggs. However on these islands live a breed of shaggy little ponies which have become famous the world over. They are not large nor much to look at when wild, but are wonderfully sturdy and as they came from a place noted for its rough climate they can stand a great deal of cold and exposure.

How the ponies got into the Shetlands in the first place is not known, but it is supposed that their ancestors were taken there by man, and that as the long years rolled by they grew smaller and smaller and developed shaggy coats as a protection against the



weather. But all this is by no means an established fact. It is possible that the ponies are a distinct breed that have sprung from a stock which may have inhabited the islands many thousands of years.

There is nothing to prevent them multiplying very quickly, for they have no enemies worth speaking of. At any rate most of the ponies in the United States, the pretty ones that you see children driving about the country, are born of fathers and mothers that came from the Shetland Islands.

Of course there are lots of tame ponies in the Shetlands, but never the less many of the islands are so rugged that the little creatures are for all the world like wild animals.

Winter is the best time to catch the ponies for then the snow is deep and food is scarce and they cannot get away as easily. The natives round up the ponies and then drive them into corrals. Then they are shipped to England to be tamed and made to go in harness.



THE COSSACK SOLDIER ON HORSEBACK



## HORSES ALL OVER THE WORLD

The horse is easily in the front rank of animals useful to man. What the nations would have done without its services in peace and in war is hard to say. Although man has had the horse trained to work for him for many hundred years, there are still spots on the earth where the horse roams free. In Arizona, New Mexico, and the northern part of Mexico proper, wild horses are frequently seen and sometimes caught.

On the Pampas in South America the wild horses, or mustangs, as they are called, are still hunted. A number of cow-boys, or "vacqueros" usually band together and go out in search of a herd. These herds are always under the leadership of a stallion that has fought its way with teeth and hoofs into the front position, and holds it as long as its strength permits. The vacqueros use their finest horses in the chase, for they have to carry the rider and a heavy saddle and yet keep up with the spirited mustangs that carry no weight at all.

The method of catching the mustang is by tangling its feet in a "bolas." South of the Equator the bolas takes the place of the lasso. It is a long piece of rawhide having at either end a stone. The cowboy keeps swinging the bolas slowly round and round his head until he is close enough to throw, then he hurls it with all his might. The instant the rawhide is checked in its flight, say by a mustang's legs, the stones swing round and round and the victim is tangled up in the coils of the bolas. As a rule, the cowboys try to dash in among the herd, flinging their bolas in every direction, and it is not unusual for two mustangs to become tangled in the same rope. This is always unfortunate; for should either beast have a pair of legs free, in its terror it often kicks its companion to death. Mustang catching is a sport attended with great danger, for the horse in its wild state is no mean foe. It knows how to use its teeth and hoofs.

There seems to be no doubt that horses were first brought to the Americas by the Spaniards. Some of them escaped and roamed wild over the prairies and became the forefathers of the mighty herds which are found on both continents. The Indians were said to have been very much frightened when they first saw horses. They were unlike any animal they had ever seen before, and when they beheld men astride them they thought that they must be four legged devils.

Five thousand years before Christ, the Egyptians and Chaldeans had used the horse in warfare, and the old kings of Israel, Syria and Persia reckoned the strength of their armies by their chariots and horsemen. The Greeks were superb horsemen. Horses were always used in great Roman



COWBOYS CHECKING A STAMPEDE OF HORSES.

bull-fights, and chariot racing was popular until the fall of the Empire. It is carried on in a modified fashion to-day.

England has raised famous horses for various uses, but they probably all came from the original Arab stock. Throughout Russia and Asia the most popular beasts are the little, untidy, shaggy horses of Tartary. The Cossacks have trained them to a wonderful extent, but above all they stand the terrible cold of Siberia. They are not much to look at but are remarkably strong and enduring.

In the United States we have seen cavalymen train their horses to do wonderful things, such as to sit on their haunches and to lie down flat so as to form a breastwork behind which their riders shoot. In all the western Indian wars the horse has played a great part. Soldiers stand in their saddles, ride backward, sideways and, in fact, in every possible way, with or without saddles. The West Pointers become the most expert horsemen in the world and they equal western horseman at their own tactics.

Circus horses have to be specially trained and well treated, for they have to understand quickly and obey the slightest word spoken to them. A mistep on the part of a circus horse would instantly cause the death of a rider if he were doing some very difficult feat such as turning a double sommersault on its back. Again the horse must be taught to stand the glare of the lamps and the noise of the bands and shouting people. It is not an uncommon thing to hear of a troupe of educated horses doing such tricks as holding bouquets of flowers, smoking pipes, ringing bells and shooting off pistols.

Buffalo Bill's show has traveled all over the world showing how the American Indians and cowboys ride wild horses. When the show was in England a gentleman exhibited a pony upon which a saddle had never been put. Two grooms had lost their lives in attempting to break the little beast. The owner jokingly dared a cowboy to try his hand at taming the pony. The cowboy was not dismayed; he quietly took his saddle, bridle, lasso and spurs, and went to work. In less than half an hour he had saddled the untamable one and ridden it around the field.

Every boy has seen the wonderful fire-engine horses, now common in every American city. How they stand unhitched, and the instant the alarm rings spring into their places and in a second or two are harnessed up and off to the fire with a two ton engine rattling behind them.

The race horse seems to be a distinct creature, long legged, lean and lanky, but with muscles of iron. This horse has been slowly envolved and





CATCHING WILD HORSES.

## WOLVES

The name of "Wolf" inspires genuine terror, and not without reason for it stands for all that is swift, merciless and cruel. In every wolf-infested country throughout the world the people tell of a long list of deaths and disasters charged to these creatures.

One night a Russian officer, stationed in a lonely fort, right in the midst of the pine woods, received orders to come, without a moments delay, to headquarters, a journey of about fifteen miles. A pair of the best horses were immediately harnessed to a sleigh, and the officer and his driver were off. It was a bitterly cold, but not a dark, night and the horses were able to pick their way without any difficulty. The sleigh moved like lightning across the frozen snow and the miles were soon being reeled off.

Suddenly the horses threw their ears back and snorted, and the next instant broke into a furious gallop. The officer sat bolt upright in a moment. He listened attentively for a minute without hearing anything, and had almost persuaded himself that it was all right, when a faint howl reached his ears. Brave man as he was, his face blanched for he knew full well that he had to race for his life. But he was a man of action and in a few minutes he had his two rifles loose and ready for work. The howl sounded again, and this time much closer. There was no need to urge the horses, for blind terror was at their heels.

The stolid driver too had heard the dreaded sound but he sat fast and kept a taut rein and silently hoped against hope. The officer looked over the back of the sleigh and he saw eight or ten wolves come running out into the moonlight. They seemed to be travelling easily but he knew well enough that that shambling loose gallop of the wolf will in time run down any creature upon earth.

The first wolf was now not more than forty yards away and, as the sleigh was moving so smoothly, he chanced a shot. The leader toppled over and its half starved companions soon fell upon it, and tore it to pieces. Thus five minutes was gained and it seemed as though escape was possible, for the fort was only a few miles away. Soon the howl sounded again and before many minutes the whole pack appeared. One big wolf was out in front of the others and the officer shot it, but this time only a few wolves stopped to quarrel over the body while the majority of the pack kept on, and matters were becoming desperate.

The sentry on duty at the fort had heard the shots, and the howling of the pack, and he knew in an instant what was wrong. He hastily sounded the alarm and called out the guard and the fort gates were opened. The





WOLVES ATTACKING A SLEIGH.



sleigh left the woods and came out into the open. If the horses struck a soft spot in the snow and floundered an instant it would be fatal and none knew that better than the driver. However this Russian sat fast, with his nerves in his arms and prayed to all the powers he could think of. The lights of the fort were looming brighter every moment, but the pack was close behind. The wolves knew that if their prey gained the courtyard they would be safe, so yelling with rage, they increased their speed. The driver now did a splendid action; instead of making straight to the gate, he kept some yards to one side. One wolf got ahead of the sleigh and bit at the horses flanks but missed. It rolled under the sleigh and the jolt nearly upset it. Two others flew at the bear skin rug at the back and tore it away. Just as the courtyard gates were reached the driver turned at a sharp angle. This movement brought the pack broadside with the fort and they were met with a shower of lead from fifty soldiers. The sleigh swerved again and this time safely between the courtyard gates. The speed of the horses was so great that they crashed into a veranda on the far side, smashing it, and the heavy sleigh, to kindling wood. The gates were quickly shut and the pack took to its heels, baulked of their prey and leaving a dozen of their fellows dead or kicking in the snow. Alas all travellers do not have as much luck as the Russian officer. On one occasion a party in a sleigh were run so hard that the horses actually gave out and the people were torn to pieces. Then again another story is told of a Russian nobleman who was travelling with his children and an old servant, and were pursued by a pack of wolves. The servant knew that the pace could not last long, so he deliberately jumped out of the sleigh and walked towards the wolves. He was soon torn to pieces but the time gained served to save his master's and his children's lives. This was a case of true heroism.

A Russian courier on horseback, while carrying his despatches, was one day overtaken by a pack of wolves. He shot several of the leaders, but he knew that as the pack were so close his chances of escape were very slim. His horse was a fine creature, and fit to try speed against such an enemy.

The killings had served to give the courier a good start but while passing through a wood his horse suddenly stumbled and threw him, and then galloped away. Hastily scrambling to his feet, the courier climbed into the nearest tree. He had a close call for his life as the wolves nearly had him by the heels. The wet snow on his uniform caused him great discomfort, and while he was safe from one set of enemies he had a deadlier one to deal with—cold. He felt that he was slowly freezing to death, for already the



A RUSSIAN COURIER PERSUED BY PACK OF WOLVES

drowsy sleep from which no man awakens, was beginning to creep over him, while below sat the ring of wolves waiting for the body to fall.

An hour later a riderless horse, foaming at the mouth, galloped into the outpost. The story it told was clear enough, and in a short while a large, strongly-armed party went forth on the trail and fought it out with the pack. At length the wolves were driven away and the unfortunate courier was brought down from the tree and hastily carried to the fort, where the warmth of a fire soon revived him.

The list of men however that go to their death while performing their duty in the lonely land of Russia is a large one. The world never hears of their deeds, and in the official lists they are simply recorded as "missing."

Wolves can be checked in their run for a short while by throwing a rolled-up rug in their path. They stop at once, and tare the rug to pieces until they discover that there is nothing to eat in it.

The winter months are the dangerous times with the wolves, because their boldness increases with their hunger. Before now small outlying, unprotected villages have actually been raided by a hungry pack and the results were truly dreadful. In summer time, when food is plentiful wolves are not nearly as fierce. One day a hunter shot a stag and while he went for help to bring in the body he tied a red and blue handkerchief to the horns. This fluttering in the wind, was quite sufficient to keep the wolves away, for they are very suspicious creatures and will not go near anything that they do not understand, or suspect is a trap. In winter time however they cannot be scared off so easily.

Bounties are offered by the governments for wolve's heads, and slowly the packs are disappearing. Pit-falls, snap-traps, guns and poison are making serious havoc in their ranks. Before now a small pack has been entirely wiped out through eating the dead body of a horse that had been thoroughly saturated with poison.

The wolf isn't worth much commercially. Its fur is beautiful in winter time, but the risk of getting it is too great. In our western states it is thought good fun to hunt the wolf from horseback with a pack of hounds. Again, wolves are sometimes stuck with a spear, in much the same way as "pig-sticking," is carried on in India. The wolf is found all over the world, but from Europe it has almost vanished; the price on its head proving too much for it.

Wolves in captivity are sometimes crossed with big dogs and the puppies are terribly strong and savage.





QUARRELING OVER THE FEAST

## THE ORYX

The Oryx is one of the largest antelopes that is found throughout South Africa. The Zulus kill the animal in large numbers for food, and from its skin they make a tough natural leather.

A hunter who was passing through Zululand asked many questions of the natives regarding the oryx. He found that on the whole it was a peaceful, harmless creature, except that it had an appetite which caused its man neighbors much trouble; for at certain seasons vast herds would collect and move across the country looking for food. The result was that many miles of good grazing land would be stripped bare of grass and small bushes, so that the Zulus' cattle gradually died of starvation.

Until the white men came in great numbers the oryx were very plentiful, but the rifle has thinned its ranks to an appalling extent. The Zulus' method of hunting the oryx is by surrounding it and driving a spear into the animal's body before it can escape. The horns of the oryx are long and very sharp, and it knows how to use them, so there is an element of danger in the chase, and the Zulu hunter has to be very nimble. It is told by a man who once wounded an oryx, though not badly enough to stop its running, that he followed it for several hours before he could catch up. He found that the poor creature had been worried by a pack of jackals, and that it had killed three of them. This is a curious fact, as the jackal is such a coward that it seldom attacks any animal larger than itself.

Antelopes are noted for their great fleetness of foot, but the oryx is comparatively slow. If a gazelle is startled it will rush off at a speed which few horses can follow, but it does not keep up the pace very long. The oryx, however, does not seem to be able to make a dash for safety; but it moves off at a swift trot which it will maintain for hours over very rough ground. In fact, one of its tricks, when in danger, is to make for any rocky or broken country in sight. This trait is also found in the American moose.

The female oryx displays great boldness in protecting its young. When attacked it will run away, but if overtaken it will use its body to ward off the spears of its enemies, so that its young will not be injured.

The oryx is frequently seen in zoological gardens in the United States, where it thrives very well. Usually antelopes are very delicate and seldom live any length of time when removed from their sunny homes. If a zoological park is built upon clay the antelopes and other tropical animals never live long. There seems to be a dampness or chill which proves fatal to them. The famous Hamburg park in Germany is built on sandy soil and numbers of tropical animals live there comfortably.

## FISHING FOR THE "SILVER KING"

From a sportsman's point of view, the finest salt water fish is the Silver King—the giant Tarpon of Florida. The Pacific coast claims a big fellow, called the Tuna, which runs the tarpon very close in the matter of strength, size and "never-say-die" sort of pluck.

While we were in camp on the coast of Florida we had a chance to show our skill with rod and reel. Among our party was a Spanish boy who knew more about tarpon than anyone we had met. One cloudless still morning a member of our party went out with the Spanish boy to see him tackle the great fish. After waiting an hour or more, he got a strike. The



boy was using a heavy hand line and it proved to be no light task to bring the fish in. The fish thought nothing of towing the skiff along at a lively clip. At other times it would come so close that it could be seen skimming along the side of the boat just a few feet below the surface. This fish was evidently not going to give in without a desperate struggle, for tarpon are not built that way. After a long and stubborn fight, however, the fish was finally conquered, killed and dragged safely aboard the skiff. It weighed considerably over one hundred pounds.

The next day we had a chance to show what we could do. We had provided ourselves with the very best tackle that money could buy, and we were much relieved to hear the Spanish guide pronounce it "good," after he had examined every inch of it. It all looked so terribly new and shiny that we had had grave doubts. The course of our hunt was practically the same as on the previous day. This time we had to wait much longer and bait the hook many times, for there was not a fish to be seen. Patience had its



## FISHING FOR THE "SILVER KING"

reward at last, for during a lull in the conversation we had a strike, and a good one. Had it come on a taut line there is no doubt but that the man behind the reel would have gone overboard. The Spaniard was on the alert in an instant and flew to his oars like a demon. Never had we seen anyone display such skill. He kept the boat's nose in the right position, so that whenever the line tightened he was always ready for the next move. On the first strike the line flew out with great speed, and the reel screamed in agony. The boat was sent rapidly forward to take the strain off the line. It seemed as though the tackle, strong as it was, would never stand the strain, but we soon saw that it had been made by skilful hands and was calculated to a nicety. Then the great fish stopped swimming and in a few minutes showed us that it was going to try to double back right under us. The line was quickly reeled in, but was only allowed to rest a very few minutes when the fish was off again; the line this time cutting through the water in a beautiful curve. Then it was that we beheld a sight, for the tarpon came to the surface and sprang six feet out of water, the sunlight flashing from its silvery scales, making it appear a perfect picture of strength and blind courage. The Spaniard smiled approvingly and said, "Senor, you have a big one; see that you do not lose him." The process of tiring out a tarpon is no joke, for it seems to have nine lives like a cat. This fish resorted to every possible trick, it dived, leaped, doubled on its tracks, went fast and then slow, through deep and shallow water. It was a new experience to meet such cunning prey. As time passed on we almost lost hope, for the tarpon seemed to be running with



## FISHING FOR THE "SILVER KING"

as much strength as when it was first hooked. All its efforts, nowever, to break the line had failed. After a while it seemed to give in and we slowly pulled to the shore, which was quite close, landing on the sandy beach. Here the fish took a new lease of life and without any warning away it went. Keeping the line as taut as possible we had to run, but as the fish was in shallow water the effect of the tight line was to draw it still further out of its depth. The Spaniard ran on ahead and during a pause in the race gaffed the fish. For a moment he went out of sight in a cloud of spray; then he appeared with his prize well in hand. We hauled it up on the beach where it flapped and



struggled and fought like a demon. It proved to be a fine fish and weighed one hundred and sixty-five pounds. Habet! Since that day we have caught other tarpon, some of them even larger, but after all none have equalled for excitement the first catch.

The tuna of California is caught in much the same manner as the tarpon, and it weighs from one hundred to three hundred pounds. It is just as great a fighter as its cousin of Florida; knows all its tricks and a few of its own besides. Flying fish make the best tuna bait. Sometimes a small band of tuna hunt together and soon succeed in sending the other swimming folk wild with terror. When a big tuna take a bait on the surface it does so with a rush and a splash like a big shark.

## A PIKE AND MOORHEN

The name of "fresh water shark" has not been given to the Pike without good reason. Of large lake fish it is one of the fiercest and most dreaded and if food runs short it kills every living thing in the water. Its length is anywhere from eighteen inches to four feet. Its mouth is large and is armed with long sharp teeth. Any fisherman who has hooked one will tell you that it is one of the trickiest and stubbornist fighters that can be taken with a rod. In most lakes attempts are made to kill out the pike, that is when it is desired, to preserve the other fish. If this isn't done the pike will make a clean sweep of the lake.

In the long grass on the side of a small lake a moorhen had built a nest, and reared a fine brood of young ones. All went well until the chicks took to the water, and then, one by one, they began to disappear. The family would be paddling about when one victim would give a squeak, and disappear beneath the water. This went on for many days until not a single chick was left alive.

The man who owned the lake wanted the moorhen to raise her brood, and he was at a loss to know where the little chicks were going to, until one day he saw the silent cause of death.

The old moorhen was swimming close to shore when suddenly the man saw a huge pike heading for her from behind. Before he could do anything the fish had seized the bird by a leg. There was a tremendous struggle, between the pair, but it was not long before the moorhen was pulled under the water and drowned.

The pike had to be gotten rid of, but it was no easy matter. The man fished for it several days, at various hours, and using all kinds of bait, but the it wouldn't bite.

Then he tried another scheme. He had his boat rowed slowly along, back and forth and trailed in the water, just behind, a silver spinner, such as bass fishermen use. After waiting some time the pike noticed the flashing object and swam up to examine it. As luck would have it, it came right to the surface of the water. The man saw his chance and gave it two barrels of buck shot. The next instant the pike, mortally wounded, was thrashing about in the throes of death. A third barrel killed it and the lake had peace once more for its arch-enemy was gone. It may be unsportsmanlike to fill a fish up with buck shot, but there are times when a pest has to be cleared out in the swiftest and surest way. If you want to raise many kinds of fish in any preserved water, you will have to keep out the pike, or give up the job for it is ten times worse than the water rats or snakes.





KING VULTURES FEASTING.

## THE KING VULTURES

The King Vultures are found mostly in tropical South America. The name "king" has not been given to them without reason. It is a fact that if a number of vultures find the carcass of a horse or other large animal, they will not touch it if a king vulture is near. His majesty descends leisurely to the earth and examines the carcass, then eats as much as he desires and flies off to a high tree to sleep. The instant the king departs, all the other vultures, who have been patiently waiting, swoop down upon the remains, and finish them up in no time.

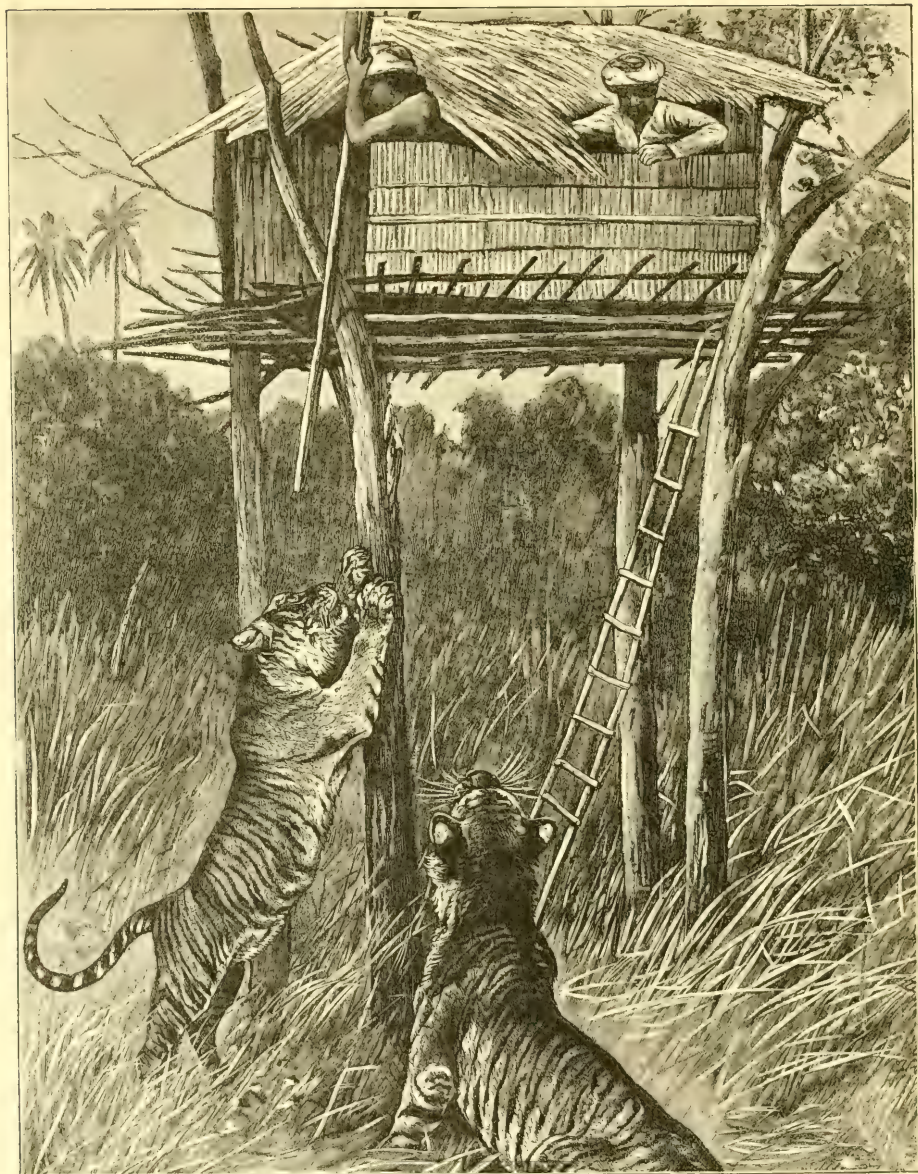
The king vulture is a most gorgeously colored bird. Its back is a soft gray, while its tail and outer wing feathers are black. Its throat is lemon colored, and its beak and head are a brilliant red and its eye is bright and flashing. Like all vultures, it is lazy, vicious, and cowardly; outside of its own family it is not worthy of the name of "king." It is fond of circling for hours together in the sky so high up that it looks a mere speck.

A gentleman who was staying with a Brazilian coffee planter was very anxious to obtain a specimen of a king vulture. One day while walking near a swamp he came upon a flock feeding. The instant he showed himself the birds became uneasy and flew off to the trees for safety's sake, all except one splendid fellow that went on with its meal, quite undisturbed by the presence of such a trifling thing as a man. The gentleman was no coward, but he did not know much about the strength of a vulture or he would have thought twice before acting as he did, for it was his rash intention to capture a specimen alive.

He made a rush at the bird and grasped it by the neck. The vulture was badly frightened, and struggled frantically to disgorge its meal and then to fly away. Its companions left the trees and circled round the struggling pair, some coming so close as to almost touch them. The gentleman had a strong cord in his hand and after a while he succeeded in getting it around the bird's body, which prevented it from using its wings, and as its feet also became entangled, it was soon a complete prisoner. The man then carried his prize home, but he had paid a terrible price for it. His legs and body had been torn by the sharp beak of the bird, and his shoulder had been ripped open. The planter had no idea that his guest was going to undertake such a risky task, and told him it was a wonder that he had not been killed outright. A blow from the bird's beak on his head have caused his death.

The best way to have secured the vulture would have been to allow the bird to gorge itself, and then capture it with a lasso. In this way it would not have had a chance to use its claws and beak.





A PERILOUS HOUSE TO LIVE IN



## A PERILOUS ADVENTURE WITH TIGERS

On one occasion a hunter and three native followers had been shooting all day in the tall jungle grass, when without any warning, the white man was overcome with the heat and collapsed. The nearest safe and sheltered place was a grass house raised from the ground, which had been built and was used by the tiger-hunt beaters.

It was too near sunset for the natives to attempt to carry the sick man home for they feared prowling animals. They managed however to get the man into the grass house and then one native went off with all speed for help.

Close to the house was a spring, to which one native hurriedly went, to get cool water to bathe the master's head. Suddenly his companion who had remained behind heard a shout and the next instant the native scrambled into the grass house like a monkey. It appears that while he was kneeling by the spring he saw a pair of tigers approaching to drink. He was entirely unarmed so he simply fled like the wind. He did not climb out of danger an instant too soon, for the largest tiger had followed him and sprung at him, coming so close that its claws tore his white linen breeches.

The tigers were now angry and seemed to be determined to get at the natives for they sniffed around on every side, and even stood on their hind legs trying to reach the platform.

Meanwhile the third native had found some regimental officers who made all haste to go to their sick companion's rescue. As they approached the spot they soon saw fresh tiger foot marks, and a minute or two later, to their astonishment, they beheld the natives poking off the tigers with long sticks. The great creatures were so occupied with their work that they did not notice the coming rear attack. Two shots rang out. One was good and one was bad. The smaller tiger bounded away and was not seen again, but the larger one toppled over with a sound between a roar and a cough, the result of a shot through the lungs. The two natives were mighty glad for the timely help, as they were beginning to fear that the tigers would reach them after all. In a few minutes the sick man was placed on a stretcher, while the natives shouldered the tiger and the whole party started back on the run.

When the man who had been overcome recovered, and was told of the adventure he concluded that he had had a very close shave for his life. A tiger cannot climb, as a matter of fact, but it isn't a comfortable thing to have a couple of the great brutes trying to get at you when you are only a few feet out of reach. The natives could only put up a very poor defence as there was but only one gun in the party, and, as a precaution, the native messenger had taken that one with him.



A CHINESE FISHERMAN AND HIS CORMORANTS.

## THE CORMORANT AS A FISHERMAN

The white man has always been famous for training animals and birds to his own uses. He has taught the horse to run, the dog to hunt, the ox and ass to plow. He has decorated his house with singing birds, cats and other pets; but it has remained for the Chinaman to turn a certain rather despised bird to a useful as well as ornamental purpose. The cormorant is one of the best examples of Chinese training. This particular bird's habitat is by no means confined to China; it is found in many other parts of the world such as the Atlantic and Pacific coasts of North America, and many of the seas of Europe.

The cormorant is noted for its enormous appetite and greediness, for it will devour fish until it almost chokes and lies helpless upon the water. It is an expert swimmer and diver, and can travel quite a distance under water. As a rule the cormorant first selects a spot where the fishing is good. It circles round several times and then alights upon the water. It never seems to be in a hurry, for it frequently floats quietly, rising and falling with the waves. Usually the splash made by so large a bird frightens the fish off and they must be given time to recover. Suddenly, while you are wondering what the cormorant will do next, it vanishes from sight. Folding its wings closely to its body it dives, using its feet to swim with. The head and neck act as a rudder, but in front instead of at the back. If the bird ducks its head it sinks to a greater depth, while if it arches its neck it will come to the surface. Sometimes the cormorant stays under water several minutes and may have travelled several hundred yards before it comes to the surface again, its crop bulging with the fish it has caught.

Now, the Chinese catch the bird while it is young and train it, not to fish for itself, but to bring the prey back to the boat. No cord or anything is attached to the bird; it travels free. With good treatment and careful handling it becomes very tame. On the great rivers of China it is a common sight to see fleets of boats with their crews of cormorants at work. The birds perch on the bows and oars, or wherever they can find a footing; or else swim alongside looking for a chance to catch fish. Frequently nets are not used at all, the fishermen relying entirely upon the skill of the birds to bring in the fish.

A Scotchman once succeeded in training an otter to go into the surf and catch fish in much the same way. The otter always obeyed, but showed that it did not like the task, and was always ready to be hauled back into the boat, where it would promptly go to sleep. The cormorant on the other hand seems to enjoy its work.



## THE HISTORY OF A CHICKEN THIEF

The Goshawk is rather a magnificent looking bird which, so far as England is concerned, has become very rare. The trouble with the goshawk is that too much game is preserved and too many chickens raised to allow such a notorious bird thief to roam at large unmolested; consequently it leads a troubled life, for it is shot and trapped wherever it can be found.



But persecution has made the goshawk wonderfully shrewd and clever. It would seem an easy task to kill all the hawks in a neighborhood, but an old goshawk will defy its enemies for years. If the goshawk only killed birds in the woods and fields its days would be long in the land, but it seems unable to resist stealing chickens as well. Chickens are fat and stupid and cannot defend themselves, and the goshawk finds them much less trouble to catch than a lively partridge that can travel a mile a minute down wind, or a wild duck that will take to the reeds and water, and gives it no end of trouble.

Without doubt the goshawk has nine lives, like the cat, as can be proved by telling you this story.



On a large farm near Cantref, in Wales, there was a special breed of chickens which was the pride and joy of the farmer's heart. Now these same chickens took to vanishing mysteriously. At first it was supposed that they wandered off and died with the cold. Once in a while the farm folks would hear a great clucking and quacking of terror, but on going out nothing would be seen but the chickens running for shelter in every direction. One day the farmer, while standing in his yard, saw a shadow, swift as lightning, glide over the wall, pause a second, and then vanish with a squeaking duckling. In an instant he knew that he had a dreaded enemy to deal with, a full grown goshawk. The next day he hid himself and laid in wait with his gun; but he only succeeded in killing two of his own chickens while the goshawk got off with another, which made four in two days. The gun was of little use, for it was like shooting at an express train. For a week the goshawk disappeared, and the farmer was beginning to think that he had frightened his enemy away; but the very next afternoon the thief returned and carried off a kitten, by way of a change and right from under its mother's nose too. Another time the bird flew so close to a shepherd-dog that it tore a piece of fur out of its back in passing. Poison was tried, and bird lime and steel traps, but all of no avail. Meanwhile the live stock was steadily growing less. Then for a time the hawk went away and the farm-yard had peace.



The breeding season came on and no doubt there was a young family to be fed for the goshawk was seen hovering in the sky, and two days later it dashed into the yard in the usual way; but this time its claws seized a splendid rooster which was far too heavy for it to lift. The rooster did not intend to give up its life so easily and attacked its enemy fiercely, using its beak and spurs with good effect. The farmer, hearing the noise of the fight, ran out and got so close that he actually touched the hawk's wings, when, realizing its danger, it let go of its prey and vanished out of sight.



You must remember that a goshawk makes up its mind and acts twenty times as quickly as a boy does. When the rooster had recovered from its fright it put its ruffled feathers in order and strutted up and down the yard, crowing victoriously.

Now the end of this bold thief was fast approaching. Whether it had been rendered desperate by the clawing it got, or was smarting under its defeat, nobody knows; but about noon the next day it circled into the farm-yard like a sky-rocket, evidently looking for the rooster. A dog happened to be in the way at the time and sprang at it. The hawk changed its course. At that instant one of the farm hands came in at the yard gate. The bird swung round to avoid a collision, but must have lost its head, for it dashed against the barn wall and tumbled down with a broken neck. That was the end of one of the greatest thieves ever known in that neighborhood.



The goshawk has a cousin, a beautiful bird, much smaller in build, but very like it in appearance, - the Marsh Harrier. This bird stays near the edges of lakes and kills the grebes, mud-hens, curlews, snipe and other water fowl. When food becomes scarce it will even deign to catch frogs, and when the frogs give out it turns its attention to the farmyard and performs feats worthy its great cousin.

Sometimes a marsh-harrier tackles a heron, a bird several times larger than itself, and no mean fighter. The heron has a long neck which it keeps curved back, so it can thrust it forward at will. Its beak is a very dangerous weapon, pointed, and shaped like a dagger. The marsh harrier often wages war on the heron, hovering above it until it gets a chance to dash down upon its back. To defend itself the heron points its beak upwards to receive the attack.



On one occasion the victory lay with the heron, for it succeeded in driving its beak through the thick muscles of the marsh harrier's wing. The





THE THIEF—A MARSH HARRIER.



great hawk screamed with rage and pain, and fluttered down, down, down, until it fell into the lake, and the heron went on its way as though nothing had happened.

A gentleman, who had watched the fight from shore, put out in a boat, and after considerable trouble succeeded in securing the wounded bird. He carried the marsh harrier home and tended its injured wing. It lived for a long time in a big cage, becoming very tame, and as its wing healed, its captor thought that it would become lively again; but instead, it moped, while its feathers lost their glossiness, and the gentleman knew that unless it was set free it would die. Not having any chickens to lose, and being humane, he made up his mind to let his prisoner go. One sunny morning he opened the door of the cage. At first



liberty it dashed out like a streak of lightning, dropping one of its wing feathers as it went. For a moment it circled round, screaming with joy, and then sailed majestically away. The gentleman never saw the bird again, but he kept the wing feather as a memento. The local farmers shook their heads when they heard what he had done; for in their opinion a man who had once gained possession of a marsh harrier and had not wrung its neck must have been a lunatic. It would have been a great pity to have killed so beautiful a bird.

The game keepers in Europe have a novel method of ridding themselves of hawks. They wait for the breeding season and then locate the nest and observe the old birds hanging around it. They do not disturb them right away but wait until the eggs are laid and hatched out into a noisy brood. Then on a moonlight night when the nest is clearly outlined against the sky, they put two barrels of bird shot through the nest. This is a sure way to kill the young ones and often the mother, too. The male usually roosts some distance off, so it escapes but it will leave that part of the country if its family are killed.



When a rare hawk has been persecuted to any great extent it goes off into the wilds, such as the Welsh mountains where it will be safe. The country is all moorland and scrub trees and it can see its enemies miles off. For food it lives on the grouse, partridges and mountain larks. In the



spring and fall the hawk has a busy time lying in wait for the flocks of migratory geese and ducks. Anyone who has ever watched a hawk in these mountains can testify to its slyness, for it soon rivals the bittern and raven at keeping out of sight.

## THE SOKO

The great African explorer, Dr. Livingstone, was the first to call attention to the soko. He named it "gorilla," believing it to be the same as the ape found on the west coast in the Gaboon country. As a matter of fact the soko is a distinct animal altogether, and it is only found in the region of the great African lakes. It is not so fierce, nor so large, nor so hideous as the gorilla; nor does it live a solitary life like the gorilla, but goes about from place to place in small bands. These bands do not seem to have a leader.

During his travels Dr. Livingstone frequently heard of the soko under various names, but more often as "pongo," which is a term the African natives apply to all great apes with bad manners and evil reputations. It was not until he got into the country beyond Lake Tanganyika that he actually saw the beast and found that the natives believed many foolish things about it, one of which was that the spirits of their dead warriors rose up again in the shape of these great apes and gave them their fierceness and fighting powers. Another belief was that the soko acted as a charm for rain. When Dr. Livingstone came to the far side of the Lake he found that no rain had fallen for weeks and that the country was drying up. The medicine man was consulted, and he said that a soko must be caught alive. One native went out to hunt and returned with a soko, but he had lost his fingers in the fight. This illustrates a curious fact, and that is, the soko always attacks the hands and feet. It has been known to bite the paws off a leopard and then climb into a tree and watch it die.

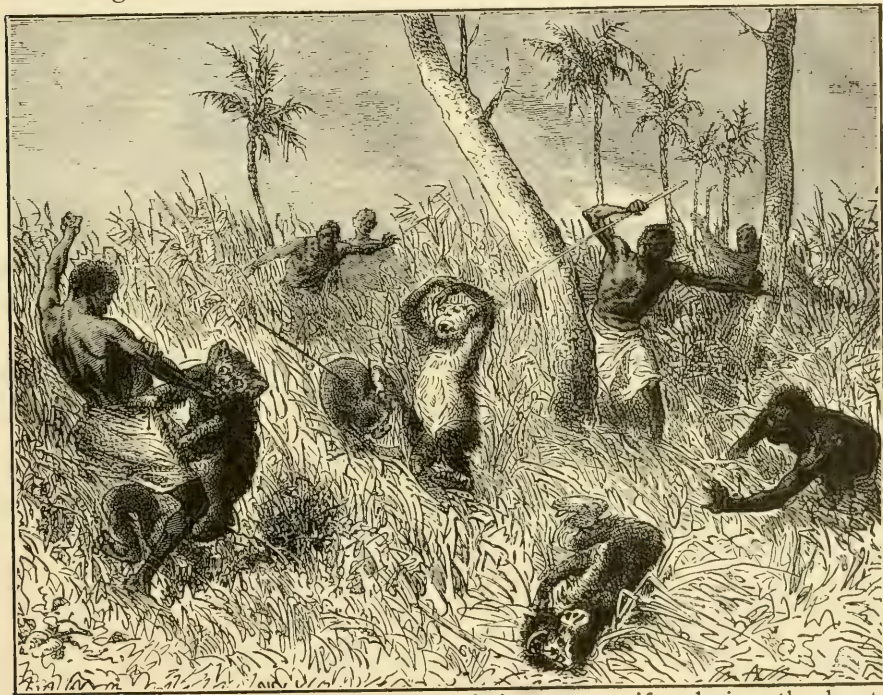
Taken as a whole, when the great strength of the soko is considered, it is a harmless beast. It has large, dog-like teeth, but it seldom uses them. It could easily crush a man in its arms. It is an ungainly beast to look at. It walks upright most of the time, and the natives call it "devil."

The soko stalks men and woman while at work and will even kidnap children. Once a child has been taken and carried off to the top of a tree, the best way to get it down is to offer a large bunch of bananas to the soko, which it will never refuse. Dr. Livingstone saw a soko creep up behind a native who was hoeing and seize him. The man shrieked for help, but the soko did not harm him, only shook him, grinning, and chattering the while and enjoying its victim's terror. The soko will meet the native women and dance around them, waving its arms, but does not often harm them.

A soko hunt is quite exciting. The natives surround a patch of grass and set it on fire. When the sokos appear they are attacked with spears, but woe betide the unlucky hunter who misses his thrust, for the soko will turn on him, seize his spear break it and badly maul the owner. It is seldom

that more than one or two sokos are killed in this way, for they are wonderfully agile and swift of foot, and vanish in no time.

A hunter who was traveling near the Victoria Nyanza came upon a colony of sokos. He watched them for some hours. At first he was puzzled to know what they were, for they looked at that distance like gigantic baboons. The sokos were making a curious drumming noise, and at certain intervals they would howl in chorus. After a while they discovered that they were being watched, and it seemed at first as if they would run off. They



roared and barked in chorus, waving their arms as if ordering the hunter away. Seeing that no harm was intended, they came closer, their curiosity getting the better of their caution. The bright buttons on his clothes seemed to cause them great delight. Suddenly he found that one soko had crept up behind him and was fingering his gun-case and chattering loudly. All the other sokos set up loud cries, and the man, believing he was about to be attacked, fired at the largest soko. The poor beast fell dead while the others scampered off, leaving the hunter alone.



## DOGS OF ALL CLASSES

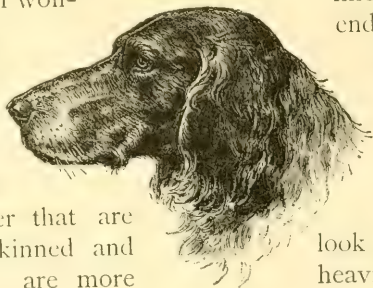
Dogs can roughly be divided into four classes. There are the hunting dogs; the toy or pet dogs; the working dogs and the big dogs which are neither workers nor hunters, and last but not least the noble army of nondescript mongrels.

Now it is impossible to say which is the greatest of dogs, for the simple reason that one breed is thought more of in one country, while the people of the next nation prefer another kind of canine. Each has its uses and is great in its own place.

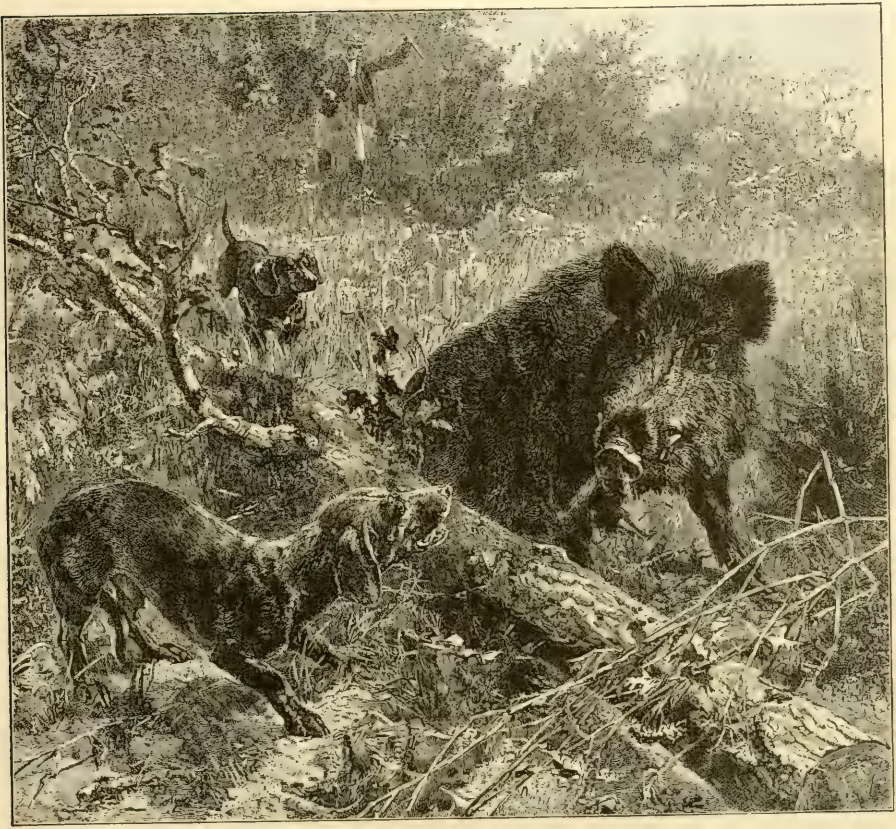
Let us first look over some of the hunting dogs. Every one who has done much shooting knows what a treasure a good dog is. The pointers and setters go entirely by nose, a proof of which is that when puppies they chase shadows of birds and never look overheard for the cause. Again, when first taken into the field to point game birds, they are likely to walk right over the crouching coveys. The spaniels and retrievers are the best water dogs, but they are not as much in vogue in the United States as in England. Otter hounds are another class of water dogs and you will find an account of them in the otter stories. We have also spoken of fox hounds in the stories upon hunting.

Two enormous hunting dogs are the wolf hounds and stag hounds. The former are much prized in wolf-count of their great speed, for it takes a powerful The stag hounds are of least known are the great sometimes found in Scot-resemble in build their The staghounds however that are England are smooth skinned and fox hounds, only they are more

In Germany the dachhund is a  
is not large, has a long body, short legs and no speed, but it seems to have its uses and is very popular. Years ago in England, when clock work machinery for turning roast meat before a fire was unknown, there was used instead a dog called a "Spitz" a close relation of the dachhund. This small dog was put inside a large wheel like a squirrel's and made to run. The wheel was connected with a running belt which turned the meat before the fire.



"GENE"



Terriers of all kinds have always been very popular. The rough haired terriers are lots of fun to have around. If you go out into the fields, or along the water's edge, where rats are plentiful you will see the dogs put up a miniature hunt which, for excitement and skill, has no equal. The rat is nowhere safe but in the trees. If it goes underground the terriers will dig it out; if it takes to water they will swim after it, and if the rat dives some of the dogs will even "submarine" after it. Sometimes while going through the woods the terriers will flush a hare or rabbit, and then there is an uproar. The dogs rush after the bunny, leaping over



rocks and stones, crashing through undergrowth at such speed that if bunny is going to keep its cotton tail it must run as it never ran before. Sometimes the terriers spy a squirrel quietly eating nuts on the ground. They charge immediately and the squirrel takes to the trees. Then the terriers stand on their hind legs and howl with rage. Terriers seem to have the idea that cats have no right to live. They chase the pussies at every opportunity and even carry the war into the enemy's country by hustling the cats off their own private door steps. Terriers are quite lively enough for any ordinary boy. They will find and hunt anything on four legs and often come off the victors.



"SACKETT"

Now there are a large class of dogs which have no place in this book and are not fit for any decent work—we mean the lap spaniels, skye terriers, Italian greyhounds and many others. These little creatures may have their uses, but not for boys who love hunting. Theives though admit that these little animals are the terror of their lives, on account of their barking.

There are many dogs, man, which may be called foremost are the sheep creatures must be seen Read "Bob—Son of will find a story built dog. It is not an unfarmer to stand at the



perhaps the most really useful to "workers." The first and dogs. These beautiful at work to be appreciated. Battle" and there you around a splendid sheep common thing for a

gate when the sheep are loose on the mountain and send the dog off alone to gather in the flock. Patiently it brings all the scattered sheep together and then drives them, not too quickly, in the proper direction. Not a single lamb is left behind. When the sheep approach the gate, through which they must pass, the dog stops some two hundred yards behind and allows the flocks to go through without being unduly crowded. The writers have seen one dog handle over a thousand sheep! When it becomes necessary to move sheep from one place to another the job can often be done by two dogs and two men. A man and a dog walk ahead of the sheep, while the other man and the best dog of the pair follow behind and keep the stragglers up to the mark. When the sheep dog is not working it "comes to heel;" that is, walks three paces behind its master. The best school for sheep dog puppies is to send them out with old and experienced dogs. The first thing the puppies do is to run the sheep too





A BULL DOG AND BULL TERRIERS.

hard and scatter them, but they soon learn. An old sheep dog represents the the height of training and intelligence possible in a dog. It will obey a single word or wave of the hand and never make a mistake, and if you want to see a sample of its skill you should watch one tackle a troublesome old ram that keeps trying to break away from the flock. Away goes the dog and its big strides soon overhaul the flying sheep. The dog seizes the wool on its neck and without biting the flesh and turns the ram back in a instant. You should also watch a good sheep dog behind a flock of half grown lambs. The dog handles them as gently as a nurse and seems to coax them in the direction that they ought to go.

In the Arctic regions are found the eskimo dogs, short stocky little animals which are broken to harness and made to work. A team of these dogs will carry a great load many miles; in fact much of the exploring and travelling in those icy countries could not be carried on without this dog's help. Nansen, Peary, and all northern travellers speak well of the eskimo dog; not but what they admit that at times the little beasts are very troublesome and quarrel fiercely among them themselves, even to the extent of trying to eat each other up when driven by hunger.

In Holland and Belgium you will see dogs harnessed to small milk carts and made to work. It seems a pity that the thrifty Dutch can't get along without adding another to the long list of beasts of burden. It looks very odd to see a large and a small dog hitched to the same cart, and their gait, when they trot, is comical indeed to behold.



St Bernards come under the head of working dogs, for they sometimes rescue travellers from snowdrifts. These dogs however are very uncertain in temper especially if they have been chained up when they were puppies. Last but not least come the big dogs—watch dogs—these are the Bloodhounds, Mastifs and Great Danes. The latter dogs are fine creatures, but too big and powerful to have around where children are. Prince Bismark was very fond of great danes and often went about accompanied by several of the big fellows acting as his bodyguard.

There are but few boys who possess the knack of training dogs for it requires infinite patience and that is something that boys generally haven't got. The most ticklish time with a dog is when it is a puppy. A small boy we know had a magnificent setter puppy given to him. All went

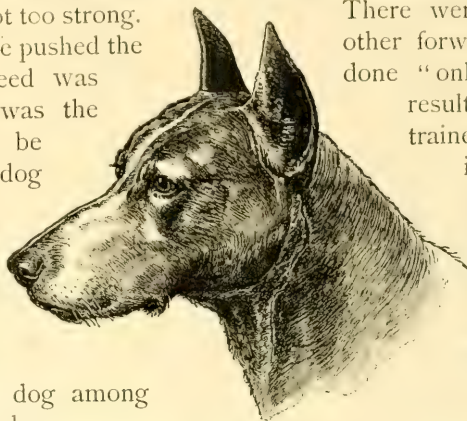




ST BERNARD DOGS.



well until the "Fourth of July" when the temptation of tying a bunch of fire crackers to its tail got too strong, present and each one pushed the At any rate the deed was for fun." What was the was big enough to be "gun-shy." That dog old now and a most but no good. If with a gun the dog Everything was dog of its fear but Furthermore you that one gun shy dog among make them all gun shy.



There were other children other forward, so to speak. done "only once and just result? When the dog trained it was utterly is several years beautiful creature, anyone appears slinks off at once. done to cure the all to no account. must remember other puppies will

The small owner of the red setter failure had another bad experience with a dog that other boys may profit by hearing about. He purchased a bull terrier puppy with a pedigree a yard long. This youngster longed to own a dog that could lick all other dogs of the neighborhood. With this end in view the poor little puppy was kept almost entirely upon a liberal diet of liver and raw meat to make it a "fighting dog." It became very sick, got eczema and then fiery mange. The boy tried to cure the mange himself, but he did not attend to it every day, but made excuses. After the mange had spread to a second dog something had to be done. Dog number two was shot and the bull terrier sent to a dog hospital but the disease was too far gone and it had to be destroyed. Experience is a rough teacher. Dogs need as much variety of food and exercise as children. How would any small boy like to have nothing but meat and water and never get a sight of vegetables, sugar, cake, tea and fruit? He would grow sick and tired in a very short while. Boys are lazy in one sense; that is they don't like to attend to duties. If a boy isn't going to keep his puppy washed and free of fleas and properly fed and housed, he shouldn't be allowed to keep one. All boys start out by meaning to be fair to the puppy.

Boys as a rule are not consistent, they may love their pet very much but one minute they are apt to beat the dog and the next minute slobber over it. We have seen a dog punished for chasing and killing chickens, and then, in fun, put to chase the neighbor's chickens. Now how is the poor dog to know one chicken from another?

THE END OF A BOAR HUNT





## SHOOTING WILD DUCKS AND GEESE

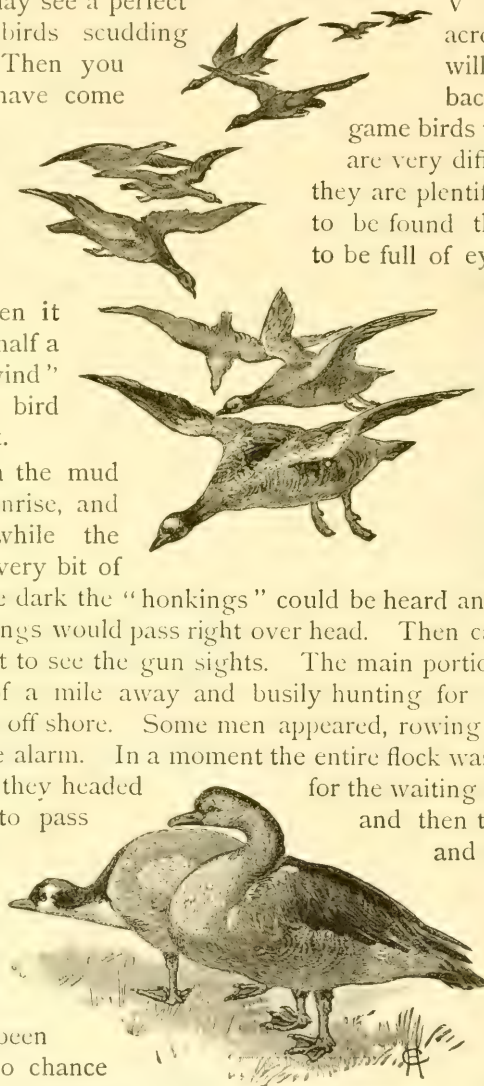
If you stand out some night when everything is hushed, you may hear a distant "honk! honk!" coming, as it seems from the clouds, and if you have luck you may see a perfect V of long necked, swiftly flying birds scudding across the bright face of the moon. Then you will know at once that the "geese" have come back again.

Among high, for they in districts where stragglers are. The geese seem and front. The after geese when it get closer than half a caution from "wind" taken, but the bird always too quick.

party got out on the mud hours before sunrise, and for daylight, while the mince meat of every bit of All around in the dark the "honkings" could be heard and at times a strong rush of bird's wings would pass right over head. Then came the false dawn, and enough light to see the gun sights. The main portion of the bird army was a quarter of a mile away and busily hunting for food, while others swam about just off shore. Some men appeared, rowing in a punt, and the sentinel gave the alarm. In a moment the entire flock was on the wing. By

for the waiting guns. The leaders and then the fire opened on and fourteen fat fellows

water. For a there was wild hoarse cries and quickly swerved out of gunshot. so badly scared to have a second geese continued





their journey to the south, to be gone many mouths, leaving only a few very wild stragglers behind.

Duck shooting is just as much fun as hunting geese, and about the same amount of caution has to be used. A party consisting of two men and two boys got out in a couple of flat punts, well protected by grass arranged in front to hide them. This grass was held up like a steeple-chase hedge, and loop holes for the guns were left in it. The punt were anchored on the edge of the marshes, and a large number of decoys set out in front. At sunrise the ducks could be seen in small flocks on every side. Presently a good sized flock came scudding along and spied the decoys. The leader swerved at once and the others followed. They wheeled around twice and then settled unsuspectingly. Bang went the guns and a goodly number fell dead floating among the decoys. The dogs were put overboard and soon gathered them in. The shooting threatened to be ruined however by a duck with a broken wing. The dogs went after it and the duck fluttered out of the way, and the more the duck dodged the harder the dogs followed. The chase was long and stern, and the men in the punts danced war dances and tried every means to call the dogs off. The duck could not be shot again as the dogs were too close. At last however one dog grabbed the duck and swam with it to the punt. The decoys were gathered and the punts pushed through the marshes to the other side. Here the decoys were put out again and in less than half an hour a very small flock fell into the trap, leaving half of their number behind floating dead. After that stragglers from time to time would come inside the line of fire and pay the penalty; at eight oclock when it was time to go back to camp for breakfast the shooting ceased. The morning's catch was over fifty ducks and the small boys had killed more than half of them.

If you want to have lots of gun practise you can get all you want by tackling stray ducks from an open boat. The ducks will let you come quite close, and then dive just as you fire. It is good fun and every duck you shoot you earn, for it seems at times as though they care little or nothing about whole charges of shot. More ducks are lost through using too small a grade of shot than anything else. If you don't know the right size there are lots of men around who can tell you. Don't always take the man-in-the-shop's word, for he is more anxious to sell you shells than anything else, and if he hasn't exactly what you want, he will tell you that something else is just as good. An old duck is a tough fellow and will take lots of shooting.

When hunting ducks along the shore it is often a good scheme to get a

## SHOOTING WILD DUCKS AND GEESSE

line of boats, and then one branch of the party is almost sure to get a shot at a flock which ever way they come. Before now we have seen a duck approach the end boat of a line and get fired at. The shot misses and the duck comes down the line and if it is far away it may escape altogether.

The best place to get ducks along the shore is in the quiet creeks



bordered by meadows, for the birds come up at high tide to feed, especially if wild celery is found in the water. Again a gale of wind will often drive them inland for shelter. The duck is a strong flyer and can make great speed when it chooses to. When ducks have fed near salt water it is well to skin them before cooking, otherwise they will taste fishy.

## MEN, ANIMAL AND BIRD POACHERS.

The taking of game illegally has always had a great fascination for many classes of men and boys and also for animals and birds, but the last two are innocent of wrong-doing for they know no laws but those of the forest.

There is not very much trouble to prevent illegal killing in the United States for game is not protected to anything like the extent that it is in England and besides there are many acres of public shooting grounds. Nevertheless the game wardens over here frequently have a good deal of trouble watching the deer, quail and partridge in closed season.

Now let us first examine the work of men poachers in England and we shall soon see how the law is evaded. In the first place England is practically all "private property" and there is no shooting to be had for the ordinary man. Farmers generally have the right to shoot over their own property. Then again there is a tax of fifteen dollars per annum upon possessing a gun and that alone it is a considerable sum of money.

The real poacher of England seldom uses a gun, but relies on snares and dogs to catch his game. The game, once caught, whether it be fish or bird, is sold at a low price in certain country saloons or "public houses" as they are called, and from these "go-betweens" or receivers of stolen goods, the game mysteriously finds its way into the city markets.

The dog is the most important part of the poacher's outfit and its breed is usually doubtful. There is a dog in England called a "lurcher" being half collie and half game dog. The lurcher is a nondescript looking dog having long legs and an unbalanced tail. It always appears meek and down-trodden. It has not much of a gait to look at, but it can cover ground at great speed and keep it up in wolf-fashion. But first and last the lurcher is dispised by all sportsmen



simply because it is a rather an ungainly looking mongrel. But on the other hand, it is wonderfully clever and silent

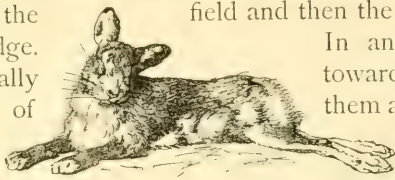
and can be taught to work in a truly marvellous fashion.

Take for instance the illegal method of capturing hares. The poacher spreads a loose net under the gate of a field and then hides nearby. The net has been soaked in coffee until it is as near as possible the color of the ground. Now hares have a habit of feeding in the open fields and it is well known that if they are disturbed they generally run toward the nearest gate, for hedge-rows are grown of thorn bushes which are hard to get through. While the net is being put in position and securely tied, the lurcher lies down and



waits for its master to give his orders to round up the game.

The poacher makes the signal and the dog silently moves away like a shadow. It encircles the field and shows itself for an instant at various points on all sides and alarms the hares just a little. In this manner it gets all the hares into the centre of the field and then the dog makes a break through a gap in the hedge. In an instant the hares take to flight, and usually towards the gate. In a few seconds a couple of them are hopelessly entangled in the meshes and are soon popped into a sack. Then the poacher gathers up his net, the dog returns to heel and the pair steal away. Mind you, all this time the man has been concealed; the dog has not shown itself, and above all, absolute silence has been maintained. The writers have seen a poacher take hares in this way while a large party of country folks were haymaking right in the next field.



Rabbits are captured by netting the burrow holes and turning a ferret loose in the warren to drive the bunnies out. Another way of catching rabbits is by placing a loop of brass wire, about five or six inches in diameter in their runways. The end of the wire is fastened to a wooden peg which is firmly driven in the ground. The bunny, in running along, gets its head through the loop, and, in its frantic struggles to escape, is soon strangled to death for it always pulls forward.

Pheasants are artificial birds which were imported from China over a century ago and are now raised for shooting purposes.

The pheasants have numbers of enemies and some of them do not get credit for their theiving exploits. Take for instant the Jay. This bird, by the way is larger and colored more brilliantly than its American cousin. The pair divide honors upon noisiness. The English jay is a terrible thief and it devotes most of its attention to stealing the eggs of its neighbors. Pheasants suffer largely. The hens lay a fair number of good sized olive colored eggs in a roomy nest, usually well concealed on the ground. These eggs fetch a good price in the market and the temptation to men poachers to find them is therefore great. Now a lurcher is useful for this work because it has a nose like a bloodhound and will find a nest in quick time. There is considerable danger here however, because the game keepers find the nests too, and the strictest watch is kept over the setting hens. Still every season the poacher manages to get away with a good many nestfuls.

When the pheasants are full grown the poacher is after them again. It

is impossible to use a gun because the shooting would be heard and the pheasant is fearfully noisy. It seldom gets up without crying in its loud shrill notes and thereby warning any game keeper who happened to be near. But the poacher gets around the difficulty. He waits till night-fall and then goes into the woods on a moonlight evening and soon find the pheasants roosting in the branches, outlined against the sky a few feet above his head. But even here the poacher must be careful for if one of the birds is disturbed it will scream and spread the alarm over a square mile or more.



Now the poacher takes with him a long stick, having at the top end a metal cup. In this he places a mixture of oil and sulphur. Carefully shading his hands he strikes a match and gets the mixture smouldering. He then holds the deadly fumes under the roosting birds. Pheasants are very sleepy and seldom move at night unless violently disturbed. Provided there is no wind and the fumes go up straight, it is not long before the sleeping birds are suffocated, and tumble head over heels to the ground. The poacher quickly wrings their necks and stows them in his pockets rapidly makes his way home before the first streaks of dawn show in the eastern sky.

Fish in England are as strictly protected as birds, but here again the poacher shows his cleverness. His ways of getting trout are numerous. On a wholesale scale he will net part of a river and then go up stream and set a lot of lime afloat. The fishes bodies then come down into the net below. This is a fearful scheme, for usually not a fish of any kind escapes alive. This act is done more for revenge than anything else. In ordinary country police court cases in England there is always difficulty in getting magistrates to attend to their sworn duties, but if a case of poaching comes along there is always a full bench and the prisoner can rely upon getting the utmost limit that the law provides. There was a certain squire who took great delight in jailing poachers, and his acts were often doubtful legally. But the poachers soon got together and they cleared his big estate of every vestige of game that could be found upon it. The country folk generally sympathize with the poacher and there is mighty little tale bearing or "squealing."

The poacher often amuses himself by walking along the edge of a trout stream, armed with a stick about two feet long which has on the end three sharp steel prongs, about an inch apart. The instrument looks like a small eel spear. The poacher then seeks for lurking trout and spears them. Some men grow wonderfully expert at this work. Then again a poacher can sometimes put his hand right under a trout and grab it.

School boys become very expert with the sling shot, which by the way, over there, is made in a far more scientific way than our American boys have ever dreamed of. These boys get into overhanging willow trees and watch for the trout to come swimming by on the surface and then shoot at them. Big fish often thus fall into their clutches.

Sometimes poachers net a stream in a narrow part and then walk down stream keeping the frightened fish swimming ahead of them until they are driven at last into the net.

Perhaps one of the worst forms of poaching is with an illegal fishing bait made in the form of a paste, from the roe of a salmon. Trout can easily,—too easily in fact,—be caught with it. Great destruction to the salmon fisheries is caused by the capture of "pink." The salmon, when very young is hard to distinguish, except by a black dot near the eye, from the ordinary trout, and the fish, when at this age, is called a "pink." This baby salmon bites very freely and the temptation to catch it is great. But every time a pink is caught a salmon is destroyed. While at school the writer has used "salmon paste" and nearly cleared a stream of pink, in an evening. The little fish are fine eating. On one occasion the writer, who was innocent then, caught what he



took to be a fine mess of trout, and sent them as a present to a sporting uncle. When the old gentleman discovered that the trout were "pink" and moreover that they had been captured with the wicked paste his indignation knew no bounds.

In rainy weather, when the rivers swell, the big salmon come up stream. During a great rain storm the writer made one of a group standing on a stone bridge crossing the river Usk. Suddenly a fifty pound salmon was seen swimming in shallow water. At the same time a guard at the bridge end announced that a river game keeper was coming. Immediately all the men moved to the other side of the bridge, and stared intently down stream. The keeper came up and went past, and then the men sauntered back to the other side of the bridge. The salmon was still there. One of the men, a famous poacher, produced a small gaff from under his coat, and swiftly made his way to the water's edge. Here he waded in up to his middle. He put the gaff under water and then giving a quick turn to his wrist he slung the great fish clear out of water and onto the bank. Here a second man stood ready, who grabbed the salmon and fled into a nearby cottage with the prize. The gaff was concealed, pipes got out and relit, and in a few seconds you couldn't have told that any of the men in the party had moved. Moreover the game keeper was not even out of sight until after the fish had been hooked, landed and safely housed.

Another favorite form of poaching is that of setting bated night lines. These are very easy to conceal and often bring in a good catch of fish as the writer can testify. River work is riskier than field work for there are less places to hide. Years ago salmon were speared at night from a boat carrying a hanging light on the bow, but this has gone considerably out of fashion as the light can be seen such a long distance. When modern, extra power, bicycle lamps were invented the poachers were quick to seize their opportunity, and soon had shades arranged so that the light could be complete turned dark at a moments notice and then flashed when needed. Salmon spearing is still practised on some of the highland lochs, but not very much.

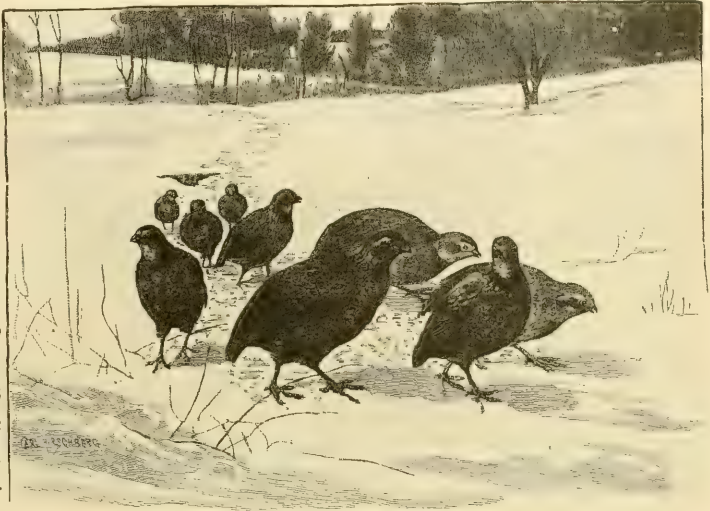
Now let us examine some of the work of poaching, or rather game killing that is done by birds and animals. Take salmon for instance, these great fish have no more persistent enemy than the Otter, for this creature can swim and dive marvellously, and will carry the fight on under water if the salmon wishes it. The writer has frequently seen a salmon floating dead with only a small part of the choicest flesh from its back missing—clearly the work of a destructive otter. Herons are persistent fishmen with large



FACE TO FACE

appetites and when the fish are very small these beautiful birds will account for the slaughter of many thousands of them during a season.

To return to pheasants and partridges, besides man robbers there are the bird and animal thieves to be reckoned with. The Shrikes or butcher birds kill the fledglings when they are very small. Weasels kill scores too but sometimes, when food is scarce, turn the tables and raid or kill the butcher bird itself.



By the way the butcher bird gets its name from a curious habit it has. It builds its nest in a thorny place. It hangs all its prey round about on the thorns so that near its nest may be found an assortment of beetles, young birds, field mice and other little creatures all hung up. The nest looks just like a butcher's larder.

Weasels are deadly pests in a game preserve and very hard to clear out. They do not always kill to eat, but kill just for the sake of killing. A weasel has been known to go through a small fur wood where pheasant hens were setting and to break every egg and kill many of the birds, and yet it has never been even seen and has escaped every kind of trap, dead-fall and poisoned bait, not to mention numerous guns.

Owls kill a good many game birds but only because they happen to find them close at hand, for rats and mice form the chief diet of the downy ones. Owls are easy to catch however. An upright pole is set in the ground, having about seven feet stuck up in the air. On this a round "gin," or steel snap trap, is placed. No bait is necessary for the owls alight on the poles and are thus caught by the legs. Hawks get into trouble in the same way for you must have noticed how they like to sit high up, for instance





HAWK ATTACKING PARTRIDGES

## MEN, ANIMAL AND BIRD POACHERS

on the top of a fence, or a dead limb of a tree, where they can see all around them. Crows have this same habit too.

Now the larger hawks are rare in England, except the Kestrel and Sparrow hawks, nevertheless the few there are do a deal of damage. A hawk isn't particular, it will pull down a pheasant, partridge, rabbit or chicken, just



whichever comes first, in fact they are especially fond of raiding the poultry yard. The game keepers know that the hawks seldom take the trouble to build a nest themselves but take possession of an abandoned magpie or crows' nest. When the little hawks are born they become very noisy and soon betray the place of the nest. The game keeper then sends a couple of barrels of shot through the nest and puts the entire family out of commission.

Crows do their share of egg stealing and killing of little chicks, and often in severe weather find half frozen bunnies and soon kill them, but





WEASELS AND SHRIKES.





sometimes however the cold proves too much even for them and they are found dead instead.

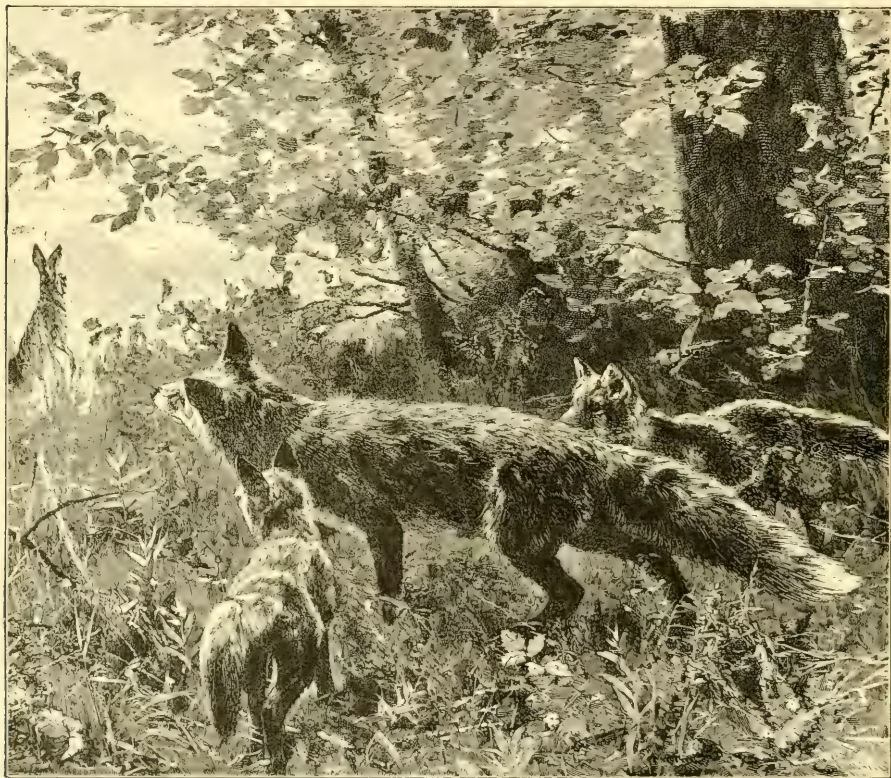
It is not an uncommon thing to see crows in mid-air with bird's eggs in their mouths. They do not often try to carry the egg in their beaks, but rather make a small hole in the shell and push the closed beak into it. Ravens are so rare that they are not considered among the vermin. As they live in the wilder parts of the land they do most harm to sheep.

Foxes do considerable damage to rabbits and pheasants, but nothing to the extent of the weasels' operations. Quite often a vixen takes the cubs out with her and they are taught to hunt the little rabbits, before they are allowed to follow the bigger game. The cubs soon become as cunning as their parents, and the destruction of bunnies goes forward at a great rate. Rats are classed among the "vermin" by the game keepers and are killed on every occasion and nailed to the barn door. Water rats kill large numbers

## MEN, ANIMAL AND BIRD POACHERS

of tiny fish and owing to their swimming powers they are very hard to trap, but luckily they are not as numerous as their land brothers. Snakes are small and very harmless in England and hardly worth counting.

Lastly we must mention the numerous song and other birds which come under the protective law, and yet men snare hundreds of larks and bullfinches with net and birdlime. This abuse will never be checked until



the sale in shops of larks for eating purpose is made unlawful.

So you see from what we have written that there are many men busily employed all the time in snaring game and they never stop to worry themselves about "mine and thine." The cause is not to be readily seen by the uninstructed eye, but it is safe to say that England having made the game laws so stupidly brutal, that the poacher came along as a natural result.

## HINTS ON CAMPING

The first and most important thing in camping in the open, is the tent. There are many concerns in the United States which make a business of supplying hunters with proper outfits, and it is well to consult these people, for they have made a special study of the subject.

There are any number of tents, large and small, but it is always well to have one with a double roof or "shelter" over it. This keeps the tent cool, and gives extra protection during rain storms. Never put in tent pegs leaning away from the tent; always have the head of the tent peg leaning towards the tent. If it should come to rain, and the ropes shrink, there will then be some "give," otherwise the shrinkage will either break the pegs, or tear the side of the tent out. Remember that new ropes and canvas shrink quite a little, so do not set the tent up too rigid at first. Fixing a falling tent at night in a rainstorm is no joke. Then look to the ground. Always pitch your tent on rising ground when possible, and dig a small trench on the higher sides, otherwise you will have a little river flowing under your canvas.

You can buy cooking and eating outfits for almost any price, depending on size and quality. Carry as little glass as possible; tin or enamel plates are best. Also compact folding knives, forks and spoons are good to carry. Very neat folding candle lamps are made, but take the ones with mica sides, in preference to glass. Candles must be kept in a cool place, as they melt at a low temperature.

Don't forget to take along a good compass, and don't store it near the knives and forks, or guns or anything steel, otherwise it will be thrown out. Remember if you get lost that you can always find your position roughly in this way. Point the hour hand of your watch to the sun, and twelve o'clock on the dial will be due south.

As to clothes, you will need good strong, soft-collared shirts and leggings. These two are most important. As to waterproofs, the army "poncho" is the best thing. This is simply a sheet of rubber cloth about seven feet long by five feet wide. There is a slit in the middle through which the head is put. This hangs down over the shoulders and leaves the arms free; a most comfortable and servicable thing to have. When not in use, the blankets should be wrapped up in it.

Building a fire is quite a trick. Get two logs or stones and lay them a few feet apart. Start your fire with leaves, or dry paper and small twigs. Do not hurry a fire, but coax it to burn. Lay the logs in right position to the wind, so that the draft goes between the logs or stones. Don't get the fire too close to the tent and stores. Also put in your kit a little whisky or



brandy in case of a drenching or chills. A metal flask is safest to carry.

Cartridges are best carried in tin cases covered with leather, and having a handle. Guns should be kept well oiled, and with corks, or rags in the barrels when not in use. It would be well to paint a thin line of varnish over the sewing on the edges of your leather gun cases, and then give the whole thing a rub down with oil. This will protect them against water. It is not well to oil sewn seams too much, as the thread may rot, hence the use of the varnish.

Hang everything up as much as possible and guard your stores against insects. Remember that ants hail your advent into the woods with great joy. They look upon you and your eatables and stores as something to be raided by day and night.

When you break camp leave the place clean, bury your cans and bottles, burn your paper, and be sure that your fire is out. Campers are responsible for many of the great forest fires.

Dogs require as much shelter as you do. Take them in on wet nights. Dog fleas are not to be feared as they seldom leave the dog.

When camping from a canoe be sure that the canoe does not leak before you start. Above all, leave nothing loose for you know not the minute when you may have a "tip-up," and diving for missing things is a hard job.

Store your weight in the middle, and have the heaviest man paddle aft, and be sure to carry an extra paddle. Be careful in hauling the canoe in and out of the water, for once you are in the woods leaks are not easy to mend.

Remember that when the blankets are wrapped up in the waterproof covering the seam should be underneath so that in case of rain no water will drain in. The tent poles may be strapped on the outside of the canoe.

We have not tried to give you full instructions for camping but have mentioned a few things that are important, and are sometimes forgotten.



T H E E N D

















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